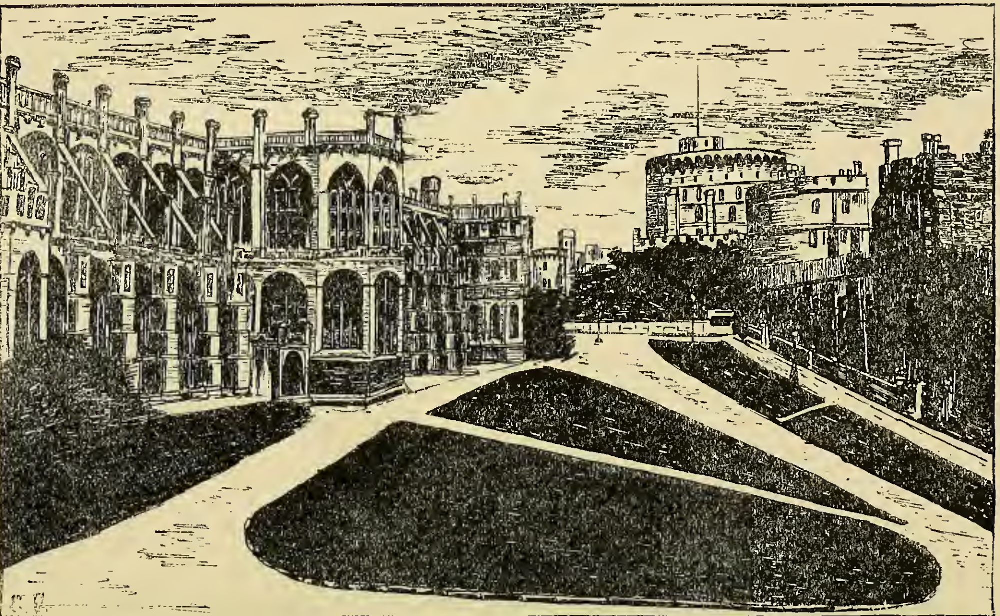

WINDSOR CASTLE COURT.

CASTLES AND ABBEYS OF ENGLAND

IN

POETIC AND ROMANTIC LORE

BY

EDW. SCHUCH, A. M.

PENSKETCHES BY THE WRITER

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TO DR. C. W. FOSS, the eminent professor of History, at Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois, this work is affectionately dedicated.

"Ha, ha!" laughts the Ivy, "Old Time to me
Hath given the glory and mastery!
So poets may sing if it like them well,
From early matins till vesper bell;
And others may list to their minstrelsy—
I've a song of my own—so what care I!
Your castles, though stately, and strong and tall,
I conquer them all—I conquer them all!"

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INTRODUCTORY.

IT is with a humble petition of kind forbearance the writer ventures to place a volume of this kind on the American book-market. The subject is of a peculiar antiquarian character, and a foreign one at that, which two facts alone are enough to discourage the undertaking, and make the writer's ambition somewhat shaky. "Will you be able," said a friend, "to find a market for such old—?" He never finished the sentence, but I had little hesitation as to its ending. "A man of some repute might be successful with a book of this kind," said another, "but—?" I looked at him in half despair. It was the same cold discouragement, only with a different ending. Under similar circumstances, do you blame a writer for humbling himself before a critical reading public?—I don't.

And yet, whether the writer be known, or not, there is nevertheless room for a work of this kind in our home literature. I am almost certain, that the traveling American public will agree with me on this point. Every cultured traveler is willing to admit that the castle and abbey ruins of Europe, and England particularly, have a charm of unsurpassed value. Indeed, England would look mighty barren without them, and have less of antique romance to tell, which after all is as much a pride to the country, as its modern achievements.

However, the main importance of the castles and

abbeys is not confined principally to their old fashioned beauty, how charming this might be, but rather to their historic importance. It must well be remembered that they are historic monuments from past ages and as such do not belong to one country alone, but to the world. Hence even the American student, and the American reading public, are entitled to a share of interest in the venerable ruins from the Middle Ages, an interest which should not merely be dictated by foreign hand-books, but cultivated at our own hearths.

Nowhere can we understand the throbs of Mediaeval life better than in the shadow of the castles and abbeys. Here the Middle Ages become real and impressive. Here our vision is opened to the ages of King Arthur and his adventure loving knights, to the legends about the Holy Grail, to the heroic knighthood, and to the pious work of the monks. Suppose, for a brief moment, we enter beneath the ruined, but still frowning battlements of an English Castle. The very instant our feet step on the withered pavement, a strange, old world looms into view. With rising interest we ascend the narrow stairs, leading to halls and chambers, formerly hung with tapestries and shields. Here lived the adventure loving knights who made the pages of history and romance glitter with heroic deeds and chivalrous exploits. Here the troubadours sang their songs of love, of the Holy Land, and of King Arthur's knights. Here the lovelorn maiden sat, embroidering her absent lover's name in silk and gold, or sang softly to the lute, and here, too, were spun and woven the garments for the

family needs. Reaching the outer world once more, and gazing back at the crumbling towers, I can assure you our knowledge of the Mediaeval castles is far different from what it was before we entered, and we would gladly learn a little more about them.

But the castles have even more to tell than the stories of brave knights and love-lorn maidens. They were in reality the seats of England's proud nobility of olden times, and as such are able to relate long and interesting stories of the rise and fall of this nobility, a fact of the greatest importance to the study of the social conditions during the Middle Ages. During the constant struggle between the nobility and royalty, the castles as a rule stood the brunt of the many battles, and the capture and destruction of these strongholds was often a matter of life and death with the rulers.

So much for the English castles!

If we turn to the abbey ruins, a new and different side of Mediaeval life is exposed, in striking contrast to the stern and often gloomy castles. We come in contact with the Mediaeval civilizers and their noble work. Slender shafts, carved mouldings, noble arches and beautiful gothic windows, meet the eye almost at every turn. We have approached the art centers of Mediaeval society, hallowed by the stamp of eternal hope. No one can visit a Glastonbury, Netley, Tintern or Fountains without being impressed with their noble beauty, a beauty which still retains a stamp of sublimity, even after centuries of devastation and neglect.

The abbeys were usually placed in lovely val-

leys, near a stream or brook, and as a rule surrounded by well tilled land and extensive meadows, not to mention the woods. Here the monks prayed and worked, here they transcribed their illuminated manuscripts by hand, and here they found a peaceful retreat from the storms of life. Many of the abbeys became wealthy and strong, many laboured amidst poverty and misfortunes during their entire existence. But the work these early civilizers laid down was, nevertheless, both noble and far-reaching to the times in which they lived, in spite of all its crude simplicity. Other ages have belittled their work, destroyed the noble buildings, and scattered the valued libraries to the winds of heaven, but have never been able to fully eradicate the influence they had on society of their day. They alone could offer a needed shelter to the storm-driven, to the weak and down-trodden in life, and their sanctuaries stood open to the rich as well as poor. It is doubtful if other ages, more richly endowed with knowledge and sufficient means, could have accomplished more than these, with their simpler facilities.

With the dawn of the sixteenth century the Middle Ages faded away, and the castles and abbeys lost their importance, at least in England. They had been too closely associated with Mediaeval times to outlive them. The human mind lifted itself to nobler spheres. Upon a Renaissance followed a Reformation, both as far reaching in their nobler ideas and results, as they were destructive to the ages that had passed. It became a custom to heap abuse and scorn on the Middle Ages and everything belonging to them, a custom which still con-

tinues. The castles and abbeys were either destroyed, or allowed to fall to ruin. Beautiful marble shafts, exquisite mouldings, noble arches and richly carved stalls, were broken down, knocked to pieces, or burnt. The castles were pictured as abominable houses of suppression and violence, while the abbeys were considered nothing else than abodes of unlettered and superstitious monks, if nothing worse. Not until our own day, and particularly the ten or twenty last years, have the eyes of the world been opened enough to see in the Middle Ages something more than a "dead sea," as Symmond expressed himself. And what is more, the castles and abbeys have proven themselves to be vast store houses of Mediaeval life and culture.

These, and other facts of interest, made the writer seriously consider the publication of a volume, interesting enough, at least to open the eyes of a reading public to the charm of the castles and abbeys of England. It was not intended to be a scientific work. Such a dream is still far off? Only a compilation of poetry, antiquity, legends and other interesting matter which might serve as pastime reading to some one, or some few, interested enough in the past to enjoy its charm.

The writer has carefully scanned the field of the English literature and also reaped a great harvest. In many instances the old ruins literally glitter in poetic splendor, a splendor too, that will never lose its brightness, even if the stones themselves might crumble to dust. The infinite charm, for instance, of a Ludlow, a Penshurst, Donnington, Newstead, Kenilworth, Norham, Bolton, Warkworth and

Lindisfarne, can never be fully appreciated without the names of a Milton, a Sydney, Chaucer, Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, and others, whose beautiful and sympathetic poems have thrown a lustre of mellow light over so many of the crumbling ruins from the Middle Ages.

Among the many works more or less carefully read on this subject, the writer has never been able to find one, which somewhat fully combined the poetic and romantic lore of the castles and abbeys of England. And I can assure my readers that this discovery has in no small measure kept the courage alive, and sustained the hope that a book of this kind, after all, might find a place, even if but a small one, on our home market.

With deep appreciation the writer bows to the names of Gasquet, Cram, Gilbert, Beattie, Dixon, Fletcher and Hunnewell, whose masterful researches among the abbeys of England have left such splendid results.

Because of the great expense connected with the publication of this book, it was necessary, not only to condense the material as much as possible, but also to eliminate a great number of castles and abbeys, otherwise intended to belong to the work. The plea of forbearance, extended at the beginning, will also have to cover the pen sketches, never intended as reproductions of art, but simply as illustrations, when a camera could not be had. They are in part sketched on the spot, and partly from older works.

Respectfully,

EDW. SCHUCH.

Minneapolis, Minn., April, 1915.

THE BEGINNING OF BEGINNINGS.

THANKS to the conservative spirit of modern England, and to the splendid handbooks of our day, the lover of antiquarian lore can easily pilot his way even along the forgotten English by-paths and return with rich loads of knowledge. Add to this a little extra reading, plenty of good humor, with sufficient time for observation, and the journey will be one of unusual value.

The quest is begun in the very heart of London itself. Beneath the throbbing life of a modern city sleeps a heroic past of long ago, whose interesting monuments proudly loom into view. If we but stop a moment to listen, their songs and tales will soon ring in our ears with a fascinating sound.

How strange to enter beneath the battlements of the White Tower, a building having seen generations come and go during more than eight centuries. Or to stand beneath the lofty arches of Westminster Abbey, surrounded by the monuments and spirits of England's greatest sons, from the Saxon Confessor, to the immortal Tennyson!

Indeed, the doors of the past ages swing open to greet the musing strangers, not only with dry facts and dusty documents, but with a wealth of romance and song. Therefore hasten thy steps, O friend, while the feelings still run high and the echo lingers beneath the arches. The monuments of a long ago await thee!

THE WHITE TOWER.

LONDON TOWER.

Clarence's Dream.

METHOUGHT that I had broken from the tower
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Heaven! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of.
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renownéd Warwick,
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,
"Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize him, furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in my ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

—William Shakespeare.

LORD STAFFORD'S MEDITATIONS IN THE TOWER.

Go, empty joys,
With all your noise,
And leave me here alone,
In sweet sad silence to bemoan
The fickle worldly height,
Whose danger none can see aright,
Whilst your false splendours dim his sight.

Go, and ensnare
With your trim ware
Some other easy wight,
And cheat him with your flattering light;
Rain on his head a shower
Of honours, favour, wealth and power;
Then snatch it from him in an hour.

Fill his big mind
With gallant wind
Of insolent applause;
Let him not fear all-curbing laws,
Nor king, nor people's frown;
But dream of something like a crown,
Then, climbing towards it, tumble down.

Let him appear
In his bright sphere
Like Cynthia in her pride,
With starlike troops on every side;
For number and clear light
Such as may soon o'erwhelm him quite
And blend them both in one dead night.

Welcome, sad night,
Grief's sole delight,
Thy morning best agrees
With honour's funeral obsequies!
In Thetis' lap he lies,
Mantled with soft securities,
Whose too much sunshine dims his eyes.

Was he too bold,
Who needs would hold
With curbing reins the Day,
And make Sol's fiery steeds obey?
Then, sure, as rash was I,
Who with ambitious wings did fly
In Charles' Wain too loftily.

I fall, I fall!
Whom shall I call?
Alas! can he be heard,
Who now is neither loved nor feared?
You who have vowed the ground
To kiss, where my blest steps were found,
Come, catch me at my last rebound.

How each admires
Heaven's twinkling fires,
Whilst from their glorious seat
Their influence gives light and heat;
But O, how few there are,
Though danger from the act be far,
Will run to catch a falling star.

Now 'tis too late
To imitate
Those lights whose pallidness
Argues no inward guiltiness;
Their course one way is bent;
Which is the cause there's no dissent
In Heaven's High Court of Parliament.

—ANONYMOUS.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN.

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand!
  A merry heart and true!
King James' men shall understand
  What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when
  And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
  Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
  A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
  We'll set Trelawny free!

"We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
  The Severn is no stay,—
With one and all, and hand in hand,
  And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London wall,
  A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all!
  Here's men as good as you.

"Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
  Trelawny he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
  Will know the reason why!"

—ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

THE MURDER OF THE YOUNG PRINCES.

THE tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children, in their death's sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes."—

"Thus, thus," quoth Forest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their slumber beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
"Which once," quoth Forest, "almost changed my mind;
But oh! the Devil"—there the villain stopped;
When Dighton thus told on,—"We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That from the prime creation, e'er she framed."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody King.
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FEW buildings in England are better known than the White Tower of London. Ages have come and passed, generation has followed generation, but the Tower has stood there, white and silent, and will no doubt remain for many generations to come. So far as we know, there is no older military building in England. It was constructed between 1077-1108, by Bishop Gundolph, and originally consisted of but a single tower, or keep. Other buildings have been added from time to time.

The original form of the keep was a rectangle, 90 feet high, by 118 feet wide, with 15 feet thick walls. It was divided into four stories, all subdivided by a cross wall, 10 feet thick. Besides a number of spacious rooms, halls, and chambers, it also contained a noble chapel, which even today is a remarkable feature of Norman architecture. The windows were few and small, in the basement and first story only slits.

The tower was originally intended for two purposes, namely as residence to the king, and a fort-

ress for the defense of London, and, no doubt, King William and his sons often resided here. It was his pride, and the largest building hitherto erected by the victorious Normans. Not even France could boast of anything like it.

During centuries it continued as a royal residence, although, perhaps, of more occasional nature. Unfortunately its reputation sank rapidly. Quite early it began to be used as a prison and as time passed on this became the main feature. No building in Europe, save the Bastile at Paris, has witnessed so much misery, persecution and bloodshed as the White Tower of London. It is impossible to pass through the dim halls and darkened corridors without a shudder, and with a breath of relief the visitors seek the open air again.

Here sat the venerable Bishop Fisher, who refused to turn Protestant when the Catholic church lost its power in England. "I beseech thee," he wrote to the lieutenant of the tower, "to be a good master to my necessity, for I have neither shirt nor suit, nor yet other clothes that are necessary for me, but that be ragged and rent shamefully. Notwithstanding I could even suffer that, if I could keep my blood warm."

Hither came Anne Boleyn after three short years as queen to Henry VIII. The vacillating Henry had found a woman he loved better, and hastened to dispatch Anne from a world of misery. Six trembling lords sentenced her to death. Mr. Kingston, chaplain to the queen, describes her last hours in these words: " 'At my commyng', she said, 'Mr. Kingston, I hear say that I shall not dye affore

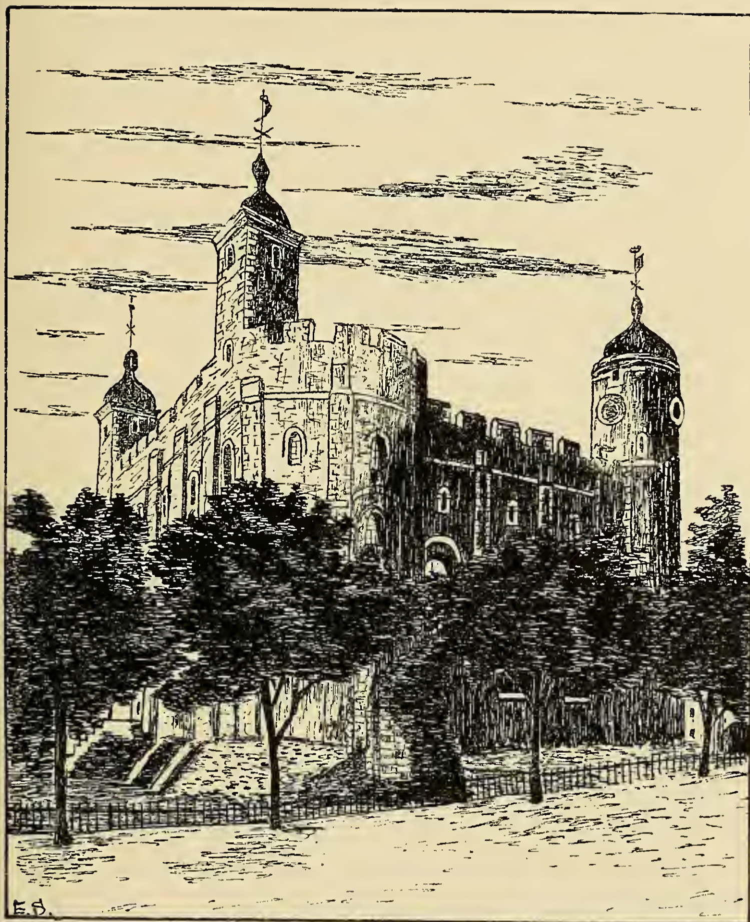
noone, and I am very sorry therefore; for I had thowtt to be ded by thys time, and past my paine!' I told her it sholde be no paine, it was so suttel, and then she said, 'I have heard say the executioner was very good and I have a lyttel neck,' and put her hand about it lawfing heartely. I have seen many men and also women executed, and that they have been in great sorrow; and to my knowledge thys lady hasse muche joy and plesur in dethe."

At a short distance from the old keep rise the Governor's lodgings, the Bloody Tower, and the Wakefield Tower, all stained with tales of horror.

The Bloody Tower contains memories of Henry Percy's murder, and likewise of the two child princes, Edward and Richard. Sir Walter Raleigh sat a prisoner here from 1604 to 1616. Here he wrote his famous "History of the World," and in a garden below he had his laboratory.

The Wakefield Tower is particularly known as the treasury of the English Crown jewels, valued at £4,000,000. The collection of crowns, scepters, gold vessels, orbs, salt cellars and state swords, form a glittering pyramid, enclosed within plate glass and heavy iron bars. The imperial crown, at the apex, weighs two pounds and a half, has 2,738 diamonds, 277 pearls, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 5 rubies, and is valued at £1,119,000. It was made especially for the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838.

The crown jewels have an interesting history. They were pawned to France by King Henry III, and to the merchants of London by Richard II. Henry IV raised 10,000 marks on them during the



THE WHITE TOWER.

war with France, and Henry VI is said to have pawned the jewels frequently, because of constant shortage in the treasury.

During the reign of Charles II they came near being stolen. One morning a certain adventurer, known as Colonel Blood, came to the tower, garbed as a minister. He proved to be a very smooth talker, who quickly gained the confidence of the keeper, a certain Mr. Edwards, and his family.

He came again and again, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with a young man, who was introduced as his son. By and by the friendship became so intimate, that the slick parson even proposed a marriage between his son and the keeper's daughter. The proposition was gladly accepted by the keeper, and a certain day was set aside for their engagement.

The parson came, accompanied by his son. For some reason, best known to himself, the boy refused to come in, but instead waited outside the door.

While alone with the keeper, in the jewel room, the parson suddenly drew out a mallet from his coat, and struck a terrific blow at Mr. Edward's head, knocking him senseless.

This done, he swiftly took the crown and scepter, and fled. Fortunately the theft was discovered immediately, and a number of men gave chase to the thief, who finally was knocked over, dropping the crown as he fell. The scepter was also regained, but a number of precious stones in the crown could never be found. They had dropped out in the fall.

Strange enough the king hushed up the whole matter and even gave a pension to the Colonel-par-

son-thief. No wonder if London gossip openly accused the king of being the instigator of the plot.

Across from these towers stands the Traitor's Gate and St. Thomas's Tower. Here the unhappy prisoners of long ago were landed. Today the dry gateway is filled with multitudes of pigeons, flittering leisurely in the sunlight. They are very tame and friendly, especially if offered a few crumbs. It is impossible to part from this gate without a sigh, and the thought of the many unfortunates ascending these steps to a certain death pains the heart.

In the Beauchamp Tower, near by, is a large room filled with inscriptions on the walls by former prisoners. Men like Talbot, Pole, Dudley, and others, here spent many weary hours. A couple of inscriptions might be remembered in this connection:

> Wise men ought circumspectly to see what they do,
> To examine before they speake,
> To prove before they take in hand,
> To beware whose company they use,
> And, above all things, to whom they truste.

* * *

> There is an end of all things,
> And the end of a thing is better than the beginning.
> Be wyse and pacyente in trouble,
> For wysdom defends thee as well as mony.
> Use well the time of prosperite,
> And remember the time of misfortewn.

Between the towers is a court yard, usually called "the Tower Green." Here stood formerly the death-block, on which fell so many of England's noblest heads. Thank God, that these bloody, cruel days of tyranny belong to the past!

Prison life in Olden England was not altogether what it is today. In many respects it was far more cruel, but in others, apparently easy. This, at least, can be said of the political prisoners confined within the tower. One cannot help reading the account of prison life here without some amusement. Each prisoner paid for whatever comfort he received. King James of Scotland paid 6 s. 8d. a day for himself, and 3 s. 4d. for his servants. The Lieutenant of the Tower received £4 a week for a duke, £2, for an earl, £1, for a baron, and 10 shillings for a common knight. Servants and private chaplains were allowed when paid for.

The regulations of 1607 demanded, "that when the tower bell doth ring at nights for shutting in of the gates, all prisoners, with their servants, are to withdraw themselves into their chambers, and not to go forth that night," a very polite command indeed. But then it must be remembered, that most of the prisoners in the Tower were gentlemen of standing, usually confined because of political offenses.

Before leaving the Tower, we might as well listen to another story, not so bloody as the rest, but of considerable romance. In the fall of 1662 a rumor spread about in London that a certain Cromwell lieutenant had hidden a treasure of more than £7,000, in one of the cellars of the White Tower.

The story soon reached the ears of Admiral Pepys, and his Diary for the 30th of October contains a detailed description of the whole affair. Without taking time to investigate the rumor more fully, the good admiral hastened to the Lieutenant of the Tower and secured a license to dig in

the cellars. Of course it was fully understood that the booty would be equally divided.

Accompanied by a few friends, and some working men, Pepys began the search in all earnest. After a full day's work, the men fell upon the idea of investigating the rumor a little closer. It was then found that the report had been spread by a woman, who claimed to have heard the Cromwell lieutenant mention about the hidden treasure. Now all seemed clear, and the entire cellar space was dug through,—but not a coin was found. Pepys paid the men, and returned home rather depressed, but considerably wiser.

As a matter of explanation it might be added that the hope of finding treasures among the castle and abbey ruins was very common formerly. Indeed there is not a ruin in England, but it has been searched and researched, many times, by treasure hunters. The many legends about hidden treasures, often met with in the castle and abbey literature, no doubt are responsible for these dreams of finding the hidden gold.

And, then, too, there are times when valuable finds actually have been made. Only a short time ago the papers spread the interesting news of a rich find in Jersey, amounting to $1,250.00, found by a man while pulling down an old manor house from the thirteenth century. The money was hidden in ancient urns.

Here we must close.

It is midnight, and the guards are coming.

"Who comes there?" challenges the officer of the night.

"The keys," replies the yeoman of the guards.

"Whose keys?"

"King George's keys."

"God preserve King George!"

"Amen!"—comes the melancholy response from the guard, and the gates to the memorable White Tower of London are closed.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On the Tombs in Westminster.

Mortality, behold and fear,
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands
Where from their pulpits, soiled with dust,
They preach, in greatness is no trust.
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin;
Here the bones of birth have cried,
Though gods they were, as men they died;
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropped from the ruined sides of kings.
Here's world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

—Francis Beaumont.

TWO QUEENS IN WESTMINSTER.

In the Chapel of Henry the Seventh,
  Where the sculptured ceilings are
Show the conquered stonework, hanging
  Like cobweb films in air,
There are held two shrines in keeping,
  Whose memories closely press:
The tomb of the Rose of Scotland,
  And that of stout Queen Bess.

Each side of the sleeping Tudor
  They rest; and over their dust
The canopies mould and darken
  And the gilding gathers rust;

While low on the marble tablet,
Each effigied in stone,
They lie,—as they went to judgment,—
Uncrowned, and cold, and alone.

Beside them pass the thousands
Each day; and hundreds strive
To read the whole of the lesson
That knoweth no man alive,—
Of which was more to be pitied,
And which was more to be feared,—
The strong queen, with the nerve of manhood,
Or the woman too close endeared.

One weakened her land with faction,
One strengthened with bands of steel!
One died on the black-draped scaffold,
One broke on old age's wheel:
And both—O sweet heaven, the pity!—
Felt the thorns in the rim of the crown
Far more than the sweep of the ermine
Or the ease of the regal down.

Was the Stuart of Scotland plotting
For her royal sister's all?
Was it hatred in crown or in person
Drove the Tudor to work her fall?
Was there guilty marriage with Bothwell
And black crime at the Kirk of Field?
And what meed had the smothered passion
That for Essex stood half revealed?

Dark questions!—and who shall solve them?
Not one, till the great assize,
When royal secrets and motives
Shall be opened to commonest eyes;—
Not even by bookworm students,
Who shall dig and cavil and grope,
And keep to the ear learned promise,
While they break it to the hope!

Ah, well,—there is one sad lesson
Made clear to us all, at the worst:
Of two forces made quite incarnate,
And that equally blessed and cursed.

With the English woman, all-conquering
Was Power, and its handmaid Pride;
With the Scottish walked fierce-eyed Passion,
Calling lovers to her side;

And the paths were the paths of ruin,
Of disease and of woe, to both,
With their guerdon the sleepless pillow,
And their weapon the broken troth;
And each, when she died, might have shuddered
To know she had failed to find
A content, even poorly perfect,
As that blessing some landless hind!

Ah, well, again, they are sleeping
Divided, yet side by side;
And the lesson were far less perfect
If their sepulchres severed wide.
And well for Bess and for Marie
That the eyes, to judge them at last,
Will be free from the gloss and glamour
Blinding ours through present and past!

—Henry Morford.

POETS' CORNER.

O world, what have your poets while they live
But sorrow and the finger of the scorner?
And, dead, the highest honour you can give
Is burial in a corner.

Not so, my poets of the popular school
Disprove that mean, yet prevalent conception.
Once in an age that may be; but the rule
Is proved by the exception.

And so, Good World, the poet still remains
To all your benefices a poor foreigner;
Considered well rewarded if he gains
At last rest in a corner.

Here in Westminster's sanctuary, where
Some two-three kings usurp one-half of the Abbey,
Whole generations of the poets share
This nook so dim and shabby.

So when we come to see Westminster's lions,
    The needy vergers of the abbey wait us;
And while we pay to see the royal scions,
    We see the poets gratis.

Some in corporeal presence crowd the nook,
    While others, who in body are not near it
Are here as in the pages in a book,—
    Present only in spirit.

White-bearded Chauser's here, an honoured guest,
    His sword of cutting humor in its scabbard;
And, sooth, he did not find such quiet rest
    In Southwark at the Tabard!

Here's Michael Drayton in his laurelled tomb,
    And Shakespeare over all the host commanding;
And rare Ben Johnson, who got scanty room,
    And so was buried standing.

Spenser is here from faerie land, his eyne
    Filled with the glamour of some dreamy notion,
Admired the more than his "Faerie Queen,"
    Was lost in middle ocean.

Here's Prior, who was popular no doubt;
    And Guy, with face and cowl round as a saucer;
And Dryden, who, some think, should be put out
    Because he murdered Chaucer.

And Milton, after all his civil shocks,
    Is here with look of sweet, yet strong decision,—
John Milton, with the soft poetic locks
    And supernatural vision.

Beaumont of the firm of B. and F. is here;
    And Cowly, metaphysical and lyric;
And Addison, the elegant and clear;
    And Butler, all satiric.

Gray, of the famous Elegy, who found
    His churchyard in the country rather lonely,
Lies with the rest in the more classic ground,
    Although in spirit only.

And Goldsmith at the Temple leaves his bones,
    Comes here with tender heart and rugged feature,

And mingles through this wilderness of stones
His milky human nature.

And here is he that wrote the Seasons four;
And so is Johnson who discovered "Winter,"
And Garrick, too, who had poetic lore
Enough to bid him enter.

And Southey, who for bread wrote many a tome,—
Of prose and verse a progeny plethoric,—
And he that sung the lays of ancient Rome,—
Macaulay, the historic.

Campbell is here in body as in soul,—
He for a national song eclipsed by no land;
And in whose grave the patriotic Pole
Sprinkled the earth of Poland.

Of other famous names we find the trace,
And think of many from their non-appearance;
Byron, for one, who was denied a place
Through priestly interference.

Now most upon their own true genius stand;
A few, perhaps, on little else than quackery;
But all in all, they are a glorious band,
From Chaucer down to Thackeray.

—Robert Leighton.

THE TOMB OF ADDISON.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir,
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend!
O, gone forever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown;
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies from the hallowed mould below:
Proud names! who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs graced with scars and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood,
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given,
And saints, who thought and led the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest,
Nor'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

—THOMAS TICKELL.

CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.

'TIS well these accidental great,
Noble by birth, or Fortune's favour blind,
Gracing themselves in adding grace and state
To the more noble eminence of mind,
And doing homage to a bard
Whose breast by Nature's gems was starred,
Whose patent by the hand of God himself was signed.

While monarchs sleep, forgotten, unrevered,
Time trims the lamp of intellectual fame;
The builders of the pyramids, who reared
Mountains of stone, left none to tell their name.
Though Homer's tomb was never known,
A mausoleum of his own
Long as the world endures his greatness shall proclaim.

What lauding sepulchre does Campbell want?
'Tis his to give, and not derive renown.
What monumental bronze or adamant,
Like his own deathless lays can hand him down?
Poets outlast their tombs; the bust
And statue soon revert to dust;
The dust they represent still wears the laurel crown.

The solid abbey walls that seem time-proof,
Formed to await the final day of doom;

The clustered shafts and arch-supported roof,
That now enshrine and guard our Campbell's tomb,
Become a ruined, shattered fane,
May fall and bury him again:
Yet still the bard shall live, his fame-wreath still shall bloom.

Methought the monumental effigies
Of elder poets that were grouped around,
Leaned from their pedestals with eager eyes,
To peer into the excavated ground
Where lay the gifted, good, and brave,
While earth from Kosciusko's grave
Fell on his coffin-place with freedom-shrieking sound.

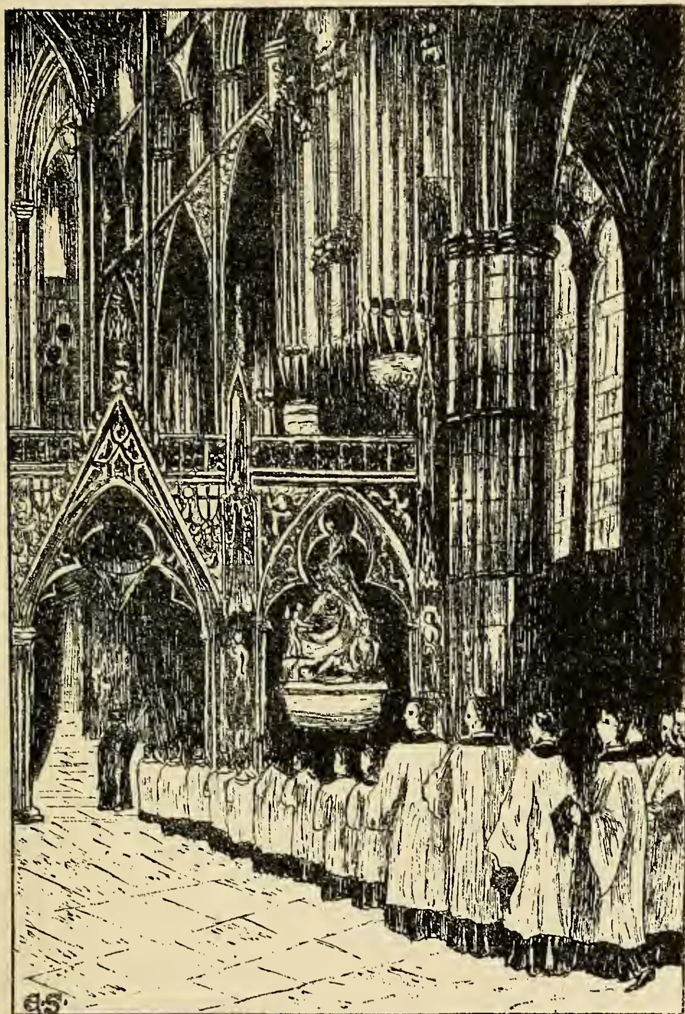
And over him the kindred dust was strewed
Of Poets' Corner. O misnomer strange!
The Poet's confine is the amplitude
Of the whole earth's illimitable range,
O'er which his spirit wings its flight,
Shedding an intellectual light,
A sun that never sets, a moon that knows no change.

Around his grave in radiant brotherhood,
As if to form a halo o'er his head,
Not few of England's masterspirits stood,
Bards, artists, sages, reverently led
To wave each separating plea
Of sect, clime, party, and degree,
All honouring him on whom Nature all honours shed.

To me the humblest of the mourning band,
Who knew the bard through many a changeful year,
It was a proud sad privilege to stand
Beside his grave and shed a parting tear.
Seven lustres had he been my friend,
Be that my plea when I suspend
This all—unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier.

—Horace Smith.

AMONG the celebrated cathedrals of England Westminster undoubtedly holds the first place, as far as age, beauty and national reputation are concerned, and in many respects it is the most interesting cathedral in the world.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The date of its construction is hidden in legendary obscurity. Tanner declares the abbey to have been founded on an Apollo temple, while another legend insists upon, that St. John, the wandering apostle, worshipped in this sanctuary more than once.

Real facts do not appear until the time of Edward the Confessor, who founded a church at this place, which was dedicated in 1065. During the reign of Henry III, it was rebuilt on a much larger scale. From that time on, until our own day, the venerable abbey has been more or less under building, and even now the western towers stand unfinished.

Before proceeding further let us mention a few particulars from the abbey register.

In 1227 a relic, the Precious Blood, from the Holy Land was deposited on the altar of Westminster Abbey. In 1296 the Stone of Scone was brought from Scotland and deposited back of the choir. Tradition has mentioned this stone as the one used by Jacob, for a pillow, at Bethel. It claimed sovereign power and has ever after been used at the coronations of the English kings. Unfortunately the precious relic came near being destroyed by the English suffragets some time ago.

During the great plague of London, in 1349, the abbot, prior and twenty-seven monks died within a few days. The abbey funds ran so low at this time that the monks were compelled to sell for £315, 13s, 8d, worth of silverplate and ornaments, to meet the running expenses.

During the troublesome days of Edward IV, his Queen, Elizabeth, fled to the abbey, where she also bore a son, Edward V. Another time, during a furi-

ous rebellion, the queen again sought refuge within the sanctuary of Westminster, where she sat on a chest, weeping, while the battle raged on the streets outside.

At the dissolution of the abbey, in the sixteenth century, the income was estimated at £3,977, 6s, 4d, annually. Because of its national reputation, even then, the church was spared from destruction, and changed into a bishop's seat. But all the rich vestments, plates of gold and silver; cups, set with precious stones; altar hangings of gold cloth, with angels of pearls; gold and silver crosses, etc., were confiscated and sent to the treasury.

Fortunately the abbey was also spared from destruction during the Civil War, chiefly because of Oliver Cromwell's hope to find a resting place among the illustrious in Westminster. This hope was indeed realized, but when royal power again was established in London, Cromwell's bones were removed to an obscurer grave.

A brief survey of the noble abbey discloses many interesting features. Architectural styles of many hundred years are here blended into one beautiful whole. In proportion, the height towers over the width to an exceptional degree, making the church slender-looking and tall, like an English maiden of nobility.

Behind the rich choir stands the Confessor's chapel, with a number of ancient relics, among which the Confessor's shrine, of ornamented Purbec marble, the shrines of Henry III, Queen Eleanor, Queen Anne, Richard II, Henry V, and Queen Katherine might be mentioned. Here stands also the coronation chair with the ancient stone of Scone.

In the north aisle are particularly noticed the graves of Ben Johnson, Charles Lyell, John Herschel and Charles Darwin. Hawthorne once wrote a few happy sentences about a visit to this spot. "Lingering through one of the aisles I happened to look down, and found my foot upon a stone inscribed with this familiar exclamation, 'O rare Ben Johnson!' and remembered the story of stout old Ben's burial in a spot, standing upright—not, I presume, on account of any unseemly reluctance on his part to lie down in the dust, like other men, but because standing room was all that could be reasonably demanded for a poet among the slumberous nobilities of his age. It made me weary to think of it! Such a prodigious length of time to keep one's feet, apart from the honor of the thing, it would certainly have been better for Ben to stretch himself at ease in some country church yard."

On one occasion King Charles I is said to have requested the famous poet to demand a favor, which would be granted on the spot.

"Eighteen inches of square ground," answered Ben Johnson.

"Where?" the king asked surprised.

"In Westminster Abbey."

That the great poet and dramatist was actually buried in a standing position was discovered in 1849, when the ground next to Johnson's grave was opened. The legbones were seen standing upright in the sand. During the work some sand fell down on the laborers and a skull came with it. The report concludes by asserting, that the skull had but a single hair left,—and this was red.

In the south aisle sleeps David Livingstone, surrounded by busts and brasses of Watts, the Wesleys, Paoli, Robert Stephenson, and a number of other great men.

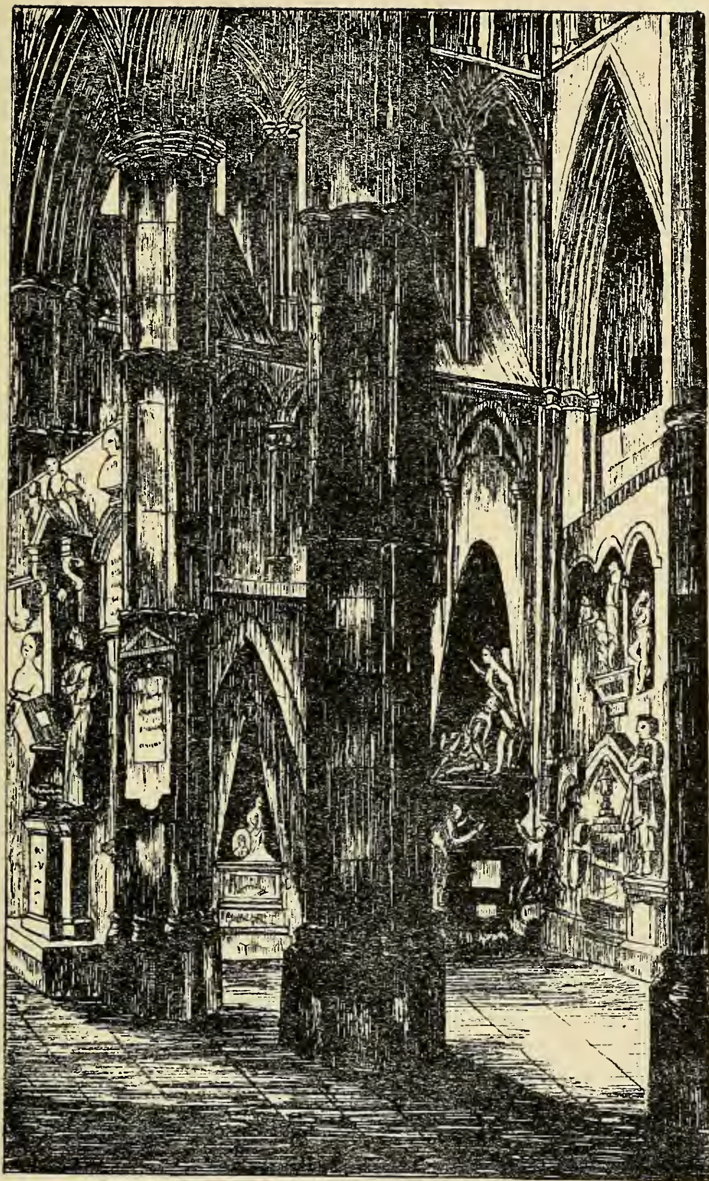
The north transept is called the "statesmen's aisle," and is crowded with monuments of England's greatest sons, to mention only a few: Chatam, Fox, Mansfield, Castlereagh, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, etc.

The south transept, or "the poets' corner," is perhaps the most interesting of all. A long list of names from Chaucer to Tennyson are found in this corner. Close to one another are the graves of Chaucer, Dryden, Beaumont, Drayton, Spencer, Cowley, Prior, Campbell, and Gray.

Some of the poets have received a rather humble recognition by a shortsighted and selfish posterity, others, again, have been lauded almost to the skies. After all, even the celebrated poets' corner is but a grand display of human vanity, at the expense of noble genius.

While, for instance, the poet Beaumont rests beneath a nameless stone, Michael Drayton's memory lingers in marble, long after his "Poly Albion," has gone down into oblivion.

> Do pious marble let these readers know
> What they and what their children owe
> To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
> We recommend unto thy trust,
> Protect his memory and preserve his story;
> Remain a lasting monument of his glory.
> And when thy ruins shall disclaim
> To be the treasurer of his name,
> His name that cannot fade shall be
> An everlasting monument to thee.



THE POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
(From an old print.)

Abraham Cowley, of whom Milton said, "that Cowley, Shakespeare and Spencer were the greatest poets of England," has received a due recognition by his friend Drayton.

> THAT sacreligious fire (which did last year
> Level those piles which pity did rear)
> Dreaded near that majestic church to fly,
> Where English kings and English poets lie.
> It at an awful distance did expire,
> Such pow'r had sacred ashes o'er that fire;
> Such that it durst not near that sacred structure come
> Which fate had order'd to be Cowley's tomb;
> And 'twill be still preserved, by being so,
> From what the rage of future flames can do.
> Material fire dares not that place infest,
> Where he who had immortal flame does rest.
> There let his urn remain, for it was fit
> Among our kings to lay the king of Wit.

A few steps further away is the grave of "glorious John Dryden." At his buriel, everyone, from the chaplain to the grave-digger, were on time, but the corpse failed to appear. The great poet was too poor to be buried. Not before a fund had been solicited could the funeral take place.

Much more could be said about the poets' corner, but space forbids.

Reluctantly we bid the hallowed spot farewell, with Hawthorn's words still fresh in our mind; "I should not feel myself a stranger here. I was delighted to be among them. There is a genial awe, mingled with a sense of kind and friendly presences about me; and I was glad, moreover, at finding so many of them there together, in fit companionship, mutually recognized and duly honored, all reconciled now, whatever personal hostility or other mis-

erable impediment had divided them asunder while they lived. I have never felt a similar interest in any other tombstones, nor have I ever been deeply moved by the imaginary presence of other famous dead people. A poet's ghost is the only one that survives for his fellow-mortals, after his bones are in the dust—and he—not ghostly, but cherishing many hearts with his own warmth in the chilliest atmosphere of life. What other fame is worth aspiring for?"

A number of little chapels, foremost of which is the beautiful chapel of Henry VII, lead off from the aisles and transepts. They are as a rule crowded with monuments. In one, St. Edmund's, stands a bust of Elizabeth Russel, who died from the prick of a needle, "a martyr to good housewifery."

The chapel of Henry VII, contains the magnificent sarcophagi of the two rival queens, Elizabeth, and Mary Tudor.

Above St. Islip's chapel is a room filled with wax effigies of celebrated personalities. There is an image of Queen Elizabeth, in gorgeous clothes and imitation jewels; of Queen Mary, equally splendid, but faded and yellow; of Charles II, with an orb in his hands, very much like a base ball champion with a good catch; Lord Nelson, with one arm tied to the shoulder, etc., etc.

It was formerly the custom to carry the image of the distinguished dead after the coffin, that the world might recognize the loss it had made. The custom was an ancient survival from the days of the Romans.

HAMPTON COURT.

HAMPTON COURT.

Close by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes council take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball or paid the visit last:
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

—Alexander Pope.

HAMPTON.

Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed King at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing,
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
Born with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing!
For so appears this first majestical
Holding due course to Harfleur.

—William Shakespeare.

THE splendid and historic Hampton Court stands fifteen miles from London, on the placid Thames, in a beautiful country. Originally the manor of Hampton belonged to the knights of St. John, of Jerusalem. In 1541 it was leased by Cardinal Wolsey, the great church and statesman under Henry VIII. From that time began its real splendor.

The palace was built around not less than five large courts, and comprised 1,500 rooms. Spring water was led from Combe waters, about half a mile away, and the old reservoirs and the great tunnel can still be seen.

The cardinal's household counted more than 1,000 persons, and the splendor of his court was nothing less than regal. When the French ambassadors were entertained by the cardinal in 1517, two hundred and eighty beds, with silk and the finest linen awaited the guests, and the bedchambers were supplied with an "abundance of wine and bere." There were "expert cookes, and connyng persons in the art of cookerie; the cooke wrought both day and night with subtleties and many crafty devices, where lacked neither gold, silver nor other costly things."

Cavendish describes the dinner in the hall in these words: "Before the second course, my lord Cardinal came in all boothed and spurred; at whose coming there was great joy, with rising every man from his place, whom my lord caused to sit still, and keep their rooms, and being in his apparel as he rode, called for a choyre (chair) and sat down in the middle of the high paradise (the raised elevation of the hall floor), laughing and being merry as ever I saw him in all my life."

While at the very height of power and splendor, the cardinal suddenly transferred Hampton Court and its riches as a free gift to King Henry. The reason for this extraordinary sacrifice on behalf of the cardinal was, no doubt, to save himself from the king's displeasure which his shrewd statesman eye saw coming. The king took Hampton gladly, but did not save his friend. Had Wolsey served his master half as faithfully as he did the king, his reward might have been far more glorious.

Hampton Court has seen many historic characters.

King Edward VI was born within the palace, and here his mother died, six days later. Here Catherine Parr celebrated her wedding with Henry VIII, and here Philip and Mary Stuart kept Christmas, in 1557. The great hall was then illuminated with a thousand lamps. Here was also held the celebrated meeting between the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, on the invitation of King James. The result was King James' Bible. Hither Charles I retired when the waves of Civil War began to run high, and here a gypsy woman predicted his death.

Showered with many rich gifts by the sad monarch, the little dusky woman hastened to alter her prediction by asserting that the king should lose his kingdom, but regain it through the death of a dog.

Unfortunately the king lost both his kingdom and his head.

The prediction was nevertheless remembered by Cromwell, and is said to have caused him no small worry.

On one occasion, while spending a night at Hamp-

ton Court, the dictator was suddenly aroused, in the the morning, by the news that his faithful watch dog was found dead outside of his bedroom door.

Cromwell jumped out of bed in fright, and cried: "The kingdom has departed from me! The kingdom has departed from me!"

Soon after the mighty general died.

One of the bedrooms at Hampton was formerly supposed to be haunted by Wolsey's spirit, in the form of a tremendous spider which crawled up and down the curtains at night.—Whew!

BODIAM CASTLE.

ON BEHOLDING BODIAM CASTLE, ON THE BANKS OF THE ROTHER, IN SUSSEX.

O THOU brave ruin of the passed time,
When glorious spirits shone in burning arms,
And the brave trumpet, with its sweet alarms,
Called honour at the matin hour sublime,
And the gray evening; thou hast had thy prime,
And thy full vigor, and the sating harms
Of age have robbed thee of thy warlike charms,
And placed thee here, an image in my rhyme;
The owl now haunts thee, and, oblivious plant,
The creeping ivy, has o'er-veiled thy towers;
And Rother, looking up with eye askant,
Recalling to his mind thy brighter hours,
Laments the time, when, fair and elegant,
Beauty first laughed from out thy joyous bowers!

—LORD THURLOW.

FEW of the English castles of the latter Middle Ages can compare with Bodiam in size and completeness. Seen from a distance, one might almost imagine the old pile to be inhabited, or at least fit for habitation. But scarcely are the mighty gate towers reached, before the stern power has vanished. Alas!—the entire castle is but an empty shell, the home of owls and jackdaws.

The former splendid halls look forlorn and broken, and in some of the apartments one can not even trace their original outlines. Desolation reigns supreme. Never does one realize the emptiness of life's splendor and the vanity of man's power, better than in the shadow of these castle ruins.

When Bodiam was built the castle era in England

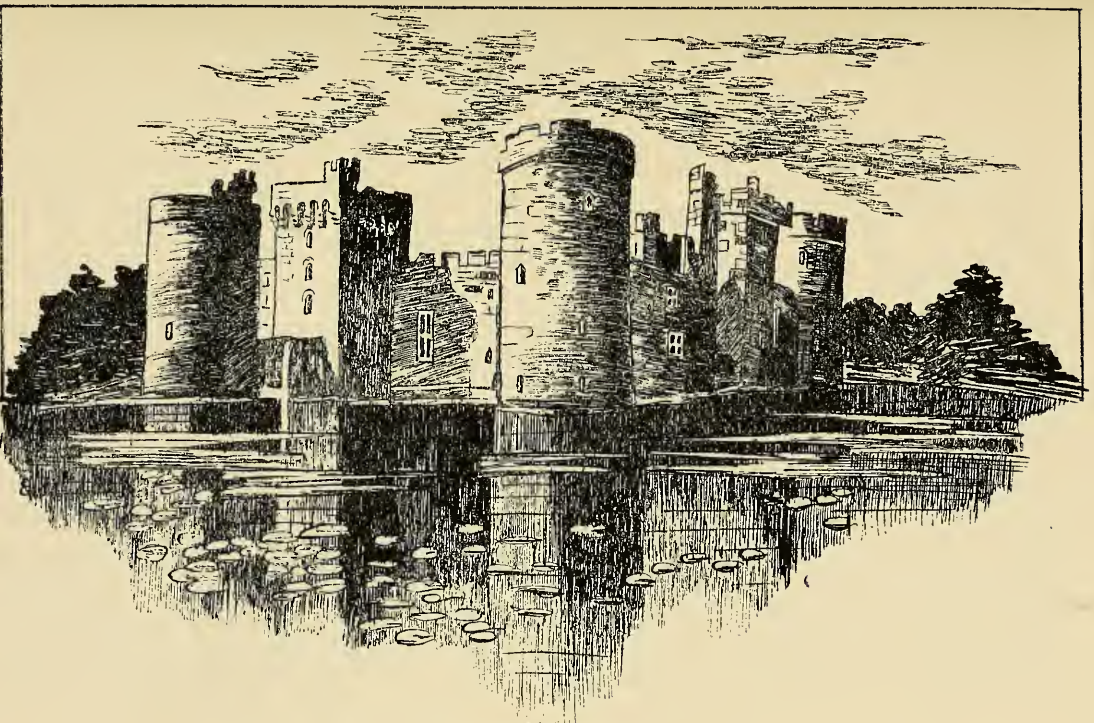
was drawing to a rapid close. The stern walls became more and more oppressive to the luxury loving nobility who craved for better and more commodious habitations. Then too, the invention of gun powder had begun to show its effect.

As a consequence the castle of Bodiam was constructed on a combination plan of dwelling house and castle—a sort of embattled mansion, stern from without, but commodious and noble from within.

Its position, even today, is one of great beauty. A wide moat, almost an inland lake, surrounds the castle, the mighty towers rising out of the water like powerful giants, gray and old. Numberless water-lilies cover the surface of the glittering lake, adding greatly to the beauty of the picture.

Bodiam Castle was built by the powerful and mighty Sir Dalingrudge at a tremendous expense. Its history amounted to little or nothing. It was built too late and dismantled too early to have time to make a history. After all, it was little more than a grand display of Sir Dalingrudge's power and wealth. Nevertheless it is one of the finest ruins in Sussex, and a splendid specimen of the later Mediaeval castles. If for no other purpose, it will serve the students of castle literature, for generations, as an interesting storehouse of architectural and social knowledge, and even that is important. We can see at a glance how Mediaeval strength and modern comfort went hand in hand at Bodiam.

The first apartments we enter have been termed the bower. They were probably the rooms in which Dame Elizabeth Dalingrudge received her lady guests, and in which she spent her spare time, sur-



BODIAM CASTLE.

rounded by her maidens, engaged in embroidery or other household employment. The principal sleeping apartments were in the first story, or in the square tower, in a room of which are two curious cupboards, which were probably used for depositing deeds, jewels, or other valuables.

Yet more south was the presence chamber, in which the guests assemble previous to entering the banqueting hall. This was always adorned with the richest tapestry, and embroidered cushions, the work of the ladies of the family.

The hall was a noble room, 40 feet by 24 feet, at the upper end of which was a raised platform or dais, on which the lord and his principal guests dined. At one end of the dais was a window, and in a corner behind the bay window was the buffet, where the plate used at the table was kept. Other tables were placed on the floor of the hall, which was covered with rushes, for the retainers and guests of a lower degree.

The roof was of oak, or chestnut, and in the center was a small turret, or aperture, to carry off the smoke from the fire which was placed in the center of the floor on a raised hearth. The walls were covered with tapestry, to about five feet from the ground. The principal entrance to the hall was at the lower end, where a space was parted off by a screen, extending the whole width of the hall, and supporting a gallery in which minstrels played during the feast. In the center of the screen were double doors, communicating with the kitchen, buttery, etc.

The buttery hatch consisted here of three arches, through which the viands passed from the kitchen

to the hall. The kitchen was a fine room 18 feet square, with two huge fireplaces, which no doubt blazed merrily on festive occasions. Our forefathers enjoyed good living, and though their dishes varied much from those we are in the habit of seeing, their mode of cookery did not differ much. Chaucer says:

> A cook they hadden with them for the nonce,
> To boil the chicken and the marrie bones;
> And Poudre marchant, tart, and galingale:
> Wel coude he knowe a drought of London Ale.
> He coude roste, and sethe, and broil, and frie,
> Maken mortrewes, and wel bak a pie.
>
> —J. C. Savery.

DUNMOW PRIORY.

LITTLE DUNMOW AND ITS FLITCH OF BACON.

I CAN fynd no man now that will enquire
The parfyte wais unto Dunmow;
For they repent them within a yere,
And many within a weke, and sooner, men throw;
That cawsith the wais to be rough and over-grow,
That no man fynd either path or gap;
The world is turnid to another shape.

Beef and moton wylle serve welle enow;
And for to fetch so ferre a lytil bacon flyk,
Which hath long hanggid, rusty and tow;
And the way, I telle you, is combrous and thyk;
And thou might stomble, and take the cryke (break the neck).
Therefore bide at home, whatsoever hap,
Tylle the world be turnyed into another shape.

THE priory of Little Dunmow stands in a corn-field, four miles from Dunmow, in Essex. It is a complete ruin, with but the south aisle of the former church remaining. In the chancel, on an altar tomb, lies the effigy of Fair Mathilda, the "Maid of Marian," celebrated in the romances of Robin Hood. She was the daughter of a powerful nobleman, Robert Fitz Walter, lord of the Castle Baynard.

A legend relates how King John fell in love with the beautiful Mathilda, but was sternly rejected both by father and girl. In his anger the king gathered a large army and attacked Baynard Castle. After a long siege the castle was leveled to the ground, but the knight and his daughter could not be found. Fitz Walter had fled to France, and Mathilda had sought refuge within the walls of Little Dunmow.

Some time after the king discovered the hiding place of the girl and sent a messenger again to solicit her love. If unsuccessful, he was advised to present her with a beautiful bracelet, as a memory of the persistent king.

The messenger did as he was ordered. Mathilda took the bracelet, but rejected the king's love. During the conversation the knight fell in love with the girl to an extent which made him alter his journey home and return to the priory before sunset. Deem of his sorrow in finding Mathilda dead. The bracelet was poisoned, and had killed her.

In his remorse the knight quit the royal court, and entered the priory, where he remained until his death, daily weeping and praying at the tomb of the unfortunate girl.

There was formerly a custom at Dunmow, to present each couple, married in the priory church, with a large bacon, at the end of the first year of marriage. However, the gift was presented on one condition only, namely, that the pair had never quarreled during the year, never distrusted one another, and never once wished that they were single again.

When they came to claim the prize, they were asked to kneel on two sharp stones, and repeat the following oath:

> We do swear by custom of confession
> That we ne'er made nuptial transgression;
> Nor since we were married man and wife,
> By household brawls or contentious strife,
> Or otherwise—bed or at board;
> Offended each other in deed or word;
> Or since the parish clerk said amen,
> Wished ourselves unmarried again;
> Or in a twelvemonth and a day

Repented in thought or any way,
But continued true and in desire,
As when we joined in holy quire.

The master of ceremonies now raised his hands and administered the reply in these words:

Since to these conditions without any fear
Of your own accord you do freely swear,
A whole flitch of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave;
For this our custom at Dunmow well known,
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own.

The bacon, or pilgrim, as it was called by the monks, was then lifted up on the shoulders of two men and carried in triumph through the streets of the town, followed by the chanting monks and the happy couple.

Unfortunately the records of the abbey present only three instances in three hundred years when the bacon was given away. The custom has continued in the village, now and then, even up to our own time, but only as a little pastime to dispel the monotony of married life.

PENSHURST PALACE.

PENSHURST.

GENIUS of Penshurst old!
Who saw'st the birth of each immortal oak,
Here sacred from the stroke;
And all thy tenants of yon turrets bold
Inspir'st to arts and arms;
Where Sydney his Archadian landscape drew,
Genuine from thy Doric view;
And patriot Algernon unshaken rose
Above insulting foes;
And Sacharissa nursed her angel charms.
O, suffer me with sober tread
To enter on thy holy shade;
Bid smoothly gliding Medway stand,
And wave his sedgy tresses bland,
A stranger let him kindly greet,
And pour his urn beneath my feet.

But come, the minutes flit away,
And eager fancy longs to stray:
Come, friendly Genius! lead me round
Thy sylvan haunts and magic ground;
Point every spot of hill or dale,
And tell me as we tread the vale,
"Here mighty Dudley once would rove,
To plan his triumphs in the grove;
There looser Waller, ever gay,
With Sachariss in dalliance lay;
And Philip, sidelong yonder spring,
His lavish carols wont to sing."
Hark! I hear the echoes call,
Hark! the rushing waters fall;
Lead me to the green retreats,
Guide me to the Muses' seats,
Where ancient bards retirement chose,
Or ancient lovers wept their woes.
What Genius points to yonder oak?
What rapture does my soul provoke?

There let me hang a garland high,
There let my Muse her accents try;
Be there my earliest homage paid,
Be there my latest vigils made:
For thou wast planted in the earth
The day that shone on Sydney's birth.

Meanwhile attention loves to mark
The dear that crop the shaven park,
The steep-browed hill, or forest wild,
The sloping lawns and Zephyrs mild,
The clouds that blush with evening red,
Or meads with silver fountains fed,
The fragrance of the new-mown hay,
And blackbird chanting on the spray;
The calm farewell of parting light,
And evening saddening into night.

—Francis Coventry.

AT PENSHURST.

While in this park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
Love's foe professed! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sydney? from which noble strain
He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame,
That all we can of love or high desire
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sydney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock;
That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs

Which not more help than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion; now my traitorous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong,
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes,
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!
This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had thought to sing,
Thus he advised me: "On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find."
Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which heaven has heaped on her.

—Edmund Waller.

TO PENSHURST.

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polish'd pillars or a roofe of gold:
Thou hast no lantherne, whereof tales are told:
Or satyre, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And, these grudg'd at, art reverenc'd the while,
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soile, of ayre,
Of wood, of water: therein thou art faire.
Thou hast thy walkes for health, as well as sport;
Thy mount, to which the Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beach and the chestnut shade:
The taller tree which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the Muses met.
There in the writhed barke are cut the names

Of many a Sylvane, taken with the flames;
And thence the ruddy Satyres oft provoke
The lighter Faunes, to reach thy ladie's oke.
Thy copp's too, nam'd of Gamage, thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee season'd deere,
When thou wouldst feast, or exercise thy friends.
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine and calves do feed:
The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed.
Each banck doth yeeld thee conveyes; and the topps
Fertile of wood, Ashore, and Sydney's copps,
To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purple phesant, with the speckled side:
The painted partrich lyes in every field,
And for thy messe is willing to be kill'd.
And if the high-swolne Medway faile thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat aged carps, that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kinde to eat,
As loth the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously at first themselves betray.
Bright eeles, that emulate them, and leape on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the ayre, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on thy wals, that every child may reach.
And though thy wals be of the countrey stone,
They're rear'd with no man's ruine, no man's grone:
There's none that dwell about them which them downe;
But all come in, the farmer and the clowne:
And no one empty-handed, to salute
The lord and lady, though they have no sute.
Some bring a capon, some a rurall cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses bring 'hem; or else send
By their ripe daughter's whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets beare
An emblem of themselves, in plum or peare.
But what can this (more than expresse their love)
Adde to thy free provisions, farre above
The need of such? Whose liberall boord doth flow

With all that hospitality doth know!
Where comes no guest but is allow'd to eat,
Without his feare, and of thy lord's owne meat:
Where the same beere and bread, and selfe-same wine,
That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.
And I not faine to sit (as some this day,
At great men's tables) and yet dine away.
Here no man tels my cups; nor, standing by,
A waiter doth my gluttony envy:
But gives me what I call for, and lets me eate;
He knowes, below, he shall finde plentie of meate;
Thy tables hoord not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire or lights, or livorie: all is there;
As if thou then wert mine, or I reign'd here:
There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
That found King James, when hunting late this way
With his brave sonne, the prince, they saw thy fires
Shine bright on every harth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had beene set on flame,
To entertayne them; or the countrey came,
With all their zeale to warme their welcome here.
What (great, I will not say, but) sodaine cheare
Didst thou then make 'hem! and what praise was heap'd
On thy good lady then! who therein reap'd
The just reward of her high huswifery;
To have her linnen, plate, and all things nigh
When she was farre; and not a roome, but drest,
As if it had expected such a guest!
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.
Thy lady's noble, fruitfull, chaste withall.
His children thy great lord may call his owne:
A fortune in this age but rarely knowne,
They are, and have been taught religion: thence
Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence.
Each morn, and even, they are taught to pray
With the whole household, and may every day
Reade in their vertuous parents' noble parts,
The mysteries of manners, armes and arts.
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say, their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

—Ben Johnson.

FOR A TABLET AT PENSHURST.

Are days of old familiar to the mind,
O Reader? Hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy lived
With high-born beauties and enamoured chiefs,
Sharing their hopes, and, with a breathless joy
Whose expectation touched the verge of pain,
Following their dangerous fortunes? If such lore
Hath ever thrilled thy bosom, thou wilt tread
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts
The groves of Penshurst. Sydney here was born—
Sydney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feigned,
Illustrating the vales of Archady
With courteous courage and with loyal loves.
Upon this natal day an acorn here
Was planted; it grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourished, when his perishable part
Has mouldered dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath mouldered now, but Sidney's fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.

—Robert Southey.

SONNET.

Written at Penshurst in Autumn, 1788.

Ye towers sublime, deserted now and drear,
  Ye woods deep sighing to the hollow blast,
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
  While history points to all your glorious past;
And, startling from their haunts the timid deer,
  To trace the walks obscured by matted fern
Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear,
  But where now clamours the discordant hern!
The spoiling hand of time may overturn
  These lofty battlements, and quite deface
The fading canvas whence we love to learn
  Sydney's keen look and Sacharissa's grace;
But fame and beauty still defy decay,
  Saved by the historic page, the poet's tender lay!

—Charlotte Smith.

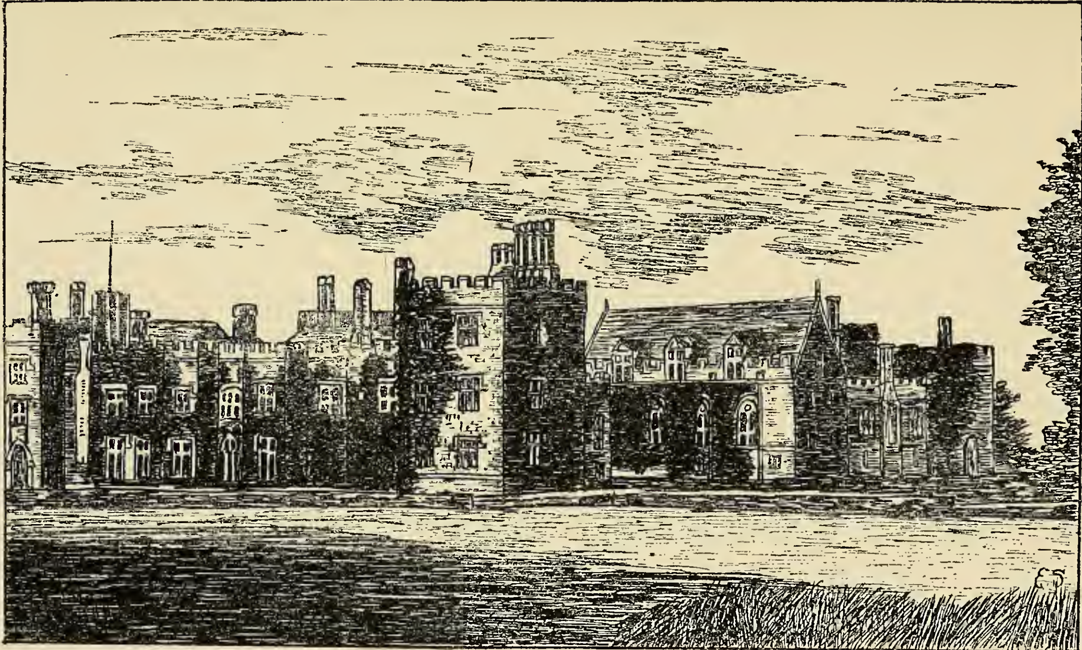
THE palace of Penshurst is located about thirty miles from London, in the midst of the Kentish Weald, a stretch of woodland, which formerly covered several shires. The mansion itself is a fine specimen of the embattled manor-house type, of the fourteenth century. The great hall, erected Anno 1341, measures 60 feet in length, and 60 feet in height, has the customary pointed timber roof, gallery, lofty windows and gothic screens. In the center of the room stands an open hearth, six feet wide, built of heavy stones, still red from the fires of long ago. The beams, in the roof above, are still dark from smoke, and in the center of the roof is an open smoke flue.

> Thence she them brought into a stately hall
>   Wherein were many tables fayer dispred,
> And ready dight with drapets festivall,
>   Against the viaundes should be ministered.
> At th' upper end there sate, yclad in red
>   Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
>   That in his hand a white rod managed:
> He steward was, hight Diet; rype of age,
> And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

Communicating with the hall is the state room, 70 feet long, with an Elizabethan ceiling, and a screen of crimson velvet and gold, embroidered with mother of pearl, said to be the work of Queen Elizabeth, who also furnished the drawing room near by.

Among other rooms might be mentioned the long gallery, rich in carved, antique furniture of great beauty. Here hangs also a curious picture of Queen Elizabeth, dancing with her favourite, Leicester, while the courtiers stand looking on.

The private rooms, state bedrooms, dressing



PENSHURST PALACE.

rooms and ante rooms, are all spacious and beautiful. Expensive china, paintings, statuary, antique tapestries, and above all the rich furniture, are features of note at Penshurst. The large library is famous for its rare books and valuable manuscripts.

From the mode of living at Penshurst during the seventeenth century, we get an idea by looking into a household book from these times. A week's expense, during 1625, is jotted down.

Kitchen—for flesh, poultry, butter, eggs and grocery, £29, 17s. 10d.; pantry and cellar—in bread, beer, sack, claret, etc., £14, 13s. 10d.; laundry—soap and starch, 1s. 11 d.; fuel, in charcoal and billets, 3 s. 9 d. Expenses during the entire year, kitchen, pantry, laundry and fuel—£2,200.

The beautiful flower garden still retains its old Elizabethan features, with close-clipped yewhedges, and decorative flowerbeds in the brightest colors. A fountain and a pond, with beautiful golden water-lilies, add to the charm.

> Thus being entered, they behold around
> A large and spacious plaine, on every side
> Strowed with pleasaorus, whose fairy grassy ground
> Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
> With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
> Where with her mother Art, as half in scorne
> Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne.
>
> —Faerie Queene.

Penshurst was the home of the celebrated Sydney family, hence its widespread fame. The greatest of the Sydneys was, no doubt, Sir Philip, one of the brightest stars at Queen Elizabeth's court, the author or Archadia, Defence of Poecy, Astrophis and Stella, etc.

Oldys was confident that he could muster up more than two hundred authors who had praised Sir Philip's genius, and not one who had slandered him. Sir Walter Raleigh styled him as the English Petrarch, and Dr. Thornton of Oxford caused an inscription to be recorded on his tomb, that he "was tutor to Sir Philip Sydney."

Among Sir Philip's literary productions, Archadia, is perhaps the best known. It was published in many editions. The first came out in 1590, the next in 1593, then in 1598, 1599, 1605, 1613 and 1621. Even during the eighteenth century it was republished.

Archadia is a pastoral romance, the beginning of the modern novel. The central figure is Philoclea, or Lady Penelope Devereaux, Sydney's youthful love. We certainly admire an age who could read and enjoy a work of some 600 pages, with sentences like these: "And so keeping with panting heart her traveling fantasys so attentive that the wind should stir nothing, but that she stirred herself, as if it had been the space of the longed for Zelamne, she kept her side of the bed, descending only and cherishing the other side with her arms, till after a while waiting, counting with herself how many steps were betwixt the lodge and the cave, and of accusing Zelamne of more curious stay than needed, she was visited with an unexpected guest."

"Astrophis and Stella," is another display of Sir Philip's youthful love and bitter disappointment. His thwarted attachment, and inner battles, are well brought out in the poem.

Not at the first sight, nor with a dribbed shot,
Love gave the wound which while I breathe,
But knowne worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.
I saw, and liked; I liked, but loved not,
At length, to Love's decrees I forc'd agreed,
Yet with repining at so partial lot.
Now, even that footsteps of lost libertie
Is gone; and now, like slave-born Muscovite,
I can it praise to suffer tyrannie;
And now employ the remnant of my wit
To make me selfe believe that all is well,
While, with a feeling skill, I paint my hell.

O fate, O fault, O curse, child of my blisse!
What sobs can give words grace by griefe to show?
What inke is black enough to paint my wo?
Only with paines my paines thus eased be,
That all my hurts in my hart's wracke I rede;
I cry thy sighs, my dere, thy teares I blede.

Sir Philip met the beautiful Penelope Devereaux at Kenilworth Castle, while escorting Queen Elizabeth to a festival. It was love at first sight, and both hoped for a happy future. But their hopes were in vain. Sydney's parents had already chosen his bride. With a deep respect for the paternal wish, he reluctantly obeyed; but Penelope, nevertheless, reigned supreme in his heart until death.

Penshurst was also favored with the pen of Edmund Spencer, whose "Shepherd's calendar" was written beneath its hospitable roof, and here also he gathered the material for the beautiful pictures in his "Faerie Queene."

The "Calendar" was issued for publication, December 5, 1579. It is divided into twelve songs, one for each month in the year. A love story between Rosalinde and the shepherd Colin Clout forms the central theme. But the author does not always keep

close to the subject. For instance, the song of April, contains a glowing praise of Queen Elizabeth, while that of May, is a tedious comparison of the protestants and catholics in common life.

In January,

> A shepheard's boye (no better doe him call)
> When winter wastful spright was almost spent,
> All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
> Led forth his flock, that had been long ypent.

In the heart of the weary shepherd is but one thought;

> To crown her golden locks; but yeeres more rype,
> And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayed,
> Those weary wanton tears away did wype.

But, alas, Rosalind's love has grown cold, and she rather prefers the handsome shepherd Manalcas, to Colin.

> O careful Colin! I lament thy case:
> Thy tears would make the hardest flint to flowe,
> Ah, faithlesse Rosalind, and voide of grace
> That art the roote of all this ruthful woe!

In December Colin bids farewell to the world. His love has been spurned, and he has nothing more to live for.

> Adieu, delights, that lulled me aslepe;
> Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare;
> Adieu, my little lambes and loved sheepe;
> Adieu, ye woodes, that oft my witness were;
> Adieu, good Hobbinol, that was so true:
> Tell Rosalind her Colin bids her adieu.

Among other favored guests at Penshurst might be mentioned especially, Dr. Ben Johnson and Edmund Waller, who often came here, spending months

at a time in rural solitude. Here Edmund Waller sang of Philip Sydney's birthday-oak,

> Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
> Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
> Of noble Sydney's birth; when such benign—
> Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
> That there it cannot but forever prove
> The monument and pledge of humble love.

To which Ben Johnson added,

> Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport,
> Thy mount to which the Dryads do resort,
> When Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
> Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade.
> That tall tree, too, which of a nut was set,
> At his great birth, where all the muses met.

Another interesting figure of the Sydney family was Sir Algermon, the man of liberty, whose struggle for freedom and independence caused his banishment from England during seventeen years. On his return, a strong friendship sprang up between him and William Penn, who just now stood ready to emigrate to America.

Together, the two men drew up a document which afterwards became the foundation for the constitution of Pennsylvania, and it was at Penshurst that the last touches were given to the historic paper. Sad enough, when William Penn set his foot on the distant shore, Sir Algermon laid down his head on the scaffold.

NETLEY ABBEY.

NETLEY ABBEY.

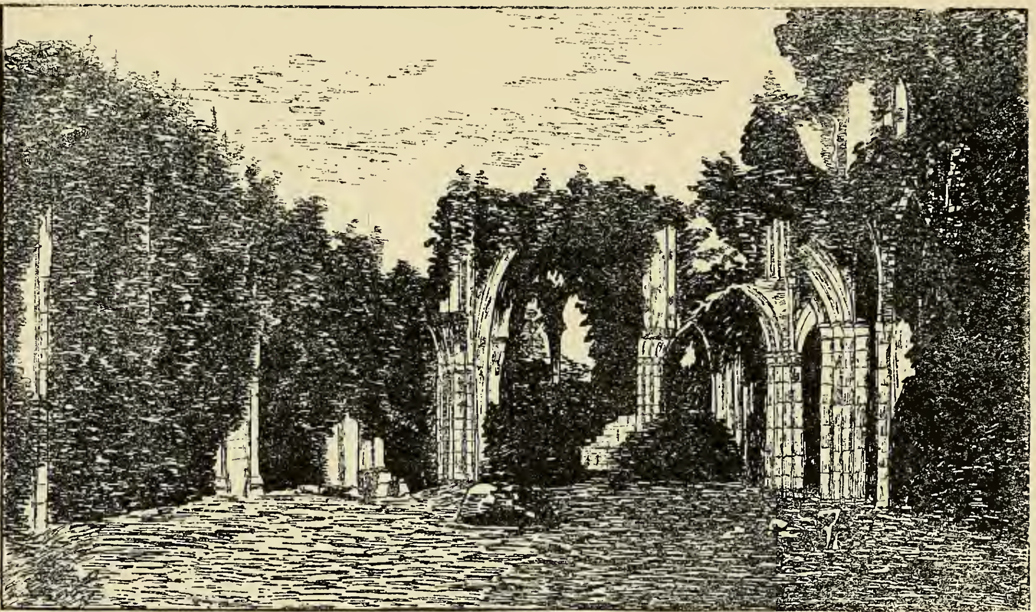
In Netley Abbey,—on the neighbouring isle,
The woods of Binstead shade as fair a pile,—
Where sloping meadows fringe the shores with green,
A river of the ocean rolls between,
Whose murmurs, borne on sunny winds, disport
Through oriel windows and a cloistered court;
O'er hills so fair, o'er terraces so sweet,
The sea comes twice each day to kiss their feet;—
Where sounding cavern mine the garden bowers,
Where grows intone, where many an ilex towers,
And many a fragrant breath exhales from fruits and flowers;
And loving heards and feathered warblers there
Make mystic concords with repose and prayer;
Mixed with the hum of apiaries near,
The mill's far distant cataract, and the sea-boy's cheer,
Whose oars beat time to litanies at noon,
Or hymns at complin by the rising moon;
Where, after chimes, each chapel echoes round
Like one aerial instrument of sound,
Some vast harmonious fabric of the Lord's.

—Nicholas Thimring Moile.

NETLEY ABBEY.

Fallen pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;
But when the winds blow wafted from the main,
Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once majestic in their prime
Stood smiling at decay, till, bowed by time
Or injury, their earthly boast forgot,
They may have fallen like thee! Pale and forlorn,
Their brow, besprent with thin hairs, white as snow,
They lift still unsubdued, as they would scorn
This shortlived scene of vanity and woe;
Whilst on their sad looks smilingly they bear
The trace of creeping age, and the pale hue of care.

—William Lisle Bowles.



NETLEY ABBEY.

"THEY are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise. O! the purple Abbots, what spot they have chosen to slumber in." Thus exclaimed Sir Horace, at the sight of Netley Abbey, and his words are no vain boasting either.

One never realizes the charm of this hallowed spot until it suddenly bursts upon you out of a thickly wooded declivity. A few carved stones, by the roadside, greet the eye; a slender shaft peeps out beneath a thick ivy cover; then a turn—and the abbey looms up, in all its grand simplicity, like a dream of paradise, but a paradise lost.

The abbey church was built in 1239, at least its charter dates from this year. It was cruciform, and of Early English style. The entire length was only 200 feet, but entirely vaulted, and very lofty.

Leland, the famous sixteenth century topographer, who personally visited and described many of England's castles and abbeys, was struck with surprise in finding but a single volume in the abbey library, a copy of Cicero's "Treatise on Rhetoric," perhaps forgotten by some studious monk.

This statement has afterwards frequently been quoted with reference to the great poverty of the Mediaeval abbey libraries in general, a conception as misleading as it is wrong.

The dissolution, in the sixteenth century, fell heavy on the abbey. For many years it was used as a stable, and much damaged. Then it was sold to a contractor who began to tear down the walls, until, one morning, he was killed by a falling stone. The workingmen fled in terror, and the abbey was saved.

During a strike, at the construction of the Victoria

Hospital, in 1859, the idle men pulled down many of the marble shafts, which were afterwards sold for a few pennies a piece, and turned into chimneys.

Fortunately the noble ruin is now well taken care of, and many are the visitors, each summer, who come to admire its unassuming grandeur. The journey is, indeed, worth while, along the beautiful Southhampton bay, with its glittering water and sun-bathed coasts.

On the other side of the bay stands the ruin of Beaulieu Abbey, the original mother house of Netley. Both belonged to the Cistercian order.

Now sunk, deserted, and with weeds o'er grown,
Yon prostrate walls their awful fate bewail;
Low on the ground their topmost spires are thrown,
Once friendly marks to guide the wandering sail.

The ivy now with rude luxuriance bends
Its fangled foliage through the cloister'd space,
O'er the green window's mouldering height ascends,
And fondly clasp it with a last embrace.

While the self-planted oak, within confin'd
(Auxiliar to the tempest's wild uproar),
Its giant branches fluctuates to the wind,
And rends the wall, whose aid it courts no more.

—KEATE.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

THE BALLAD OF GLASTONBURY.

Glastonbury, anciently called Avalon, is a place much celebrated both in tradition and history. It was here, according to old legends, when the neighboring moors were covered by the sea, that St. Joseph of Arimathea landed, and built the first church in England. It was here that the glorious King Arthur was buried, with the inscription:

Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam, rexque futurus.

THE hills have on their royal robes
Of purple and of gold,
And over their tops the autum clouds
In heaps are onward rolled;
Below them spreads the fairest plain
That British eye may see,—
From Quantock to the Mendip range,
A broad expanse and free.

As from those barriers, gray and vast,
Rolled off the morning mist,
Leaving the eysight unrestrained
To wander where it list,
So roll thou ancient chronicler,
The ages' mist away;
Give me an hour of vision clear,
A dream of former day.

At once the flood of the Severn sea
Flowed over half the plain,
And a hundred capes, with huts and trees,
Above the flood remain:
'Tis water here and water there,
And the lordly Parret's way
Hath never a trace on its pathless face,
As in the former day.

Of shining sails that thronged the stream
There resteth never a one,

But a little ship to that inland sea
 Comes bounding in alone;
With stretch of sail and tug of oar
 It comes full merrily
And the sailors chant, as they pass the shore,
 Tibi gloria, Domine.

By this the vessel had floated nigh
 To the turf upon the strand,
And first that holy man of joy
 Stepped on the Promise-land;
Until the rest, in order blest,
 Were ranged, and, kneeling there,
Gave blessing to the God of heaven
 In lowly chanted prayer.

Then over the brow of the seaward hill
 In their order blessed they pass,
At every change in the psalmody
 Kissing the holy grass,
Till they come where they may see full near
 That pointed mountain rise,
Darkening with its ancient cone
 The light of the eastern skies.

"This staff hath borne me long and well,"
 Then spake the saint divine,
"Over mountain and over plain,
 On quest of the Promise-sign;
For aye let it stand in this western land,
 And God do more to me
If there ring not out from this realm about,
 Tibi gloria, Domine."

A cloud is on them,—the vision is changed,
 And voices of melody,
And a ring of harps, like twinkles bright,
 Comes over the inland sea;
Long and loud is the chant of praise,—
 The hallowed ages glide;
And once again the mist from the plain
 Rolls up the Mendip side.

With mourning stole and solemn step,
 Up that same seaward hill,

There moved of ladies and of knights
    A company sad and still;
There went before an open bier,
    And, sleeping in a charm,
With face to heaven and folded palms
    There lay an armed form.

It was the winter deep, and all
    The glittering fields that morn
In Avalon's isle were oversnowed
    The day the Lord was born;
And as they cross the northward brow,
    See white, but not with snow,
The mystic thorn beside their path
    Its holy blossoms show.

They carry him where from chapel low
    Rings clear the angel bell,—
He was the flower of knights and lords,
    So chant the requiem well:
His wound was deep, and his holy sleep
    Shall last him many a day,
Till the cry of crime in the latter time
    Shall melt the charm away.

A cloud is on them,—the vision fades,
    And cries of woe and fear,
And sounds unblest of neighboring war,
    Are thronging on my ear;
Long and loud was the battle cry,
    And the groans of them that died;
And once again the mist from the plain
    Rolls up the Mendip side.

From the postern door of an abbaye pile,
    Passes with heavy cheer
A soldier-king in humble mien,
    For the shouting foes are near:
The holy men by their altars bide,
    In alb and stole they stand;
The incense-fumes the temple fill
    From blessed children's hands.

Slow past the king that seaward brow,
    Whence turning he might see,

Streaming upon Saint Michael's Tor,
The pagan blazonry;
Then a pealing shout and a silence long,
And rolling next on high
Dark vapour, laced with threads of flame,
Angered the twilight sky.

The cloud comes on, the vision is changed,
And songs of victory,
And hymns of praise to the Lord of Peace,
Come over the inland sea;
The waters clear, the fields appear,
The plain is green and wide;
And once again the mist from the plain
Rolls up the Mendip side.

The place was green with lavish growth,
And, like a silver cord,
Down to the northern bay the Brue
Its glittering water poured.
Far and near the pilgrims throng,
With staff and humble mien,
Where Glastonbury's crown of towers
Against the sky is seen.

By the holy thorn and the holy well,
And Saint Joseph's silver shrine,
They offer thanks to highest Heaven
For the light and grace divine;
In the open cheer of the abbaye near
They dwell their purposed day,
And then they part, with blessed thoughts,
Each on his homeward way.

The winds are high in Saint Michael's Tor,
And a sorry sight is there,—
A dark-browed band, with spear in hand,
Mount up the turret-stair;
With heavy cheer and lifted palms
There kneels a holy priest;
The fiends of death they grudge his breath
To hold their rapine-feast.

The cloud comes on them, the vision is changed,
And a crash of lofty walls,

And the short dead sound of music quenched,
On the sickened hearing falls;
Quick and sharp is the ruin cry,
Unblest the ages glide;
And once again the mist from the plain
Rolls up the Mendip side.

Low sloping over sea and field
The setting ray had past,
On roofs and curls of quiet smoke
The glory-flush was cast.
Clustered upon the western side
Of Avalon's green hill,
Her ancient homes and fretted towers
Were lying bright and still.

And lower in the valley-field,
Hid from the parting day,
A brotherhood of columns old,
A ruin rough and gray;
And over all, Saint Michael's Tor
Spired up into the sky—
Most like to Tabor's holy mount
Of vision blest and high.

The vision changeth not,—no cloud
Comes down the Mendip side;
The moors spread out beneath my feet
Their free expanse and wide;
On glittering cots and ancient towers
That rise among the dells,
On mountain and on bending stream,
The light of evening dwells.

I may not write,—I cannot say
What change shall next betide;
Whether that group of columns gray
Untroubled shall abide,
Or whether that pile in Avalon's isle
Some pious hands shall raise,
And the vaulted arches ring once more
With pealing chants of praise.

—Henry Alford.

AT THE TOMB OF KING ARTHUR.

Through Glastonbury's cloister dim
The midnight winds were sighing;
Chanting a low funereal hymn
For those in silence lying,
Death's gentle flock 'mid shadows grim
Fast bound, and unreplying.

Hard by the monks their mass were saying;
The organ evermore
Its wave in alternation swaying
On that smooth swell upbore
The voice of their melodious praying
Toward heaven's eternal shore.

Erelong a princely multitude
Moved on through arches gray,
Which yet, though shattered, stand where stood
(God grant they stand for aye!)
Saint Joseph's church of woven wood
On England's baptism day.

The grave they found; their swift strokes fell,
Piercing dull earth and stone.
They reached erelong an oken cell,
And cross of oak, whereon
Was graved, "Here sleeps King Arthur well,
In the isle of Avalon."

The mail on every knightly breast,
The steel at each man's side,
Sent forth a sudden gleam; each crest
Bowed low its plumed pride;
Down o'er the coffin stooped a priest,—
But first the monarch cried:

"Great King! in youth I made a vow
Earth's mightiest son to greet;
His hand to worship; on his brow
To gaze; his grace entreat.
Therefore, though dead, till noontide thou
Shalt fill my royal seat!"

Away the massive lid they rolled,—
 Alas what found they there?
No kingly brow, no shapely mould;
 But dust where such things were.
Ashes o'er ashes, fold on fold,—
 And one bright wreath of hair.

Genevra's hair! like gold it lay;
 For time, though stern, is just,
And humbler things feel last his sway,
 And death reveres his trust.—
They touched that wreath; it sank away
 From sunshine into dust!

Then Henry lifted from his head
 The Conqueror's iron crown;
That crown upon that dust he laid,
 And knelt in reverence down,
And raised both hands to heaven, and said,
 "Thou God art King alone!"

—Aubrey De Vere.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY AND WELLS CATHEDRAL.

Glory and boast of Avalon's fair vale,
 How beautiful thy ancient turrets rose!
Fancy yet sees them in the sunshine pale,
 Gleaming, or, more majestic in repose,
When, westaway the crimson landscape glows,
 Casting their shadows on the waters wide.
How sweet the sounds, that, at still daylight's close,
 Came blended with the airs of eventide,
 When through the glimmering aisle faint "Misereries" died.

But all is silent now! silent the bell,
 That, heard from yonder ivied turret high,
Warned the cowled brother from his midnight cell;
 Silent the vesper-chant, the litany
Responsive to the organ!—scattered lie
 The wrecks of the proud pile, 'mid arches gray,
Whilst hollow winds through mantling ivy sigh!
 And even the mouldering shrine is rent away,
 Where in his warrior weeds the British Arthur lay.

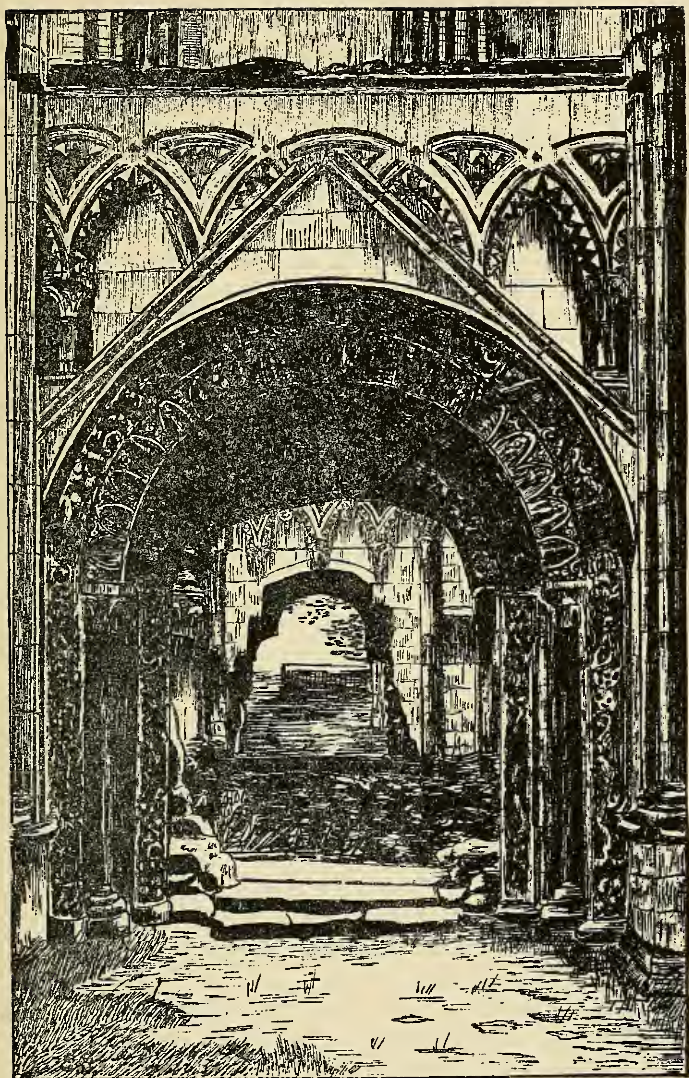
Now look upon the sister fane of Wells!
　　It lifts its forehead in the summer air;
Sweet o'er the champaign sound its sabbath bells;
　　Its roof rolls back the chant, or voice of prayer.
Anxious we ask, Will heaven that temple spare,
　　Or mortal tempest sweep it from its state?
O, say, shall time revere the fabric fair,
　　Or shall it meet, in distant years thy fate,
　　Shattered, proud pile, like thee, and left as desolate?

No! to subdue or elevate the soul,
　　Our best, our purest feelings to refine,
Still shall the solemn diapasons roll
　　Through that high fane! still hues reflected shine
From the tall windows on the sculptured shrine,
　　Tinging the pavement! for He shall afford,
He who directs the storm, His aid divine,
　　Because its Sion has not left thy word,
　　Nor sought for other guide than thee, Almighty Lord!

—William Lisle Bowles.

KING ARTHUR'S FUNERAL.

When Arthur bowed his haughty crest,
No princess, veiled in azure vest,
Snatched him, by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell,
Where, crowned with wreaths of mistletoe,
Slaughtered kings in glory go?
But when he fell, the winged speed,
His champions, on a milkwhite steed,
From the battle's hurricane,
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
In the fair vale of Avalon:
There with chanted orison,
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stoled fathers met the bier:
Through the dim aisles, in order dread
Of martial woe, the chief they led,
And deep intombed in holy ground,
Before the altars solemn bound.
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
Away the ruthless Dane has torn



GLASTONBURY ABBEY—ST. JOSEPH'S CHAPEL.

Each trace of Time's slow touch had worn;
And long o'er the neglected stone
Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown.
—THOMAS WHARTON.

Oh, who thy ruin sees, whom wonder doth fill
With our great fathers' pomp, devotion and skill.

FEW places in England are more romantic than ancient Glastonbury, and few have more legends to tell from England's childhood. With a feeling of deep veneration the visitor steps carefully over chissled stones, and beneath ruined arches. Ivy-mantled pillars, beautiful gothic windows and carved corbels meet the eye everywhere, but broken and devastated.

Listen!—a sigh is heard to rise from the depth of the ruin, and ascend to heaven. It is the sigh of suffering and sorrow. The sigh of long ages of neglect and destruction, and in its deep, quivering sound join the ruined arches, pillars and broken windows, as if to bemoan a greatness long ago moulded into dust.

Nowhere in England are the sacred legends more plentiful than here. At this spot Joseph of Arimathea landed, accompanied by the Apostle Philip. They had in their possession the famous Holy Grail, the romance of which, filled the Middle Ages with a charm of unequalled splendor. Here, the two holy men built a small wooden church, which, in course of time, became as sacred as the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem. When the structure began to show visible signs of old age, it was wholly encased in lead, to save it from destruction. And yet, after all, it burnt down.

Here Joseph of Arimathea also planted his wonderful thorn bush, which ever after bloomed at Christmas time; and here too, was the famous isle of Avalon, where King Arthur died. His body was buried at Glastonbury. The historian, Giraldus Cambrencis, has given a glowing account in his chronicle of the opening of King Arthur's grave, during the reign of Henry II. The powerful bones of the famous king were exposed to full view, and with them, also a lock of Queen Guinevera's golden hair. Too bad that this account is but a myth, like everything else in the romantic chronicle of Giraldus!

After the destruction of the old church a new, and larger, was erected, which gradually grew into fame and wealth. It was considered an honor to be buried in, or near the abbey church, and the stone floor is said to have been literally studded with inscriptions of famous men and women. Those who could not afford this luxury, nevertheless bought soil from the abbey grounds, to sprinkle in their graves, and there was a time when the soil of Glastonbury equalled in price that of Jerusalem itself.

The abbey became richly endowed by kings and noblemen. The possessions in cattle alone amounted in 1253, to 892 oxen, 60 bullocks, 233 cows, 6,717 sheep, 327 swine. The annual revenue amounted to something like 135,000 dollars. The library contained a great collection of valuable books, most of which were written and bound within the cloisters. The catalogue of this library remains in part, and it might have been interesting to mention some of the works, only that the list would be too dry. This much can be said, however, that the library was

plentifully supplied with latin classics, many of which are entirely unknown today.

At the dissolution of the abbey, the library was scattered about to the four winds of heaven. One grocer is related to have bought over twenty shelves of rare, illuminated books, written by hand, for the small sum of forty shilling. During ten years he wrapped cheese and herring in vellum and parchment, and still had enough to last him ten more; a cheap investment, indeed. And the irony of it all; today these rare books, now almost a scarcity, demand a price of from 200 to 2,000 pounds apiece!

Among celebrated men, who lived and worked within the abbey walls of Glastonbury, might be mentioned the historian Gildas, the venerable Bede, and St. Patrick.

MALMESBURY ABBEY.

RESTORATION OF MALMESBURY ABBEY.

Monastic and time-consecrated fane!
Thou hast put on thy shapely state again,
Almost august as in the early day,
Ere ruthless Henry rent thy pomp away.
No more the mass on holydays is sung,
The host high raised or fuming censer swung;
No more, in amice white, the Fathers slow
With lighted tapers in long order go;
Yet the tall window lifts its arched height,
As to admit heaven's pale but purer light;
Those massy clustered columns, whose long rows,
Even at noonday, in shadowy pomp repose
Amid the silent sanctity of death,
Like giants seem to guard the dust beneath.
Those roofs re-echo (though no altars blaze)
The prayer of penitence, the hymn of praise;
Whilst meek religion's self, as with a smile,
Reprints the tracery of the holy pile,
Worthy its guest, the temple. What remains?
O mightiest master! thy immortal strains
These roofs demand; listen! with prelude slow,
Solemnly sweet, yet full, the organs blow.
And hark! again, heard ye the choral chant
Peal through the echoing arches, jubilant?
More softly now, imploring litanies,
Wafted to heaven, and mingling with the sighs
Of penitence, from yonder altar rise;
Again the vaulted roof "Hosannahs" rings,—
"Hosannah!" "Lord of lords, and king of kings!"
Rent, but not prostrate; stricken, yet sublime;
Reckless alike of injuries or time;
Thou, unsubdued is silent majesty,
The tempest hast defied, and shall defy!
The temple of our Sion so shall mock
The muttering storm the very earthquake's shock,
Founded, O Christ, on thy eternal rock!

—William Lisle Bowles.

MANY, many hundred years ago a lone pilgrim, named Maedolphus, came from Scotland to Wiltshire and settled down on the banks of the "sweet flowing Avon." The country was beautiful in its simple wildness, and the lone hermit hurried to build himself a small cell.

Summer came and summer went, followed by wintry nights and snow, before the lonely stranger was discovered. It so happened that another hermit came this way, and decided to share the company of the pious man. By and by a few more came, and soon the colony had reached the number of forty men. They spent their time in study and meditation, lived a simple life, and felt satisfied in the midst of all poverty.

By and by, however, it was found expedient, for the welfare of the little colony, to adopt a stricter mode of living, and the Benediktine rule was introduced. From this time dates the real beginning of Malmesbury Abbey.

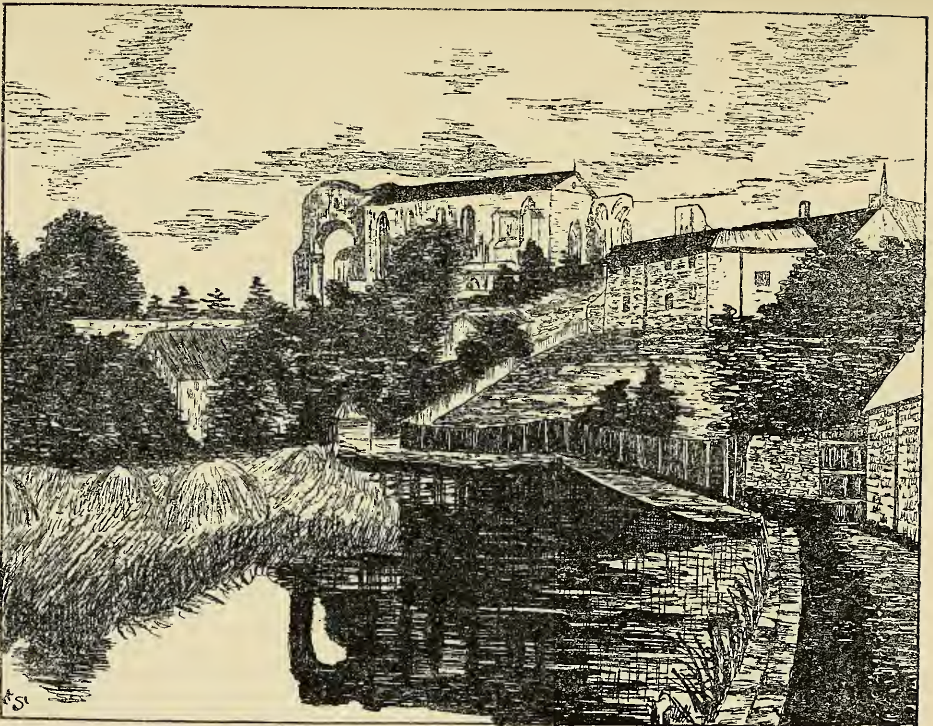
Scarcely had the colony been organized and a church erected before the heathen King Offa fell upon them, sacked the church and drove the brethren away. This happened sometime during the eighth century. During the ninth, the abbey suffered a similar fate at the hands of King Athelstan and was kept in bondage for years. Scarcely had the monks escaped this danger before the Scandinavian Vikings came, and burnt the church twice, each time driving away the monks, almost destitute. As the people gradually became Christianized, matters changed for the better, and the abbey grew rapidly in strength and wealth. The church was filled with altars,

screens and tombs, and at the time of William of Malmesbury, the famous chronicler, it was considered one of the strongest abbeys in England. At least he says so himself, and there is little reason to doubt his words. The Malmesbury schools were famous, in the thirteenth century, for their thorough instruction and great number of students. It had its own "hostel" at Oxford, and, for hundreds of years, sent an abundant supply of students to the university.

At the time of its dissolution, in the sixteenth century, the abbey had an annual income of £803, 17s. 7d., or more than 12,000 dollars. It had 21 monks, besides laybrethren, retainers, husband men, cowherds and soldiers to defend the property. Abbot Tempton was given a pension by the crown, of 200 marks, while the monks had to shift for themselves. The entire abbey, with parks and gardens, was sold to William Stump, a wealthy clothier, for the sum of £1,117, 15s. 11 d. A part of the church was set aside for the worship of the village, the rest was turned into mills. And so it happened that within these sacred walls, where masses and litanies had been sung for centuries, the monotonous grind of the loom could now be heard daily, in the production of 3,000 cloths a year.

Among famous men connected with the abbey, might be mentioned Duns Scotus, William of Malmesbury, King Athelstan, and a monk, named Elmer, who gained fame by inventing an aeroplane, for which he also suffered the consequences. The machinery of the plane consisted of wings, fastened to his hands and feet.

On a certain day the daring aviator climbed to the



MALMESBURY ABBEY.

summit of one of the towers and set out on his perilous journey. He flew a furlong, or so, but then turned a summersault and fell down, breaking both his legs in the fall. He ascribed the misfortune to the failure in providing himself with a tail.

Concerning the abbey library says Merrywether in his "Bibliomania in the Middle Ages." "We can not pass unnoticed the monastery of Malmesbury, one of the largest in England, and which possessed at one time an extensive and valuable library; but it was sadly ransacked at the time of the Reformation, and its vellum treasures sold to the bakers to heat their stoves, or applied to the vilest use; not even a catalog was preserved to tell the curious of a more enlightened age what books the old monks read there; but perhaps, and the blood runs cold as the thought arises in the mind, a perfect Livy was among them, for a rare amator librorum belonging to this monastery quotes one of the lost decades."

Aubery, in his "Natural History of Wiltshire," gives the following interesting account of the sad plight of the abbey manuscripts. "Anno 1633, I entered into my grammar at the latin school at Yatton-Keynel, in the church, where the curate, Mr. Hart, taught the eldest boys Virgil, Ovid, Cicero, etc. The fashion then was to save forules of their books with false cover of parchment, sc. old manuscript, which I was too young to understand; but I was pleased with the elegancy of the writing and the colored initial letters. I remember the rector here, Mr. Wm. Stump, great grandson of Stump the clothier of Malmesbury, had several manuscripts of the abbey. He was a proper man and a good fellow;

and, when brewed a barrel of special ale, his use was to stop the bunghole, under the clay, with a sheet of manuscript; he said nothing did so well, which, me thought, did grieve me then to see. Afterwards I went to schole to Mr. Latimer at Leigh-delamer, the next parish, where was the like use of covering the books. In my grandfather's dayes the manuscripts flew like butterflies. All musick bookes, account bookes, copie bookes, etc., were covered with old manuscripts; and a glover at Malmesbury made great havock of them, and gloves were wrapt up, no doubt, in many good pieces of antiquity. Before the late warres, a world of rare manuscripts perished hereabout; for within half a dozen miles of this place were the Abbey of Malmesbury, where it may be presumed the library was as well furnished with choice copies as most libraries of England."

Little of the former elegance of the abbey remains save for a part of the nave, some decorated windows, a carved corbel here and there, a beautifully chiselled arch, and a few scattered pillars. What was not destroyed by the reformers, and by the weather, Cromwell's cannons finished during the Civil War.

> Farewell old Malmesbury, it is night,
> And weary pilgrims now must seek a shelter;
> Long have they sat beneath thy broken arches
> Enraptured by the story of thy plight;
> Farewell, some time we meet again.

LACOCK NUNNERY.

LACOCK NUNNERY.

I STOOD upon the stones where Ela lay,
The widowed founder of these ancient walls,
Where fancy still on meek devotion calls,
Marking the ivied arch and turret gray,—
For her soul's rest—eternal rest—to pray;
Where visionary nuns yet seem to tread,
A pale dim troop, the cloisters of the dead,
Though twice three hundred years have flown away!
But when with silent step and pensive mien,
In weeds, as mourning for her sisters gone,
The mistress of his lone monastic scene
Came, and I heard her voice's tender tone,
I said, though centuries have rolled between,
One gentle, beauteous nun is left, on earth alone.

—WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

LACOCK NUNNERY was founded by Countess Ela Longspe, in the year 1232. It was given a most pleasant location, in one of the beautiful valleys of Wiltshire, on the banks of the river Avon.

Countess Ela came from a powerful Salisbury family, and was born at Amesbury, seven miles from old Sarum, in 1188. While yet a child she lost her father and was secretly brought to Normandy by her uncles, to give them free hands with her father's large estates.

But their intentions were foiled. King Richard of the Lion Heart, a close friend to Ela's father, took up the matter and immediately dispatched a young knight, Talbot, to find her.

Assuming the garb of a pilgrim he came to Normandy, wandering from place to place for two years.

The "Lay of Talbot the Troubadour," pictures the romantic journey and its final success.

Young William Talbot then did speak,
"Betide me weal or woe,
From Michael's castle thro' the land,
A pilgrim I will go."

He clad him in his pilgrim's weeds,
With trusty staff in hand,
And scallop-shell, and took his way
A wanderer through the land.

For two long years he journeyed on,
A pilgrim day by day,
Through many a forest, dark and drear,
By many a castle gray.

At length, when one clear morn of frost
Was shining on the main,
Forth issuing from the castle gate
He saw a female train.

With lightsome step, and waving hair,
Before them ran a child,
And gathering from the sands a shell
Ran back to them and smiled.

Himself unseen among the rocks,
He saw her point her hand,
And cry, "I would go home,—go home,
To my poor father's land."

The bell toll'd from the turret gray,
Cold fell the freezing dew,
To the portcullis hast'ning back
The female train withdrew.

Those turrets and the battlements
Time and the storm had beat,
And sullenly the oceantide
Came rolling at their feet.

Young Talbot cast away his staff,
The harp is in his hand,
A minstrel at the castle gate
The porter saw him stand.

The minstrels, as a rule, were always welcome at the castles. Their heroic songs and strange tales of adventures in the Holy Land brought cheer and news to the lonely castle people. Hence young Talbot found no difficulty in gaining access, and was particularly welcomed, because that day was Ela's birthday. With spirited voice he sang of the Holy Land, of Blondel's wonderful harp, of the plains of Old Sarum, and the love of an English heart.

Of Sarum then, and Sarum's plain,
That poor child heard him speak,
When the first tear drop in her eye
Fell silent on her cheek.

For, as the minstrel told his tale,
The breathless orphan maid
Thought of the land where in the grave
Her father's bones were laid.

Hush! Hush! the winds are piping loud,
The midnight hour is sped,
The hours of morn are stealing fast;
Harper, to bed, to bed!

But the harper listened not, nor did he cease to play. One by one the men and women retired to their chambers until Talbot was left alone with the little English maiden. Then, opening his heart fully, he revealed the object of his coming and laid the plans for their escape.

The next morning both Ela and the minstrel had disappeared.

Their flight was one of danger and difficulty, along secreted roads, and through dark forests, until finally the castle of Gailard was reached in safety.

Here King Richard held his court, and was seated in the midst of his trusty followers, when young Talbot entered the hall, leading Ela by the hand.

> "Talbot! A Talbot!" rung the hall,
> With gratulations wild,
> "Long live brave Talbot, and long live
> Earl William's newfound child!"

Not long after another festival was celebrated at the castle of Gailard. It was a wedding feast. The floor of the great hall was strewn with sweet smelling rushes, costly tapestries decorated the rude walls, while hundreds of wax lights lit up the rooms.

The guests were many and the gowns splendid. Silk and satin mingled with steel and velvet, and precious jewels sparkled in the dim light. The blooded nobility of Normandy had gathered to celebrate the happy union between Earl William's daughter and the noble and brave Earl Longspe.

> "Long live brave Longspe!" rung the hall,
> "Long live his future bride!"

On the seventh of March, 1226, Earl William Longspe died and was buried in the cathedral of Salisbury.

> Noble knights, and prelate lords,
> Receive him at the western door
> In tears, with banner and with cross,
> And the peace of heav'n implore.
>
> Now the choristers in white,
> Slowly pacing up the nave,

And joining in the holy rite,
 Chant before him to the grave.

William Good, and William brave,
 Oh, who would not weep for thee!
Lay his body in the grave
 Dona Pacem, Domine!

Six years after the countess founded Lacock Abbey, and on Christmas day, 1238, she renounced the world and entered the cloister. Two years later she resumed the responsibility of abbess and ruled the abbey till 1256.

Countess Ela was a strong woman, who not only ruled the abbey with power, but served as sheriff over Wiltshire, after her husband's death, and is said to have kept the proud noblemen in check as good as any man.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

CHAUCER AND WINDSOR.

Long shall thou flourish, Windsor! bodying forth
Chivalric times, and long shall live around
Thy castle the old oaks of British birth,
Whose gnarled roots, tenacious and profound,
As with a lion's talons grasp the ground.
But should thy towers in ivied ruin rot,
There's one, thine inmate once, whose strain renowned
Would interdict thy name to be forgot;
For Chaucer loved thy bowers and trode this very spot.
Chaucer! our Helicon's first fountain-stream,
Our morning star of song,—that led the way
To welcome the long-after coming beam
Of Spenser's light and Shakespeare's perfect day
Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay,
As if they ne'er had died. He grouped and drew
Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay,
That still they live and breathe in Fancy's view,
Fresh beings frought with truth's imperishable hue.

—Thomas Campbell.

HERNE'S OAK.

There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter time in still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter, for a truth.

—William Shakespeare.

RETURN OF GEORGE THE THIRD TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

NOT that thy name, illustrious dome! recalls
The pomp of chivalry in bannered halls,
The blaze of beauty, and the gorgeous sights
Of heralds, trophies, steeds, and crested knights;
Not that young Surrey there beguiled the hour
With "eyes upturned unto the maiden's tower,"—
O, not for these the Muse Officious brings
Her gratulations to the best of kings:
But that, from cities and from crowds withdrawn,
Calm peace may meet him on the twilight lawn;
That here among these gray primeval trees
He may inhale health's animating breeze;
That these old oaks which far their shadows cast,
May soothe him while they whisper of the past.
And when from that proud terrace he surveys
Slow Thames devolving his majestic maze
(Now lost on the horizon's verge, now seen
Winding through lawns, and woods, and pastures green),
May he reflect upon the waves that roll,
Bearing a nation's wealth from pole to pole,
And own (ambition's proudest boast above)
A king's best glory is his country's love.

—WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST, AT NIGHT, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

THE castle clock had tolled midnight;
With mattock and with spade,
And silent, by the torches' light,
His corpse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name, that those
Of other years might know,
When earth its secrets should disclose,
Whose bones were laid below.

"Peace to the dead" no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave;
No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,
As o'er the open grave inclined,
We murmured, "Dust to dust!"

A moonbeam from the arches' height,
Streamed, as we placed the stone;
The long aisles started into light,
And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then,
That shook along the walls,
While the sad shades of mailed men
Were gazing from the stalls.

'Tis gone! again, no tombs defaced,
Sits darkness more profound,
And only, by the torch, we traced
The shadows on the ground.

And now the chilly, freezing air
Without blew long and loud;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer
Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor,—
No name, no trace appears,—
And when we closed the sounding door,
We thought of him with tears.

—William Lisle Bowles.

THE CONTRAST.

Written under Windsor terrace the day after the funeral of George the Third.

I saw him last on this terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with his court; and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,
Blightely the birds were singing,
The cymbal replied to the tambourine,
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken;
But every eye was dim with tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour
To the muffled drum's deep rolling,
While the minute-gun with its solemn roar
Drowned the death bell's tolling.

The time since he walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried,
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
But to him a night unvaried.

We have fought the fight from his lofty throne
The foe of our land we have tumbled;
And it gladdened each eye, save his alone,
For whom that foe we humbled.

A daughter beloved,—a Queen,—a son,—
And a son's sole child have perished;
And sad was each heart, save the only one
By which they were fondest cherished.

For his eyes were sealed, and his mind was dark,
And he sat in his age's lateness,
Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness.

His silver beard o'er a bosom spread,
Unvexed by life's commotion,
Like a yearly-lengthning snow-drift shed
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

O'er him oblivion's waters boomed,
As the stream of life kept flowing;
And we only heard of our king when doomed
To know that his strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
By weakness rent asunder,
A part of the wreck of the Royal George,
For the people's pity and wonder.

—Horace Smith.

THE PRISONER OF WINDSOR.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
  As proud Windsor? Where I in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
  In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy;
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
  The large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
With eyes upcast unto the maiden's tower,
  And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
  The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
  When each of us did plead the other's right.
The palm play, where desported for the game,
  With dazed eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,
  To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravelled ground with sleeves tied on the helm,
  On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts;
With cheer as though one should another whelm,
  Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth;
  In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
  Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
  Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
Recording of what grace each one had found,
  What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
  With reins availed, and swift ybreathéd horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
  Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The void walls eke that harboured us each night:
  Wherewith, alas! revive within my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
  The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
  The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
  Wherewith we passed the winter night away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
  The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:

The which as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
  Up-supped have, thus I my plaint renew:
"O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
  Give me account, where is my noble fere?
Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose;
  To other lief; but unto me most dear."
Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
  Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
  In prison pine, with bondage and restraint;
And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

—Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

WINDSOR FOREST.

The groves of Eden, vanished now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, where my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water, seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a checkered scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And, 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
That, crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious load are born,
And realms commanded which trees adorn.
Nor proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering height,

Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crowned;
Her blushing Flora paints the enamelled ground;
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And, nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting, beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purpled crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare
(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo).
With slaughtering guns the unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whitened all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye,
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,—
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes rolled;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropped with gold;
Swift trouts diversified with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and born by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phoebus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

—Alexander Pope.

WINDSOR—THE LADY JANE.

James the I of Scotland, a prisoner at Windsor, sees from his window the Lady Jane Beaufort, who afterwards became his queen.

Bewailing in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy
I see the world and folk that went forbye,
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the towris wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet
That lyf was none walking there forby,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen

The shape greene sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis sat,
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song.

And therewith cast I downe my eyes again,
Where as I saw walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
The fairest or the freshest younge flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite,
No wonder was; for why?—my wittis all
Were so overcome with pleasance and delight,
Only through letting of my eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
For ever of free will,—for of menace
There was no token in her sweete face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eftesoons I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that wery womanly,
With no wight mo', but only women twain.
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn,
"Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of Nature?

"Or are god Cupids own princess,
Or comin are to lose me out of band?
Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
This garden full of flowers as they stand?
What shall I think, alas! what reverence
Shall I minister unto your excellence?

"If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart:

If ye be worldly wight, that doth me sike,
Why list God make you so, my dearest heart,
To do a seely prisoner this smart,
That loves you all, and wot of nought but wo?
And therefore mercy, sweet! sin' it is so."

Of her array the form if I shall write,
Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit with pearlis white
And great balas gleaming as the fire,
With money ane emeraut and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold,
Forged of shape like to the amorets,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets;
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

About her neck, white as the fire amail,
A goodly chain of small orfevory,
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to and heart shapen verily,
That as asp ark of low, so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now if there was good party, God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow
As I suppose; and girt she was alite,
Thus halflings loose for haste, to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihede,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble aport,
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report:
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child avance!

And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete green boughis bent,
Her fair fresh face as white as any snaw,
She turned has, and furth her wayis went;
But then began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might;
Methought the day was turned into night.

—James I of Scotland.

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

The royal minister was George the III. The anecdote is related on the authority of the Rev. George Crabbe, the well-known poet of humble life.

Outstretched beneath the leafy shade
Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade,
A dying woman lay;
Three little children round her stood,
And there went up from the green wood
A woeful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,
"O mother, mother do not die,
And leave us all alone."
"My blessed babes!" she tried to say,
But the faint accents died away
In a low sobbing moan.

And then life struggled hard with death,
And fast and strong she drew her breath,
And up she raised her head;
And, peeping through the deep-wood maze
With a long sharp unearthy gaze,
"Will he not come?" she said.

Just then the parting boughs between,
A little maid's light form was seen,
All breathless with her speed;
And, following close, a man came on
(A portly man to look upon),
Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,
Or e'er she reached the woman's side,

And kissed her clay-cold cheek,—
"I have not idled in the town,
But long went wandering up and down,
The minister to seek.

"They told me here, they told me there,
I think they mocked me everywhere;
And when I found his home,
And begged him on my bended knee
To bring his book and come with me,
Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,
And would not go in peace away
Without the minister;
I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,
But oh! my heart was fit to break—
Mother he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,
I ran back, fast as fast could be,
To come again to you;
And here, close by, this squire I met,
Who asked (so mild) what made me fret;
And then I told him true.

" 'I will go with you, child,' he said,
'God sends me to this dying bed.'
Mother, he's here, hard by."
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck flung free,
With quivering flank and bended knee,
Pressed close his bonny bay;
A statelier man, a statelier steed,
Never on greensward paced I rede,
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms; and in his look

Something that like a sermon book
Preached, "All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face
Turned towards him with a wishful gaze
He stepped to where she lay;
And, kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying, "I am a minister,—
My sister! let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole
(God's words were printed on his soul),
Into the dying ear
He breathed, as 'twere, an angel's strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate,
Of God's most blest decree
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant with a cry
"Be merciful to me!"

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,
Endured but for a little while
In patience, faith, and love,
Sure, in God's own time, to be
Exchanged for an eternity
Of happiness above.

Then, as the spirit ebbed away,
He raised his hands and eyes to pray
That peaceful it might pass;
And then the orphans' sobs alone
Were heard, as they knelt every one
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wondering eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,
Who reined their coursers back,
Just as they found the long astray,
Who, in the heat of chase that day,
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down as if agreed,
In silence at his side;
And there, uncovered all, they stood—
It was a wholesome sight and good—
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land
Was deep-hushed, bare-headed band;
And central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
Knelt their anointed king.

—CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

ROYAL WINDSOR is situated about twenty-five miles from London. An hour's ride on the Great Western, or on the South Western, if you please, brings the traveler to a quaint old town, clustered about the old and mighty castle of Windsor, Berkshire's pearl.

The town itself is a mixture of old and new, in many-colored variations. Quaint, old houses and narrow streets vie with shady avenues and modern mansions. Railway stations, boathouses, colleges, race-courses and tennis-lawns, form substantial proofs of modern progress, a progress which is gradually crowding out the unique antiquity of the town. And yet one feels, that the absence of the old fashioned gablehouses, and above all the historic castle itself, would materially reduce Windsor's popularity, in spite of all its modern attractions.

Before proceeding further, however, it is well to take time and read Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle," and Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor." The time is, indeed, well spent, and old Windsor will

surely, appear quainter and more romantic after the reading.

Equipped with an entrance card, we hurry to the castle above the town. A massive gateway opens to an outer court. Towers, crenelated houses and stern walls, loom up on all sides. The sight is impressive, in fact grand,—but cold.

St. George's Chapel is the first to attract our attention. The exterior is of brownish stone, with a number of traceried windows. The interior is built throughout of a pale buff brownish stone, with fan-vaulting, giving the appearance of the finest lace work, rather than solid stone. The choir contains a number of Tudor stalls of carved oak, for the knights of the Garter.

Among the illustrious dead resting here, might be mentioned King Charles I, Prince Louis Napoleon, killed in South Africa 1879, King Henry VIII, and his Queen Jane Seymour, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Cardinal Wolsey caused a magnificent tomb to be erected in his own honor, but never got a chance to use it. The rich, black marble slab, for its foundation, was afterwards removed to St. Paul's Cathedral and used at Lord Nelson's tomb.

At the upper end of the court stands an old tower, rising to the height of 128 feet. This is the oldest part of Windsor, and dates from the time of Edward III. Here sat the Earl of Surrey imprisoned, and sang his lovesongs to fair Geraldine.

> The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
> Wherewith we passed the winter night away.
> And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
> The tears berain by cheeks of deadly hue.

A paved avenue, between green lawns, leads to the upper ward, or the great Triangle, said to be one of the grandest building complexes in the world. It forms a modern composition, in pointed style, of iron gray color, and is built of rather small stone blocks. The state entrance lies on the north side of the Triangle, under a beautiful, large porch.

A description of the noble apartments would require almost a volume for itself, to do somewhat of justice. Here it can only be stated, that whatever money, history, art and taste, value most highly is found in abundance in this summer home of England's powerful ruler. White, green and crimson are prevailing colors in the long line of stately rooms. The ball room, in Louis XIV style, is kept in a peach-tint color, with elaborately carved scroll-work, richly gilt. The Waterloo gallery, occupying a former court, is held in panelled oak, with green walls above, almost covered with paintings of heroes from the battle of Waterloo. The gallery reminds one strongly of the first cabin on an ocean steamer. St. George's gallery, measuring 200 feet by 34, and 30 feet in height, is finished in Decorated gothic, and has a beautiful throne at its upper end. Queen Elizabeth's gallery is now used as library. Tradition relates that Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" was rendered here, for the first time, with scenes from the town and park below.

South of the castle stands the forest of Windsor, formerly covering the greater part of five shires, but now only a bit of a park, with some old knotty oaks still standing guard. The park formerly served two

purposes, namely as royal hunting ground, and swine feeding pasture for the community—a rather democratic combination.

Today the park is filled with thousands of deer. A shaded avenue, called the long walk, leads in a straight line to Snow Hill, three miles distant, where stands the fifty feet mounted statue of King George III. The walk is said to be one of the prettiest in the kingdom. Beneath the hill lies the Virginia Water, an artificial lake, surrounded by pines, yews and cedars.

From the history of Windsor, we gather the following gleanings. It was a residence of King William as early as 1070. Henry I kept Witsuntide here in 1109. In the sixth year of Edward I's reign a tournament was held at Windsor. The festivities were elaborate, and the Parisian gowns of the attendant ladies were valued to about £440 apiece.

During the reign of Edward III the castle was completely restored. We are told that master carpenters received three pence a day, and master masons, four. Because of the plague, then raging in London, a great number of deputy sheriffs were compelled to guard the workingmen, under a penalty of £100 for each man that ran away.

The work continued during the reign of Richard II. Geoffrey Chaucer, "Father of the English Poesie," was then clerk of the chapel, with the rather unpleasant work of impressing laborers, at the rate of two shillings a day.

A description of 1598, pictures, in the most glowing colors, the unheard-of extravagance at the castle. Not to mention the exquisitely furnished rooms, the

marvelous gardens, and the great retinue of servants,—but even the queen's bathrooms were ceiled and wainscoted with looking glass. Queen Elizabeth's bed is mentioned as a monster in size, measuring eleven feet square, and was covered with a drapery, shinning with gold and silver.

At the same time, however, the description complains bitterly about the poor condition of the chambers, occupied by the maids of honor. The rooms were only partitioned off, and had no ceilings, which made the other servants "look over" in a most disgraceful manner.

Intimately connected with the noble park of Windsor, is the legend of "Herne, the hunter," a sort of demonlike ghost who appeared on the grounds during dark and stormy nights. Even today "Herne's oak," a knotty and split specimen of the famous oaks of Windsor, is pointed out as the place from which the evil hunter ascends. Woe unto the man who dares to remain in the park after the midnight hour, his doom is sealed. Ainsworth, in his charming novel, "Windsor Castle," has given the old legend an unbounded sway.

DONINGTON CASTLE.

DONINGTON CASTLE.

O FOR some gentle spirit to surround
With clinging ivy thy highseated towers,
Fair Donington, and wipe from Chaucer's bowers
The last touch of war! All sight, all sound
Of the old strife boon nature from the ground
Hath banished. Here the trench no longer lours,
But like a bosky dell, begirt with flowers
And garlanded with May, sinks dimpling round
A very spot for youthful lovers' dreams
In the prime hour. Girsildis' mournful lay,
The "half told tale," would sound still sweeter here.
O for some hand to hide with ivy spray
War's ravages, and chase the jarring themes
Of King and State, Round head and Chavalier!

—MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

ABOUT one mile from the Birkshire town of Newbury, a favorite resort with the English angler, stands the broken ruin of Donington Castle. Close by is the hamlet of Donington.

Of the castle, only the gateway towers remain. The situation is very picturesque, on a lofty hill, close to the old Oxford road, surrounded by a charming nature.

In its day of glory Donington was counted among the stronger castles of England, guarding not only the road from London to Bath, but the Oxford road as well.

Some time in 1397 the castle was granted to the celebrated Chaucer family. It has been authoritively stated, and equally authoritively denied, that Geof-

frey Chaucer, father of the English poetry, should have bought the castle. One thing is certain, however, Chaucer spent at least two years at Donington. Some time in 1397 he retired to the castle, which, in all probability, had been granted to him in recognition of past services. "Hither," says Grose, "about 1397, in the seventieth year of his age, the bard retired, in order to taste the sweets of contemplation and rural quiet, having spent the greatest part of his life in the hurry of business and the intrigues of a court; during which time he had severely experienced the mutability of fortune. Here he spent the best two years of his life, in a felicity he had not before known; but on the death of the king, going to court, to solicit the continuation of some of his grants, he sickened and died in London, in the year of 1400."

There is a legend about three oaks planted by the poet, on the castle green. One was named the King's, the second, the Queen's, and the third, Chaucer's oak. During the reign of Charles II some mean, or thoughtless person cut down Chaucer's oak, "and was called into the starre chamber and fined for it."

Chaucer's granddaughter, Alice, married, as her third husband, William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk. The pair resided at Donington and did much for its extension and preservation.

During the Civil War the castle stood three sieges, until almost demolished by Cromwell's cannons, and the stones were scattered about in heaps.

LEISTON ABBEY.

LEISTON ABBEY.

Beautiful fabric! even in decay
And desolation, beauty still is thine:
When gorgeous clouds in glorious hues combine
Is more majestic in its parting hour,
Even so thy mouldering, venerable shrine
Possesses now a more subduing power
Than in thine earlier sway with pomp and pride thy dower.

The voice of praise or prayer, or solemn sound
Of sacred music, once familiar here,
Thy walls are echo-less; within their bound,
Once holy deemed, and to religion dear,
No sound salutes the most attentive ear
That tells thy former destiny; unless
It be when fitful breezes wandering near
Wake such faint sighs as feebly might express
Some unseen spirit's woe for thy lost loveliness.

Or when on stormy nights the winds are high,
And through thy roofless walls and arches sweep,
In tones more full of thrilling harmony
Than art could reach, while from the neighbouring deep
The roar of bursting billows seems to keep
Accordant measure with the tempest's chime;
O, then, at times have I, aroused from sleep,
Fancied that thou even in thy proudest prime,
Couldst never have given birth to music more sublime.

But to the eye revolving years still add
Fresh charms, which make thee lovelier to the view;
For nature had luxuriantly clad
Thy ruins, as if wishing to renew
Their claim to homage from those hearts that woo
Her gentle influence: with indulgent hand
She has atoned for all that Time could do,
Though she might not his ravages withstand;
And now thou art her own: her skill thy beauties planned.

The mantling ivy's ever-verdant wreath
She gave thee as her livery to wear:
Thy wallflowers, waving at the gentlest breath,
And scattering perfume on the summer air,
Wooing the bee to come and labour there;
The clinging moss, whose hue of sober gray
Makes beautiful what else was bleak and bare,—
These she has given thee as a fit array
For thy declining pomp and their delightful sway.

—Bernhard Barton.

FROM Berkshire our journey goes into the windy and dry Suffolk, with Leiston Abbey as destination. The parish of Leiston, in the hundred of Blything, is situated in the eastern part of Suffolk, about four miles from Saxmundringham.

Leiston Abbey was built in 1182, by Ranulph de Granville, Lord Chief-Justice of England. He built the abbey to find peace for his conscience and salvation for his soul. Political men, in all ages, have suffered more or less from bad conscience, and not always had a chance to build abbeys either. Still, if this remedy again could be revived, no doubt there would be an abundance of religious houses all over the world.

In 1363 the old abbey, near the coast, was abandoned for a new one, further inland, and built by another conscience stricken nobleman, Robert de Ufford. The reason for this change has never been revealed. Perhaps the coast was a little dangerous, because of the continued ravages of the Vikings. Or, perhaps, the sea breezes were a little stiff for the brethren. Bookworms, as a rule, are no fresh air patriots.

At the dissolution, Leiston had an income of £181, 17s. 1d.

The monks enjoyed free taxation of property and cattle, freedom to elect their abbots, and right to celebrate mass, even in general interdict. Edward II granted the abbot to hold a market, or fair, every year.

Nestled among the old ruins stands a small farmhouse, decidedly out of place. The former noble transept has long served as a barn and wagon shed, while the nave and adjoining monastery have been turned into stables, woodshed, milk cellar, and various other unholy purposes.

Happy children play hide-go-and-seek beneath gothic arches, and the alert rooster sings his midnight and morning mass, from the ruined choir. The chanting is no doubt popular with the chicken family, but has little of poetic charm in it.

Such, then, was the fate of this peaceful house of God!

BELVOIR CASTLE.

BELVOIR CASTLE.

When native Britons British land possessed,
Their glory, freedom, and their blessing rest,
A powerful chief his lofty seat surveyed,
And here his mansion's strong foundation laid:
In his own ground the massy stone he sought,
From his own woods the rugged timbers brought;
Rudeness and greatness in his work combined,—
A humble taste with an aspiring mind.
His heards the vale, his flocks the hills, o'erspread;
Warriors and vassals at his table fed;
Sons, kindred, servants, waited on his will,
And hailed his mansion on the mighty hill.

In a new age a saxon lord appeared,
And on the lofty base his dwelling reared:
Then first the grand but threatning form was known,
And to the subject vale a castle shown,
Where strength alone appeared,—the gloomy wall
Enclosed the dark recess, the frowning hall;
In chilling rooms the sullen fagot gleamed;
On the rude board the common banquet steamed;
Astonished peasants feared the dreadful skill
That placed such wonders on their favourite hill:
The soldier praised it as he marched around,
And the dark building o'er the valley frowned.

A Norman baron, in succeeding times,
Here, while the minstrel sang heroic rhymes,
In feudal pomp appeared. It was his praise
A loftier dome with happier skill to raise;
His halls, still gloomy, yet the grandeur rose;
Here friends were feasted, here confined were foes.
In distant chambers, with her female train,
Dwelt the fair partner of his awful reign:
Curbed by no laws, his vassal tribe he swayed,—
The lord commanded and the slave obeyed:
No softning arts in those fierce times were found,

But rival barons spread their terrors round;
Each in the fortress of his power secure,
Of foes were fearless and of soldiers sure;
And here the chieftain, for his powers praised,
Long held the castle that his might had raised.

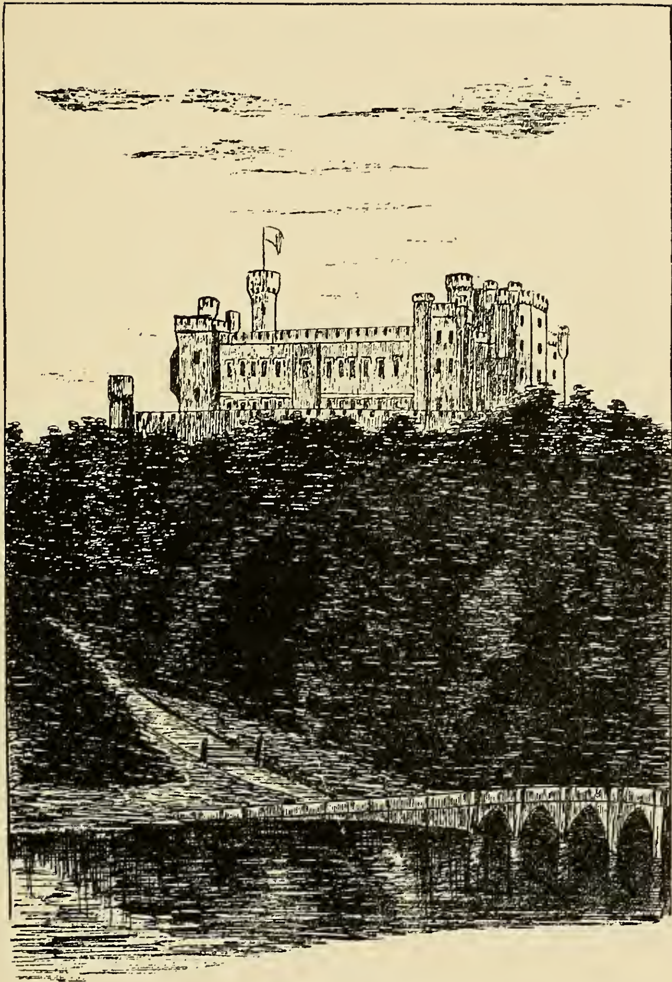
Came gentler times;—the barons ceased to strive
With kingly power, yet felt their pomp survive;
Impelled by softning arts, by honour charmed
Fair ladies studied and brave heroes armed.
The lord of Belvoir then his castle viewed,
Strong without form, and dignified but rude;
The dark long passage, and the chambers small,
Recess and secret hold, he banished all,
Took the rude gloom and terror from the place,
And bade it shine with majesty and grace.

Then arras first o'er rugged walls appeared,
Bright lamps at eve the vast apartment cheered;
In each superior room was polished floors,
Tall ponderous beds, and vast cathedral doors:
All was improved within, and then below
Fruits of the harder climes were thought to grow;
The silver flagon on the table stood,
And to the vassal left the horn and wood.
Dressed in his liveries, of his honours vain,
Came at the baron's call a menial train;
Proud of their arms, his strength and their delight;
Loud in the feast and fearless in the fight.

—GEORGE CRABBE.

"THE Castelle of Belvoire standythe yn the utter part that way of Leicestershir, on the very knappe of an highe hille, stepe up eche way, partly by nature, partly working of mennes handes, as it may evedently be percyvid."—Thus wrote Leland, in the sixteenth century, of the beautiful castle of Belvoir.

We need only add, that the castle still stands on the very same "knappe," but far more beautiful than ever Leland could dream of.



BELVOIR CASTLE.

Few places in England present a finer view, than does Belvoir. For a distance of over thirty miles the eye beholds a charming country, with more than seventy towns and villages within the horizon, not to mention the many beautiful valleys and glittering streams.

The oldtime castle is no more. A modern, castellated mansion, or rather palace, has taken its place, rising its proud towers far above the wooded hills.

Grand entrance halls; floors of mosaic; stands of arms; spacious rooms; beautiful furniture, paintings, statuary, ceilings, in white and gold, trophies from the battlefield of Waterloo, and a thousand other things of interest, greet the eyes of the visitors.

Among the rooms may be mentioned, particularly, the magnificent picture gallery, with a great collection of rare paintings; the ball room, in gothic, being almost a miniature copy of the Lincoln Cathedral; the large dining room, in white and gold, with an enormous marble table weighing three ton; the regent's room, with rare tapestries from the life of Don Quixote; and last but not least, a little beautiful chapel, with Murillo's famous painting, "The Holy Family," valued at 4,000 guineas.

The wine cellar, in the Staunton tower, has a vaulted ceiling with carved bosses and monogram of the Virgin. The ale cellar still preserves some of the old tuns, of enormous proportions. The largest, named Robert Todeni, after the founder of the castle, holds 1,300 gallons. Other monster tuns, like the Marquis of Granby, Lord John, and Lord George, follow in line. The ale cellar is said at times to have contained as much as 30,000 gallons of liquor.

The surrounding gardens are exceptionally pretty, the most beautiful of all being the statuary garden, richly adorned with statues from Gibber.

From the manner of living at Belvoir, even in modern times, we gather the following particulars: "December, 1839 to April, 1840: wine, 200 dozen; ale, 70 hogsheads, waxlights, 2,230, Sperm oil, 620 gallons. At his grace's table dined during this period 1,997 persons, at the steward's table, 2,441, in the servants' hall, nursery and kitchen, including comers and goers, 11,312 persons.

In bread and wine were consumed 8,330 loaves, in meat 22,963 pounds, exclusive of game. The money value of meat, poultry, eggs and other provisions amounted to £323, 7s. 11 d. The quantity of game killed amounted to 733 hares, 987 pheasants, 2,101 partridges, 29 wild ducks, 108 woodcocks, 138 snipes, 947 rabbits, 776 grouse, 23 black game, and 6 teal."

Among strange happenings from Belvoir is mentioned a witch-trial from the seventeenth century. In 1619, an old woman, named John Flower, and her two daughters were accused of causing the death of two young Ruthland earls, through witchery and devilish tricks.

Henry, the eldest son, sickened strangely and died, and the other son was barbarously and inhumanly tortured by a strange sickness. Even Lady Catherine herself was set upon by their devilish practices and came in danger of her life several times. Both the earl and his countess were so brought into their snares, as they imagined, as to keep them from having any more children.

At Christmas time the three witches were apprehended and brought to the Lincoln gaol. They were examined before "sufficient justices and discreet magistrates, who wondered at their audacious wickedness. But John Flower, the mother, before her conviction, as they say, called for bread and butter, and wished it might never go through her if she was guilty on that upon which she was examined; so, mumbling it in her mouth, never spoke more after; but fell down and died, as she was carried to Lincoln gaol, with a horrible excruciation of soul and body, and was buried at Ancaster."

The other two witches were condemned to death by the judges of assize at Lincoln, "and executed accordingly, together with their black cat, Rutterkin, about the eleventh of March, to the terror of all beholders as an example of such dissolute and abominable creatures."

As to the history of the Belvoir it might only be mentioned that the castle, together with four score other manors, were granted by William the Conqueror to William Todeni, his faithful standard bearer. It remained within this family till the thirteenth century when it became the possession of the Ross family, and later, of the Manners, where it remained till the present day.

WARWICK CASTLE.

LINES.

Written at Warwick.

Hail! centre-county of our land, and known
For matchless worth and valour all thine own;
Warwick! renowned for him who best could write,
Shakespeare the Bard, and him so fierce in fight,
Guy, the brave Earl, who made whole armies fly,
And giants fall,—who has not heard of Guy?

Him sent his lady, matchless in her charms,
To gain immortal glory by his arms,
Felize the fair, who, as her bard maintained,
The prize of beauty over Venus gained;
For she, the goddess, had some trivial blot
That marred some beauty, which our nymph had not:
But this apart,—for in a favorite theme
Poets and lovers are allowed to dream,—
Still we believe the lady and her knight
Were matchless both,—he in the glorious fight,
She in the bower by day, and festive hall by night.

Urged by his love, the adventurous Guy proceeds,
And Europe wonders at his warlike deeds;
Whatever prince his potent arm sustains,
However weak, the certain conquest gains;
On every side the routed legions fly,
Numbers are nothing in sight of Guy;
To him the injured make their sufferings known,
And he relieved all sorrows but his own:
Ladies who owed their freedom to his might
Were grieved to find his heart another's right.

The brood of giants, famous in those times,
Fell by his arm and perished for their crimes,
Colbrand the strong, who by the Dane was brought,
When he the crown of good Athelstan sought,
Fell by the prowess of our champion brave,
And his huge body found an English grave.

But what to Guy were men or great or small,
Or one or many?—he despatched them all;
A huge Duncow, the dread of all around,
A master-spirit in our hero found;
'Twas desolation all about her den,—
Her sport was murder, and her meals were men.
At Dunmore Heath the monster he assailed,
And o'er the fiercest of his foes prevailed.

Nor feared he lions, more than fear
Poor trembling shepherds, or the sheep they shear;
A fiery dragon, whether green or red
The story tells not, by his valour bled;
What more I know not, but by these 'tis plain
That Guy of Warwick never fought in vain.

When much of life in martial deeds was spent,
His sovereign lady found her heart relent,
And gave her hand. Then all was joy around,
And valiant Guy with love and glory crowned;
Then Warwick Castle wide its gates displayed,
And peace and pleasure this their dwelling made.

Alas! not long,—a hero knows not rest;
A new sensation filled his anxious breast.
His fancy brought before his eyes a train
Of pensive shades, the ghosts of mortals slain;
His dreams presented what his sword had done;
He saw the blood from wounded soldiers run,
And dying men, with every ghastly wound,
Breathed forth their souls upon the sanguine ground.

Alarmed at this, he dared not longer stay,
But left his bride, and as a pilgrim gray,
With staff and beads, went forth to weep and fast and pray.
In vain his Felice sighed,—nay, smiled in vain;
With all he loved he dared not long remain,
But roved—he knew not where, nor said, "I come again."

The widowed countess passed her years in grief,
But sought in alms and holy deeds relief;
And many a pilgrim asked, with many a sigh,
To give her tidings of the wandering Guy.
Perverse and cruel! Could it conscience ease,

A wife so lovely and so fond to tease?
Or could he not with her a saint become,
And, like a quiet man, repent at home?

How different those who now this seat possess!
No idle dreams disturb their happiness;
The lord who now presides o'er Warwick towers
To nobler purpose dedicates his powers;
No deeds of horror fill his soul with fear,
Nor conscience drives him from a home so dear;
The lovely Felice of the present day
Dreads not her lord should from her presence stray;
He feels the charm that binds him to a seat
Where love and honor, joy and duty meet.

But forty days could Guy his fair afford:
Not forty years would weary Warwick's lord;
He better knows how charms like hers control
All vagrant thoughts, and fill with her the soul;
He better knows that not on mortal strife
Or deeds of blood depends the bliss of life,
But on the ties that first the heart enchain,
And every grace that bids the charm remain;
Time will, we know, to beauty work despite,
And youthful bloom will take with him its flight;
But love shall still subsist, and, undecayed,
Feel not one change of all that time has made.

—George Grabbe.

GUY'S CLIFF.

Go, simple Bard, invoke the Nine,
At Guy's cliff, sweet recess:
There a soft troop shall mildly shine,
Thy humble harp to bless.

There Avon winds his pensive way,
Serenely clear and calm;
A stranger he to ev'ry wind,
And ev'ry rude alarm.

O'er his soft stream the trees depend,
To strew the falling leaf;
And seem, like Charity, to send
A constant dole to grief.

Then Cynthia, in her silver way,
Is faintly seen to gleam;
And coyly sheds a virgin ray
To kiss the gentle stream.

There once, we're told, in days of yore
That Guy, so great and brave,
Was fondly musing, seen to pore
O'er soft Avona's wave.

For, in a cell of uncouth shape,
With years and moss grown old,
The mighty warrior made escape
From British Barons bold.

But soon a troop of barbed horse,
With burnish'd lances rear'd
Pursue the hopeless hero's course,
And near his cell appear'd.

Here round and round they ride in vain,
And rock and wood survey,
But seek the spot with fruitless pain
Where Guy of Warwick lay.

Then swore a rebel could not hide,
Nor guilt e'er find retreat,
Where Flora bloom'd in tinted pride,
And Avon roll'd so sweet!

Here long retir'd from loud alarms
And courts' pernicious powers,
He strew'd those limbs that rung with arms,
With simple fading flowers.

Hence then, champion of his woes,
The rugged rock so steep;
Its dewy midnight blossom blows,
And long has learn'd to weep!

But now the nymphs of Avon's wave
Here take their nightly sport,
And treading light the gelid cave
Here keep their nightly court.

Here wood, and rock, and grove contend
For elegance and grace;
And in the soft Avona blend
All Nature's beauteous face.

Here meditation seems to grow
With more than mortal fires,
And through ideal worlds to go
To strike seraphic lyres!

Here oft the sound of distant bells
On gentle zephyrs float,
And oft the melancholy tells
The times when Shakespeare wrote.

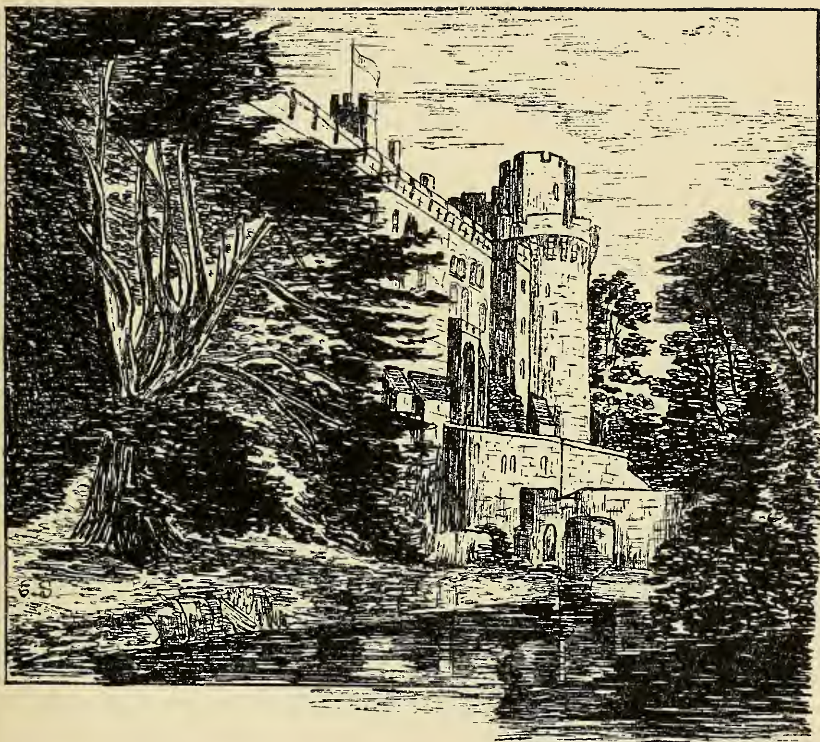
(Recalls our long-forgotten friends,
In life once held so dear;
And o'er the hoary urn of time,
Arrests the falling tear.)

Here long, perhaps, he took his stand,
And o'er this stream might pore,
Ere Prospero broke the enchanted wand
And Ariel's song was o'er.

Here oft he sung of warlike deeds,
And stain'd Avona red;
Who in a bed of whisp'ring reeds,
Conceal'd his timid head.

Here soar'd the bard to foreign climes,
Advent'rous like the stork;
And daring sing the bloody crimes
Of Lancaster and York.

Then oft as silence led the hours,
At eve retiring here,
He gather'd artless meadow-flowers,
For poor Ohpelia's bier.



WARWICK CASTLE.

WARWICKSHIRE has sometimes been called the heart of England. It is proud enough, and pretty too, with its beautiful castle mansions and charming nature. Chief among noble houses stands the proud Warwick Castle, the stately home of "the mighty kingmaker," pleasantly situated on the sweet flowing Avon, a little more than one hundred miles from London. It is one of the few baronial castles of Mediaeval England still retaining its oldfashioned majesty and beauty, unmolested.

The entrance leads through a mighty barbican, with a heavy portcullis, still in operation. The domestic buildings occupy the south side, on a stretch 300 feet long, facing the river. A flight of stone steps lead to the great hall, a room 62 feet by 40, and 39 feet high, with the customary open roof, and a floor of polished marble, in red and white. Antique furniture of carved oak, and collections of armour decorate this splendid room.

The dining room is held in white and gold, with a marble chimney piece. The drawing rooms, state bedrooms, and the chapel appear very rich. The latter contains a statue of Sir Guy, the hero of Warwick, in palmer's weeds. Add also to this brief description a large collection of costly paintings; expensive Brussel tapestries, in ancient patterns; stately beds, with velvet hangings; ceilings in gold and crimson; wainscotings of fine, red cedar; magnificient windows above the placid river below, and we receive at least some kind of an idea of Warwick's splendor, even if but a faint one.

The court is kept very fine, with green lawns,

studded with oaks, chestnuts, and cedars from Lebanon. Sir Guy's tower, erected in 1394, rises to a height of 128 feet, with a stairway of 133 steps leading to the summit. Another tower, 174 feet high, bears the name of Julius Caesar. The basement contains a gloomy dungeon with many inscriptions on the damp walls. One of these might be quoted:

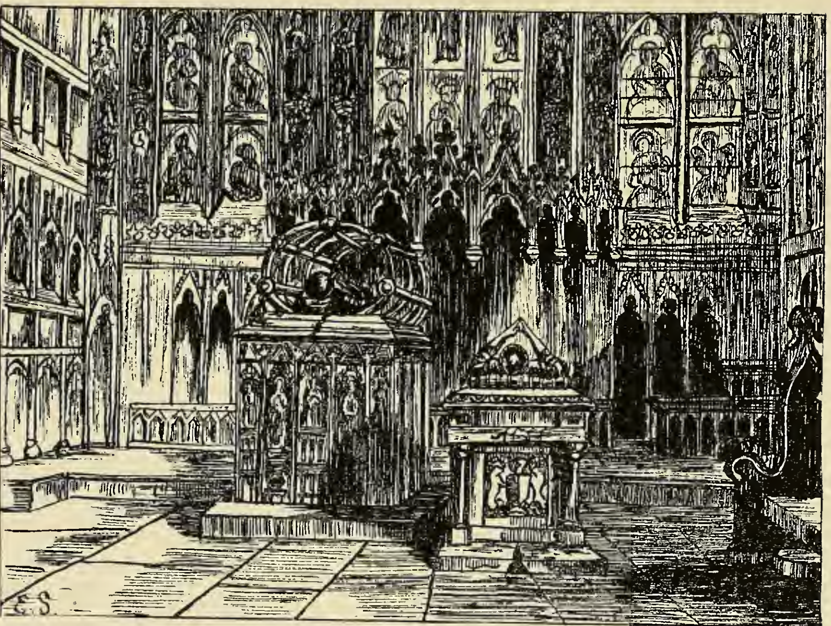
> Master John Smyth Gynor to his
> Maiestye highness was a prisoner in this
> place and lay here from 1642 till the
> William Sidiate rot this same
> and if my Pin had Bin beter for
> his sake i wovld have mended
> everi letter.

Ethelfrida's mount; the bear court; the conservatory, with the Warwick vase, rescued from the bottom of a lake near Tivoli, are other noteworthy attractions. About a mile from the castle stands the old Guy cliff where the famous legend-hero lived a secluded hermit life, while his sorrowing and waiting wife resided at the castle in splendor.

> Nine hundred and twenty yere and odde
> After our Saviour Christ his birth,
> When King Athelstone wore the crowne,
> I lived here upon the earth.

Thus Sir Guy begins his tale. Born by a lowly steward at the castle, Guy, nevertheless, gained both the friendship and love of young Phyllis, the noble Warwick daughter. For her sake he also traveled into distant lands to gain honor and glory.

> She gave me leave myself to try,
> The valiant knight with sheeld and spere,
> Ere that her love she would grant me
> Which made me venture far and nere.



THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL. WARWICK.

On his return they were married and Sir Guy became lord of Warwick. But alas, his love for travels and adventures once more drew him from the side of his lovely bride. The Christians were just then battling around the walls of Jerusalem, and thither he went to fight.

After many years of absence Sir Guy returned to England once more, fought a mighty Danish hero, named Colbronde; a wild beast near Windsor; a terrific Duncow near Dunmore, and a dragon in Northumberland. Then he returned to Warwick and lived a stranger till his death.

At length to Warwicke I did come,
Like a pilgrim poore, and not knowne;
And there I lived a hermit's life
A mile and more out of the towne.

When with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rocke of stone,
And lived like a palmer poore
Within that cave myself alone.

And daylye came to beg my bread
Of Phelis at my castle gate,
Not knowne to my loved wiffe,
Who dylye mourned for her mate.

Till at last I fell sore sicke,
Yea, sicke so sore that I must dye;
I sent to her a ring of golde,
By which she knew me presentlye.

Then she repairing to the cave,
Before that I gave up the ghost,
Herself closed up my dying eyes;
My Phelis faire, whom I loved most.

Such was the legend of Sir Guy, England's hero. Like that of King Arthur, it contains a number of

mythical incidents, covering a long period of time, and many of them invented by the troubadours of the latter Middle Ages, when actual chivalric heroism had gone down into song and legend.

The Beauchamp chapel in St. Mary's Church is also worthy of a visit before leaving Warwick Castle. It was built at the cost of £2,481, 4s. 7 d., and dedicated in 1475. The little chapel is beautiful and elegant. On an altar tomb of Purbec marble lies the brass effigy of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and founder of the chapel, beneath a screen of six heavy brass rods, formerly used to bear up a cover "to keep the flies from His Grace." Beneath the marble sleeps the real earl the long sleep of ages, undisturbed by modern changes. The chapel also contains tombs and monuments of Robert Dudley and his countess, Ambrose Dudley, and others.

The present castle of Warwick was built at the end of the thirteenth century and finished during the fifteenth. In course of time it passed from the Beauchamps to the Neviles, the Dudleys and the Grevilles, where it still remains. Sir Folke Greville restored the castle buildings during the latter parts of the eighteenth century at a cost of £20,000.

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

THE IVY OF KENILWORTH.

Heardst thou what the ivy sighed,
Waving where all else hath died,
In the place of regal mirth,
Now the silent Kenilworth?

With its many glistning leaves,
There a solemn robe it weaves;
And a voice is in each fold,
Like an oracle's of old.

Heard'st thou, while with dews of night
Shone its berries darkly bright?
"Yes!" the whisper seemed to say,
"All things, all things pass away.

"Where I am the harp hath rung
Banners and proud shields among,
And the blood-red wine flowed free,
And the fire shot sparks of glee.

"Where I am now last and lone,
Queenly steps have come and gone,
Gorgeous masques have glided by,
Unto rolling harmony.

"Flung from these illumined towers,
Light hath pierced the forest bowers,
Lake and pool and fount have been
Kindled by their midnight sheen.

"Where is now the feasting high?
Where the lordly minstrelsy?
Where the tourney's ringing spear?—
I am sole and silent here!

"In my home no hearth is crowned,
Through my hall no wine foams round;
By my gates have ceased the lay;
All things, all things pass away!"

Yes, thy warning voice I knew,
Ivy! and its tale is true;
All is passing, or hath passed,—
Thou thyself must perish last!

Yet my secret soul replied,
"Surely one thing shall abide;
'Midst the wreck of ages, one,—
Heaven's eternal word alone!"

—Felicia Hemans.

CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
The sounds of busy life was still,
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issue from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love,
That thou so oft has sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou comest with lover's speed
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,—
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;
And like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among the court ladies all despised,

Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

"And when thou first to me made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say;
And proud of conquest plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love 's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay:
What floweret can endure the storm?

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

" 'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some county swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester (or I much am wrong)
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
(The injured surely may repine!)—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?

Why didst thou win me to thy arms
 Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

"The village maidens of the plain
 Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
 Nor think a countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know
 How far more happy 's their estate;
To smile for joy than sigh for woe,
 To be content than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them!
 Daily to pine and waste for care,
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
 Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
 The humble charms of solitude;
Your minjons proud my peace destroy,
 By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
 The village deathbell smote my ear;
They winked aside and seemed to say,
 'Countess, prepare, thy end is near' "

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
 Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to sooth me as I weep,
 Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag, my hopes decay,
 Still that dread deathbell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,
 'Countess, prepare, thy end is near!' "

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
 In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
 And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
 In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,

Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The deathbell thrice was heard to ring
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapped its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at the village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour; for never more
That hapeless countess e'er was seen!

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids with fearful glance
Avoid the ancient moss grown wall,
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a travler oft hath sighed,
And pensive wept the countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they 've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

—William Julius Mickle.

"WHERE wilde brookes meeting together make a broad poole among the parkes, and so soone as they are kept in with bankes, runne in a channel, is seated Kenilworth—in times past commonly called Kenelworde, but corruptly Killingworth." Thus wrote Camden in his day.

A modern description would state, that Kenilworth castle stands about ninety miles from London, in a lovely nook of Warwickshire, on the L. N. W. R. R.

If you care to take the first class it will cost you

15s 3d., single fare. If not, take any you wish. The castle is not far from the railroad station. There are several good inns in the village, and you can get plenty of fresh air for nothing. Other commodities have to be paid for at travelers' prices.

The castle crowns a sloping eminence, surrounded by a beautiful, old fashioned country landscape, where the busy world seeks a well needed rest.

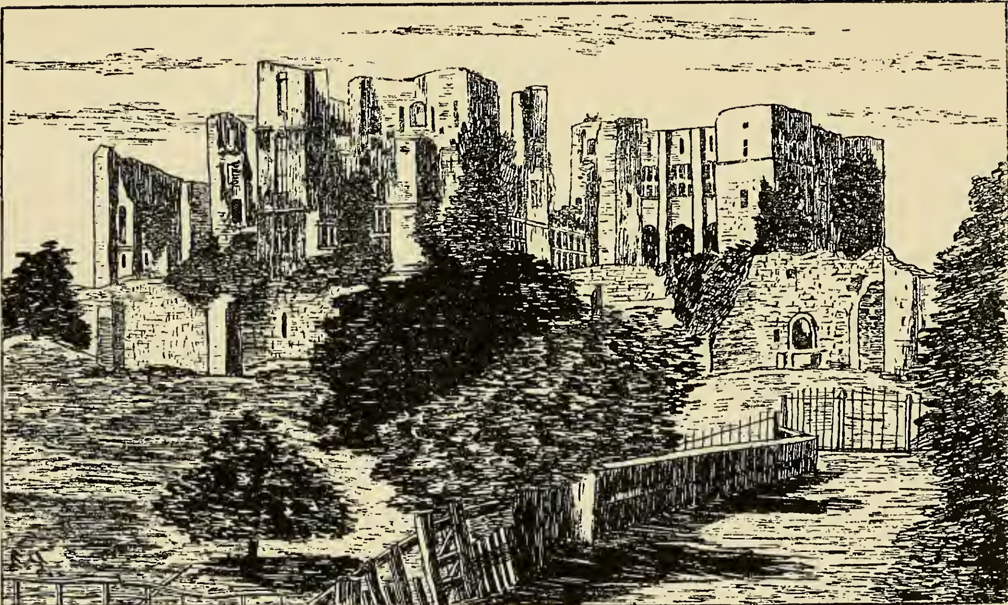
Suppose we visit the castle in July.

It is harvest time. The farmers are busy in the fields, with no time to reflect on their peaceful, happy surroundings. And, after all, what have they to reflect about? They have lived here, as their fathers before them, and never seen any other place in the wide, wide world that could compete with this historic spot.

A flock of sheep are busily grazing near the castle ruin, while a shepherd boy lies on his back, beneath a tree, whistling the tune of "God save the King."

Down yonder stands the old, historic ruin, quiet and unassuming, garbed in a mantle of ivy, and with a multitude of birds, flitting around and beneath the mighty arches. The picture is a striking one, portraying, as it does, the simple life of today, musing itself in the vanished splendors of a glorious yesterday.

Plenty of visitors enliven the historic spot yearly. Says Dr. Beattie: "The castle, however, has in a great measure compensated for the lack of commerce and by the great number of visitors who now resort to it at all seasons, from all parts of the kingdom, the inhabitants are partly indemnified for other privations."



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

A fee of three dimes opens the gate to the castle.

A strong, sixteenth century gate house, with gate-openings twelve feet wide, frowns upon the visitor. A short distance away is another gloomy tower, the old keep, or Caesar's tower. It is old, but not from Caesar's time, as even divine Shapespeare would make us believe. In reality it is a Norman Keep, with walls eight feet thick, and a well, dug out in the sandstone rock, to a depth of seventy feet.

Towards the south stands the great hall, 90 by 45 feet, once upon a time considered one of the finest in the kingdom. Close by are the privy and presence chambers, Henry VIII's lodging, the Swan tower, Mervin's tower, Mortimer's tower, water tower, kitchen, stables, cellars, etc., etc.

The outer court contained the garden, on which the Earl of Leicester spent 60,000 pounds alone, not to mention all other improvements made.

Several interesting events are mentioned in the annals of Kenilworth. In 1269, it was the center of a series of brilliant chivalric displays, in commemoration of King Arthur and his knights. Five scores of knights and their ladies attended the tournament. The ladies were dressed in "riche silken mantles," which was considered a tremendous luxury.

> And in the yere a thousand was full then
> Two hundred, also sixty and nineteen,
> When Roger Mortimer do began
> At Kilengworth, the round table as was sene,
> Of a thousand knyghtes for decline
> Of younge menne, after he would devyse
> Of Turnamentes and justes to exercise,
> A thousand ladies, exellyng in beautye,
> He had also there in tents high above
> The justes . . .

The famous visit of Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth, in 1575, is another memorable event, on which Walter Scott based his well known "Kenilworth." Nowhere in the world could the master-novel be read with better settings than here, beneath the old walls.

One can almost see Amy Robsart lean out from the window in Merwin's tower. The skyrockets are flying about her. There, yonder, the false Leicester rides, smilingly, at the side of the queen, whose hand he hoped to gain through this visit.

But Amy's tears poisoned the love-coup and deprived him of the English throne.

The real event is not less romantic than the poetic picture, but much less known. After several days of hunting in the neighborhood, the queen finally arrived at the castle, about eight o'clock in the evening. "She was received by a person representing one of the ten Sibylls, comely clad in pall of white sylk, who pronounced proper poesy in English rhyme and meter."

> All hayle, all hayle, thrise happy prince,
> Of future chaunce, and after happ,
> As now the dewe of heauenly gifts,
> Even so shall verture more and more,
> The rage of warre bound fast in chaines
> But peace shall gouerne all your dayes.
>
> I am Sibilla she
> Forshewing what shall be
> Full thick on you doeth fall
> Augment your yeares with all.

Six trumpeters stood on the leads and battlements of the gate, "much exceeding the common stature of men in this age, clad in long garments of silk, with

their silver trumpets of five foot long, and sounded a tune of welcome."

At the inner gate the queen was met by the Lady of the Lake, escorted by a great number of nymphs, in rich silks. The Lady greeted her by reciting:

"Though haste say on, let sute obtain some stay,
(Most peerles Prince, the honor of your kinde)
While that in short my state I doe display,
And yeelde your thanks for that which I now rinde,
Who earst haue wisht that death me hence had fet,
If Gods not borne to die, had ought death any det.

Wherefore I wil attend while you lodge here,
("Most peerles quene) to Court to make resort,
And as my loue to Arthure did appeere,
So shalt you in earnest and in sport,
Passe on Madame, you neede no longer stand,
The Lake, the lodge, the Lord are yours for to comande."

To this greeting the queen answered: "We had thought indeed the lake had been oours, and do you call it yourz now? Well we will herein common more with you hereafter."

A hanging bridge had been built across the lake, decorated with figures of gods; cages, containing live song-birds, and balls of choice fruits. Even the woods were turned into centers of literary scenes. As the queen came out to hunt deer, Titans met her with poetic greetings, and a savage man shouted loud:

"O thundering Jupiter,
At whose command all gods must crouch,
Since I, (O wretch therewiles)
Ordeyned thus in sauage wise,
Since for some causes unknowen,
I may not come in stately court

Vouchsafe yet greatest God,
Why all these worthy Lords and Peeres,
Thou knowest (O mighty God)."

From the depths of the wood came an answer from the Echo:

"Then tell thou me some newes
For els my heart would burst with griefe.

"Choose? Why? but thou me helpe
And therefore euen of courtesie."

A number of plays were rendered, among which "Hook Tuesday," and the "County Bridal," were well received by the queen. But the "Diana and her Nymphs," said to have been the best of all, was never rendered, simply because it came too dangerously near a proposal. Here is a stanza:

That were you now in princely port,
A world of wealth at will,
In wedded state, and therewithall
The staffe of youre estate;
Holde up from great annoy;
Yet neuer wight felt perfect blis,
O Queene, O worthy Queene,
But such as wedded beene.

The seventeen days her Majesty spent at Kenilworth were never forgotten, and with a thrill does the chronicler speak of the time, "when the clock-bell sank not a note all the while her highness was there, always pointing at two o'clock, the hour of banquet."

Happie houre, happie daie,
That Eliza came this waie!
Heauie harted knightes are eased,
And light-harted Ladies pleased,

Constant nowe they vowe to be,
Hating all inconstancie.
Constant Piller, constant Crowne,
Is the aged knightes renowne,
Happie houre, happie daie,
That Eliza came this waie!

The festivities cost Leicester one thousand pounds a day. Three hundred and twenty hogsheads of beer were consumed, not to mention all other costly beverages. Five gentlemen were honored with the knighthood, "and nine persons were cured of the painful and dangerous disease called the King's evil."

Shakespeare, then a youngster, here received the impressions afterwards pictured in his "Midsummer night's dream." This statement, however, must be taken with a pinch of doubt and a little consideration.

One thing is sure; the reception at Kenilworth forms a striking illustration of the literary awakening at the time of Elizabeth, an awakening which was able to soften the otherwise crude festivities of the nobility to a considerable extent.

Leicester resided at Kenilworth, off and on, till his death. Whatever his love affairs with Queen Elizabeth may have been, one thing is sure, he never gained the throne. His epitaph in Drummond's "Collections" is a biting bit of satire.

Here lies a valiant warrior,
Who never drew a sword;
Here lies a noble courtier,
Who never kept his word;
Here lies the Earl of Leicester,
Who governed the estates,
Whom the earth could never living love,
And the just heaven hates.

During the Civil War the castle was shamefully plundered and destroyed. The lake was drained, the walls and towers were broken, and the parks and gardens were hopelessly ruined.

> Dim peering through the vale of night,
> Yon murky forms bring back a crowd
> Of images that seed the light,
> Of ages picturing as they glide
> Athwart the tablet of my thought
> What did of good or ill betide
> These walls, and all the deeds here wrought.
> —LETHAM.

At a short distance from the castle stands the former priory of Kenilworth, founded about the same time as the castle and by the same lord. Its income at the time of the dissolution amounted to £643, 14s. 9d.

So much for Kenilworth.—With a feeling of regret we bid farewell to the historic spot.

> Illustrious ruin! hoary Kenilworth!
> Thou hast outlived the customs of thy day;
> And in the imbecellity of age,
> And now the spectacle of modern times.
> Yet though thy halls are silent, though thy bowers
> Re-echo back the traveler's lonely thread,
> Again imagination bids thee rise
> In all thy dread magnificence and strength,
> Thy drawbridge, foss, and frowning battlements,
> Portcullis, barbican, and donjon tower.

WOODSTOCK PALACE.

WOODSTOCK.

FROM fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms
(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
Begin, my Muse, and softly touch the string:
Here Henry loved; and Chaucer learned to sing.
Hail fabled grotto! hail Elysian soil!
Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle!
Where kings of old concealed forgot the throne,
And beauty was content to shine unknown;
Where love and war by turns pavalions rear,
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear;
The wearied champion lulls in soft alcoves,
The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.
Oft, if the Muse presage, shall he be seen
By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,
In dreams he hailed by heroes' mighty shades,
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades:
O'er the famed echoing vaults his name shall bound,
And hill to hill reflect the favourite sound.

—THOMAS TICKELL.

WOODSTOCK—CHAUCER'S CHAMBER.

His Chamber Was

FUL wel depainted, and with glas
Were all the windowes well yglased,
Ful clere, and not a hole ycrased,
That to beholde it was grete joy;
For wholly al the storie of Troy
Was in the glaising ywrought thus;
Of Hector and kinge Priamus,
Achilles and kinge Lamedon,
Ane eke Medea and Jason,
Of Paris, Heleine, and Lavine:
And all the walles with colours fine
Were painted, both the texte and glose,
And all the Romaunt of the Rose.

—GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VERSES WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK.

Writ with charcoal on a shutter.

OH, *Fortune!* how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath frought with cares my troubled witt!
Witness this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltless to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.
A. D. MDLV. —ELIZABETHE, Prisoner.

WOODSTOCK PARK.

HERE, in a little rustic hermitage
Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred the Great,
Postponed the cares of kingship to translate
The Consolations of the Roman Sage.
Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe old age
Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which soon or late
The venturous hand that strives to imitate
Vanquished must fall on the unfinished page.
Two kings were they, who ruled by right divine
And both supreme; one in the realm of Truth,
One in the realm of Fiction and of Song.
What Prince hereditary of their line,
Uprising in the strength and flush of youth
Their glory shall inherit and prolong?
—ANONYMOUS.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mein
Of him who first with harmony informed
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him while his legends blithe
He sang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world

With cunning hand portraying. Through perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger! thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies, yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero, who in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

—MARK AKENSIDE.

CHAUCER.

AN old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laughet at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odours of ploughed field or flowery mead.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

ROSAMOND'S SONG.

FROM walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream conveyed,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love,
Impatient for my lord's return,
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,
Was ever a passion crossed like mine?
To rend my breast,
And break my rest,
A thousand thousand ills combine.

Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever passion crossed like mine?

How does my constant grief deface
The pleasures of this happy place!
In vain the spring my senses greets,
In all her colours, all her sweets;
To me the rose
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has lost its scent;
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,
The breeze that sweeps these fragrant bowers,
Filled with the breath of opening flowers,
Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting
(Nature's softest, sweetest store),
Charm my tortured soul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die:
Why so slow! great Henry, why?
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly.

—Joseph Addison.

ROSAMOND TO KING HENRY.

Sometimes to pass the tedious irksome hours,
I climb the top of Woodstock's mounting tow'rs,
Where in a turret secretly I lie,
To view from far such as do travel by:
Whither, methinks, all cast their eyes at me
As through the stones my shame did make them see;
And with such hate the harmless walls do view,
As ev'n to death their eyes would me pursue.
The married women curse my hateful life,
Wronging a fair queen and a virtuous wife:
The maidens wish I buried quick may die,
And from each place near my abode to fly.

Well knew'st thou what a monster I would be,
When thou didst build this labyrinth for me,
Whose strange meanders turning ev'ry way,
Be like the course wherein my youth did stray:
Only a clew doth guide me out and in,
But yet still walk I circular in sin.
As in this gallery this other day,
I and my women past the time away,
'Mongst many pictures which were hanging by,
The silly girl at length hapt to espy
Chaste Lucrece' image, and desires to know
What she should be, herself that murder'd so?
Why, girl (quoth I), this is a Roman dame—
Not able then to tell the rest for shame,
My tongue doth mine own guiltiness betray;
With that I sent the prattling wench away,
Lest when my lisping guilty tongue should halt,
My lips might prove the index to my fault.
As the life-blood which from the heart is sent,
In beautie's field pitching his crimson tent,
In lovely sanguine suites the lily cheek,
Whilst it but for a resting-place doth seek;
And changing oftentimes with sweet delight,
Converts the white to red, the red to white:
The blush with paleness for the place doth strive,
The paleness thence the blush would gladly drive:
Thus in my breast a thousand thoughts I carry,
Which in my passion diversly do vary.

—Michael Drayton.

WOODSTOCK.

Fair Rosamond.

When as King Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene he dearly lovde
A faire and comeely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeared to each man's sight;

Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whome our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clew of thread,
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladies sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

"My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye:
The fairest flower, in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye:

"The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth exelle:
My royal rose a thousand time
I bid thee now farwelle!

"For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,

And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

"But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortly see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
I'll bear my Rose with mee."

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved sore:
After that daye fair Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone;
With envious heart, queene Ellinor,
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calls the trustye knighte,
In an unhappy houre;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from his famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where lady Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

"Cast off from thee those robes," she said
"That rich and costly bee;
And drinke thou up this deadlye drought,
Which I have brought to thee."

Then presently upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

"Take pitty on my youthful yeares,"
Fair Rosamonde did crye;

"And lett mee not with poison stronge
 Enforced be to die.

"I will renounce my sinful life,
 And in some cloister bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
 To range the world so wide.

"And for the fault which I have done,
 Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish me
 As you thinke meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes
 She wrunge full often there;
And downe along her lovely face
 Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
 Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
 As she knelt on her knee,

She gave this comelye dame to drinke;
 Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knees arose,
 And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
 Shee did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poyson stronge,
 Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through every limbe
 Has showde its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
 She was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
 When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neare to Oxforde towne,
 As may be seene this day.

—Percy's Reliques.

THE small town of Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, now a half forgotten country town, old fashioned and sedate, but with kind and hospitable inhabitants, was once famed for its royal palace and its regal splendor. In the royal hall of Woodstock King Ethelred held "witenagemot," and here King Alfred sat translating "The Consolation of Boetius," when he had nothing else to do. Here also princess Elizabeth sat imprisoned for a while.

The real romance of Woodstock, however, dates from the time of Henry II, who often resided here. In the park he built a bower to fair Rosamond, the daughter of Lord Clifford. The bower was said to have been built in the form of a labyrinth, the mazes of which no stranger could untread.

But one day a twine, attached to the king's spur, led Queen Elenore on Rosamond's tracks, and the secret was revealed. The queen waited patiently till the king had gone away and then stepped down into the labyrinth.

Rosamond's love story was a great favorite in the Mediaeval society and many are the pens which have written about her. Even Chaucer wrote verses to her memory. Addison's opera, entitled "Rosamond," is, perhaps, the best known. A few lines might be quoted.

Approaching the bower the queen speaks:

What place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft Elysiums rise;
Flowery mountains,

Mossy fountains,
Shady woods,
Crystal floods,
With wild variety surprise.

In the pavilion Rosamond is seated, in hopeful expectations.

Transporting pleasure! who can tell it!
When our longing eyes discover
The kind, the dear approaching lover,
Who can utter or conceal it!
A sudden motion shakes the grove:
I hear the steps of him I love;
Prepare my soul to meet my bliss!
—Death to my eyes; what sight is this?
The queen, the offended queen I see;
—Open, O earth! and swallow me!

Then, pleading for mercy, she turns to the queen.

Accept great queen, like injured Heaven,
The soul that begs to be forgiven
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, show it now.

Queen.

Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death shall thine pursue.

Rosamond is compelled to drink a cup of poison and shouts in despair:

Tyrant! to aggregate the stroke,
And wound the heart already broke!
My dying soul with fury burns,
And slighted grief to madness turns,
Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Rosamond will leave thee so;
At dead of night,
A glaring sprite,
With hideous screams

I'll haunt thy dreams
And when the painful night withdraws
My Henry shall revenge my cause.

After Rosamond's body had been carried away the queen remained a moment, in seeming distress.

When vanquished foes beneath us lie,
How great it is to bid them die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquished foe to live!

Among other celebrities from Woodstock's past is also mentioned Geoffrey Chaucer, who lived in a house adjoining the main park gate, during a number of years. From this park he is also said to have drawn his scenic descriptions in his youthful cycle, "The Romount of the Rose."

Princess Elizabeth was kept a prisoner here, for some time, at the stern command of her sister, the "Bloody Mary."

In a report of 1634 the palace of Woodstock is still mentioned as standing, but in ill repair. Since then all has disappeared, save for an old well, and a few old sycamore trees, still guarding the green hill on which the palace formerly stood.

At the time of the Civil War the palace gained national reputation because of some terrible ghost stories set in circulation. A number of commissioners from the Parliament had taken the house in possession, Anno Domine 1649. During the night they were suddenly awakened by a loud knocking, after which someone entered the room, walking about with heavy steps. The next instant the ghost crept under the captain's bed and began to heave its occupant up and down, for the space of half an hour.

None of the men dared to rise, "being in a sweat all this while," and none dared to speak before daylight. Next night, pots and spits flew about the room like hail, and when Captain Hart dared to lift his head above the quilt his nose was hit by a pot, in a fashion to turn it half a degree skyward ever after.

This proved too much. A lawyer, Richard Crook, was brought to the house, but "the entertainment so ill did like the lawyer, on being not so well studied in the point as to resolve this the devil's lawcase, that he next day resolved to be gone."

A minister, Rev. Hoffman, of Watton, was speedily sent for to quell the disturbance, but refused to go less he was paid, in cold cash, £500 a night.

> But Master Hoffman was the wight
> Which was to exorcise the spright;
> He'll preach and pray you day and night
> At pleasure,
>
> And by that painful, gainful trade,
> He hath himselfe full wealthy made;
> Great store of gilt he hath, 'tis said,
> And treasure.
>
> But no entreaty of his friends
> Could get him to the house of fiends,
> He came not over for such ends
> From Dutch-land.
>
> But worst divinity he brought,
> And hath us reformation taught,
> And, with our money he hath bought
> Him much treasure.
>
> Had the old parsons preached still,
> The div'l should nev'r have had his will;
> But those that had or art or skill
> Are outed.

Meanwhile the ghost reigned supreme. Fires were lit in the rooms by unseen hands, stones were hurled, bedclothes thrown about, and the men were choked in their beds, until, finally, the commissioners fled in terror.

The secret of the ghost remained unsolved for a long time and brought forth a number of tracts on the subject, offering all kinds of explanations, when at last it was discovered that "the devil of Woodstock," was none else than a staunch royalist, Joseph Collins, who with the assistance of two servants, some stones and a little gunpowder brought about the nightly disturbances.

Walter Scott has immortalized the old mansion in his historic novel, "Woodstock."

BERKLEY CASTLE.

BERKLEY CASTLE.

LIGHTBORN:

—So now
Must I about this gear; ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.—
For, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!

KING EDWARD:

Who's there? What light is that?
Wherefore com'st thou?

LIGHTBORN:

To comfort you and give you joyful news.

KING EDWARD:

Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks:
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

LIGHTBORN:

To murder you, my grievous lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?

KING EDWARD:

Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis, hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

LIGHTBORN:

O villains!

KING EDWARD:

And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
This ten days' space, and, lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum;
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distempered, and my body's numbed,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
O, would my blood dropped out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes!
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake I run a tilt in France.
And there unhorsed the Duke of Claremont.

LIGHTBORN:

O, speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

KING EDWARD:

These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay awhile; forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

LIGHTBORN:

What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

KING EDWARD:

What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

LIGHTBORN:

These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

KING EDWARD:

Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left; receive thou this;
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know that I am a king: O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I remain alive?

LIGHTBORN:

You'r overwatched, my lord: lie down and rest.

KING EDWARD:

But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now, as I speak, they fall; and yet with fear
Open again. O, wherefore sitt'st thou here?

LIGHTBORN:

If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

KING EDWARD:

No, no; for thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay. (sleeps)

LIGHTBORN:

He sleeps.

KING EDWARD:

(Waking) O let me not die! yet stay, O, stay a while!

LIGHTBORN:

How now, my lord!

KING EDWARD:

Something still buzzeth in my ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake:
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

LIGHTBORN:

To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis, come!

ENTER MATREVIS AND GURNEY.

KING EDWARD:

I am too weak and feeble to resist.—
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

LIGHTBORN:

Run for a table!

KING EDWARD:

O spare me, or despatch me in a trice!

LIGHTBORN:

So, lay the table down and stamp on it,
But not so hard, lest that you bruise his body.

—CHRISTOPHER MARLOVE.

KING EDWARD'S PRAYER.

Moste blessed Jesu
Roote of all vertue,
Graunte I may thee sue,
In all humylyte.
Sen thou for our good,
Lyste to shede thy blood,
And stretche thee upon the rood,
For our iniquyte.
I thee beseche,
Most holsome leche,
For me suche grace,
That when my body vyle,
My soule shall exyle,
Thou brynge in short whyle,
It in reste and peace.

KING EDWARD'S DEATH.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king.

—Gray.

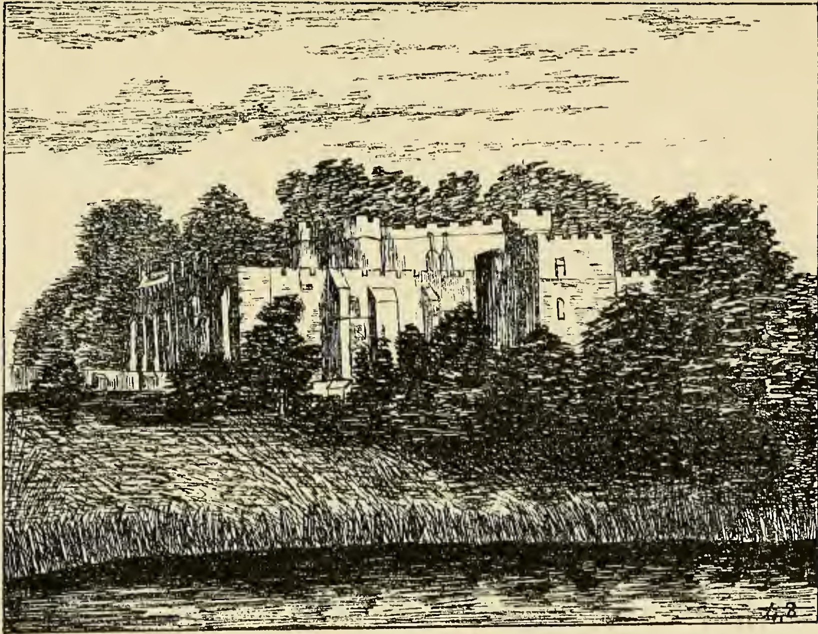
THE Mediaeval barons loved to build their strongholds near the river. This inclination, no doubt, had its reasons. The rivers offered splendid means of transportation in times when the high-roads of England were none too good. They also formed a valuable defence in time of a siege, and brought no small income to the castle-lord, through the duty paid by the merchants sailing by the castle.

Some of these reasons, no doubt, account for the many castles along the river Severn, where, within the radius of less than a hundred miles, rose the mighty seats of Bristol, Berkley, Hanley, Worcester, Hartlebury, Bridgenorth, Shrewsbury and Gloucester. All of these, except Berkley, have vanished long ago.

Rising majestically on a sandstone eminence about fifty feet above the meadow land, the old castle attracts the attention in no small degree. The main approach leads from the town of Berkley. A mighty gatehouse protects the entrance. An old, round keep, of rubblestone and concrete, and a great hall, with mullioned windows and high roof, form the chief attractions. Otherwise everything is dusty, old and silent. Time seems to have relinquished its pace within these walls and taken a long nap.

From the mode of living at Berkley during the reign of Edward II, 1307-1327, we learn that the lord of Berkley had not less than twelve knights in waiting, each with a servant and a page at his disposal. Besides, there are twenty-four esquires each with a servant and a horse. The entire household numbered three hundred persons, not to mention the husbandmen in the kitchen.

It was during the regime of this lord that the unfortunate King Edward was smothered to death in the round tower at Berkley. The weak king fell a prey to his plotting queen and powerful noblemen. After the horrid deed his body was exposed to the people, to prove his natural death. The cowed peasants dared nothing else but to comply with the request, and a few monks carried the unfortunate king silently to his obscure grave.



BERKLEY CASTLE.

In the town of Berkley was born the celebrated Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of small-pox vaccine. The summerhouse where he kept his vaccine-cow is still shown. Jenner's discovery spread rapidly over the civilized world. Napoleon I used it freely in his army.

Yet England was the last country to recognize its great son. His discovery was mocked to scorn by his fellow doctors, and the actions of the vaccine were described with horror. In some cases it was said to cause cow's hair to grow on the vaccinated children, while in others, it made them bellow like bulls.

A brief visit to Berkley cemetery may also have an interest of its own. Not so much because of its charm, or greatness, but rather for the sake of a simple tomb stone. Above a small grave stands an old slab, commemorating the existence of a courtfool of the Berkley household. The lines were written by the famous Dean Swift, then chaplain at Berkley Castle.

"Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool.
Men called him Dickey Pearse;
His folly served to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas, is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry?
Dickies enough are still behind,
To laugh at by and by."

"Buried June 18, 1728, aged 63."

Berkley Castle, to be sure, has its ghost, a headless old warrior, who has haunted one of the bed rooms for centuries, and often scared the tenants. At least so we are told by the old keeper. I doubt

very much if we would venture the experience of proving the truth of his story. After all, castles and ghosts seem to harmonize very well. In fact, one almost expects to meet them at broad day-light. The old rooms and moulded atmosphere, where time has sunk down into a deep, fathomless pool, demand something mysterious and ghost-like, the absence of which would almost rob the place of a part of its antique charm.

Besides the ghost, Berkley also had the honor of having a witch, some centuries ago. She is mentioned in the legends as a horrid old woman, whose sole companion was an old jackdaw. There was nothing wrong about the woman, and she had never been known to harm any one. But she had a gift of healing children from strange diseases, which made the people believe her to be in touch with the devil.

Some time before her death, the old woman bestowed all her property on Malmesbury Abbey, and also gave specific instructions as to her burial. She was to be sewed into a stag skin, and then buried in a stone coffin, with plenty of heavy stones on top of the lid. The monks were also asked to sit around the coffin and sing psalms, during a number of nights.

They did as requested, but on the third night the evil one appeared, in the form of a black man, and carried away the witch on a dark horse. The shrieks of the woman could be heard for miles around. But how she could shriek after death, the good monks failed to explain.

TINTERN ABBEY.

TINTERN ABBEY.

THE men who called their passion piety,
And wrecked this noble argosy of faith,—
They little thought how buteous could be death,
How fair the face of time's aye—deepening sea!
Nor arms that desolate, nor years that flee,
Nor hearts that fail, can utterly deflower
This grassy floor of sacramental power,
Where we now stand communicants,—even we,
We of this latter still protestant age,
With priestly ministrations of the sun
And moon and multitudinous puire of stars,
Maintain this consecration, and assauge
With tender thoughts the past of weary wars,
Masking with good that ill which cannot be undone.

—LORD HOUGHTON.

TINTERN ABBEY ON THE WYE.

SUDDEN the change; at once to tread
The grass-grown mansions of the dead.
Awful to feeling, where, immense,
Rose ruin'd grey magnificence;
The fair wrought shaft all ivy-bound,
The towering arch with foliage crowned,
That trembles on its brow sublime,
Triumphant o'er the spoils of time.
There grasping all the eye beheld,
Thought into mingling anguish swell'd,
And checked the wild excurcive wing,
O'er dust or bones of priest or king;
Or raised some *Strongbow* warrior's ghost,
To shout before his banner'd host.
But all was still. The chequred floor
Shall echo to the step no more;
No airy roof the strain prolong,
Of vesper chant or choral song—
Tinterne! thy name shall hence sustain

A thousand raptures in my brain;
Joys, full of soul, all strenght, all eye,
That cannot fade, that cannot die.

—BLOOMFIELD.

EVENING AT TINTERN ABBEY.

A PILGRIM at the vesper hour,
I stood by Tinterne's hallowed tower;
While o'er the walls, in golden hue,
The setting sun its farewell threw;
Then, paling slowly, flushed and fled,
Like a smile from the cheek of the recent dead.

'Tis night-on the ivy-mantled walls
The shadows deepen, and darkness falls;
And forth from his roost, in the fretted aisle,
The solemn owl wheels round the pile;
But no lighted shrine, no vesper-song,
Is seen, or heard, these aisles among;
For hymnless now the day returns,
And voiceless sets on their nameless urns;
Nor laud, nor chant, nor matin chime,
Retard the fleeting steps of time.

The shrine, from which the anthem rushed,
When evening glowed, or morning blushed,
Like them, who reared the pile on high—
A landmark pointing to the sky;
Like them, by slow and sure decay,
That shrine is crumbling o'er their clay.

—W. B.

THE ABBEY BY MOONLIGHT.

I TREAD the moonlit abbey! Oh, my soul,
How nobly art thou struggling to be free,
Spurning the temple's, and the world's control,
And feeling most inadequate to thee
The loftiest dome, the grandest scenery;
O'er views that would oppress thee or appall,
Rising, like light bark o'er the mounting sea;
And where, if weak or mortal thou wouldst fall,
Expanding to survey and compass more than all!

Palace of piety! Devotion here
    Should wear a crowned angel's robe of white,
And antedate the ardours of a sphere,
    Where all is tranquil as this noon of night!
The moon—the regal moon—intensely bright,
    Shines through the roseate window of the west;
Each shaft, an artificial stalactite
    Of pendant stone, with slumber seems oppressed,
    Or with a charmed dream of peaceful rapture blessed.

And through thy lofty arch, a single star
    Is gazing from a depth of spotless blue,
As if to learn how soft thy splendours are,
    And feel them deeply, as I fain would do!
While now supine upon thy pave of dew
    I let thy loveliness my soul pervade,
And pass with unimpeeded influence through
    Its quiet depths, like moonlight through thy shade,
    To haunt with beauty still that shrine of hopes decayed.

Forgive me, abbey of the watered vale—
    Forgive that, when I feel my spirit swell
With an unwonted energy, I fail
    To hymn thy desolated glories well!
Not yet the chrysalis has burst its shell—
    Not yet expanded its immortal wings;
The restless rudiments of vast powers tell
    The soul a deathless thing; from earth she springs
    But fast and feebly falls, the while of thee she sings.

—J. C. Earle.

TINTERN VESPER-HYMN.

Like crimson on the dimpled Wye
Sleeps the glowing summer sky;
O'er the landscape, widely thrown,
Belted rock, and mountain cone;
Hamlet, tower, and haunted stream,
Are basking in the vesper-beam;
And holy friars, robed in white,
Cross them in the waning light—Ave Maria!

Now, along the abbey walls,
Soft the purple gloaming falls;

Aloft, on every turret's height,
In the dim and doubtful light,
Here retiring, there advancing,
Weeds are waving, wings are glancing,
And yon effigies of stone
Seem to hail the vesper-tone—Ave Maria!

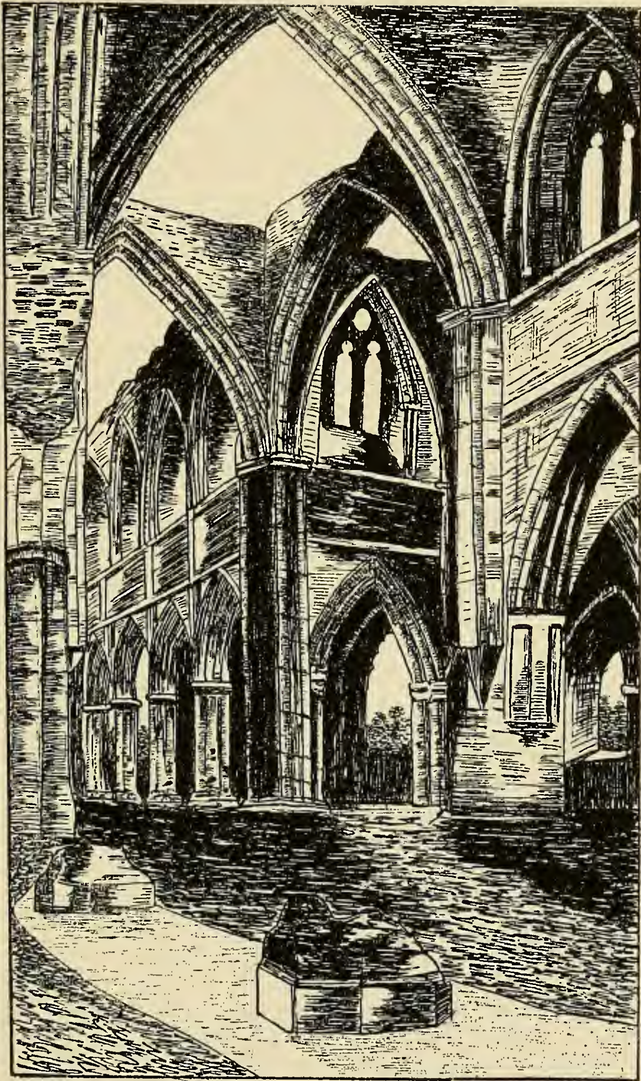
Deeper yet, and deeper still,
From winding stream, and wooded hill,
Shadowy cliff and rippling weir,
Nature's music fills the ear;
Notes of mingling praise and prayer
Float along the solemn air,
Where, from cloistered arches dim,
Swells the everlasting hymn—Ave Maria!

Hark, 'tis midnight! but, unsleeping,
Here the faithful vigil keeping;
Pale white friars raise again,
In lengthened chant, the solemn strain!
Hark! throughout the sacred dwelling,
High the mingled notes are swelling;
Angels, stooping from the sky,
Bear the sacrific on high—Ave Maria!

—W. B.

TINTERN ABBEY is situated in a beautiful valley in Monmouthshire. At the foot of the ruin flows the glittering Wye, forming a crescent between the abbey and a neighboring village. Green hills, covered with rich foliage, rise on both sides of the river.

"The best hour for enjoying this scene is about sunset, and, on returning, the tourist may ascend chapel hill, and thence in a more extended panorama, look down upon what would have furnished a rich subject for the pencil of Cloude. The river with its fantastic windings, here clamorous among shallows—there gliding away with the rapid but inaud-



TINTERN ABBEY.

ible march of time—masses of brown rock overhanging the pass, gleaming in confused blocks through the trees that clamber up their steep sides, or crown their pinnacles with masses of verdure; while here and there a cottage, with its whitewashed walls, gives new life and interest to the scene."—Beattie.

> How oft the pilgrim lingering here,
> Beneath that jew's sepulchral shade,
> Hath dropped the penitential tear,
> And sighing to himself hath said—
> There's solace here for all my woe,
> St. Mary's altar gleams below;
> And blessed be the hand divine,
> That leads the pilgrim to her shrine.

It has been said, and also proven by facts, that the monks well knew how to select beautiful spots for their religious houses. But more than this; they also understood how to develop the land procured. Say what we please about the monasteries of Mediaeval England, but nevertheless, they filled an important place in the society of their day, for which they have received but little credit.

Our Lady of Tintern was founded, in 1131, by Walter de Clare, and put under Cistercian control. The present abbey, however, was not begun before 1269. The church measured 288 feet in length, with 151 feet across the transepts. The foundations of the cloister, hospitium, refectory, infermary, chapterhouse, kitchen, cellar, etc., can still be traced. The building style is of the purest Cistercian Gothic, from the middle of the thirteenth century, representing a transition from the early Pointed to the Decorated.

"One speculates in vain as to how this, or any other abbey, must have looked in the last year of the fifteenth century. With its great windows filled with splendid glass (like that perhaps still preserved at Malvern), its many altars and shrines wrought in such fashion as all the wealth of the great "captains of industry" could not bring into being today; its myriad lights; its vestments stiff with needlework and jewels; its longer lines of cowled conversi; its constant visitors, bishops, cardinals, nobles, and even kings—it must have been a marvelous concatenation of varied beauty. And at midnight, when the great church was black and silent save for the candles of the highaltar, the lamps before the shrine, and the tapers at the huge lectern and in the stalls; when down the transept stairway came the long file of white brothers, cowled and dumb, for the first offices of the new day, matins and lauds; and when, assembled in the dusky choir, each monk in his cavern and canopied stall, the antifonal chants surged back and forth through the dark, it must have been unparalleled in its effect of solemnity and awe." —R. A. Cram.

"From the accounts of the abbey given by the Abbot Richard Wych, for the Valor Ecleasticus in 1535, it appears that the abbey had a gross income of £356, 11s. 6d. Gifts to the poor were made on Maundy Thursday, on Christmas day and the feast of Purification, Palm Sunday, the Assumption and All Saints day, for the soul of Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk and his ancestors, and again on the feast of St. Nicholas for his anniversary. In some accounts we find that a sum of two pounds each was allowed

yearly for the clothing of the monks; that there were six servants of the abbot; three men fishing in the Severn for the monastery; four kitchen-servants; a tailor, a barber, a stableman, and the cutter of wood."—Abbot Gasquet.

The total area of the abbeylands comprised thirty acres. The buildings were enclosed by a stone wall, now entirely wanting. Although the ruin has much charm to its credit, yet there is something missing, which we are accustomed to meet in almost every demolished abbey from the Middle Ages, namely, the ever kind and forbearing ivy. This unassuming friend of the old structures, which has done so much to cover the ravages of man and time, has of late been accused of weakening the crumbling walls to a most dangerous degree.

LUDLOW CASTLE.

ODE TO LUDLOW CASTLE.

"Proud pile, that rear'st thy hoary head
In ruin vast, in silence dread,
O'er Teme's luxuriant vale,
Thy moss-grown halls, thy precincts drear,
To musing Fancy's ear
Unfold a varied tale.

When terror stalk'd the prostrate land
With savage Cambria's ruthless band,—
Beneath thy frowning shade,
Mixed with the grazers of the plain,
The plundered, helpless peasent train
In sacred ward were laid.

From yon high tower the archer drew
With steady hand the stubborn yew,
While, fierce in martial state,
The mailed host in long array,
With crested helm and banners gay,
Burst from the thundering gate.

In happier times now brightly blazed
The hearth, with ponderous billets raised,
How rung the vaulted halls,
When smok'd the feast, when care was drown'd,
When songs and social glee went round,
Where now the ivy crawls.

'Tis past! The Marchers' princely court,
The strength of war, the gay resort,
In mouldering silence sleeps;
And o'er the solitary scene,
While nature hangs her garlands green,
Neglected memory weeps.

The muse, too, weeps:—in hallowed hour
Here Milton own'd her sacred power,

And 'woke to nobler song;
The wizzard's baffled wiles essay'd
Her first the pure angelic maid
Subdued the enraptured throng.

But see! beneath yon shattered roof
What mouldy cavern, sunbeam proof,
With mouth infectious yawns,
O! sight of dread! O! ruthless doom!
On that deep dungeon's solid gloom
Nor hope nor daylight dawns.

Yet there, at midnight's sleepless hour
Whilst boisterous revels shook the tower
Bedewed with damp, forlorn,
The warrior captive pressed the stones,
And lonely breathed unheeded moans,
Despairing of the morn.

That, too, is past; unsparing Time,
Stern miner of the tower sublime,
Its might of ages broke:
Freedom and peace, with radiant smile,
Now carol o'er the dungeon vile
That cumbrous ruins choke.

Proud relic of the mighty dead
Be mine with shuddering awe to tread
Thy roofless, weedy hall;
And mark, with fancy's kindling eye,
The steel-clad ages gliding by
Thy feudal pomp recall.

Peace to thy stern heroic age!
Nor stroke of wild unhallowed rage
Assail thy tottering day,
In cloudy distance to survey
The remnant of the storm."

—Athnenaeum, Vol. 2.

WITH the exception of Penshurst palace, no other seat in England has witnessed such literary splendor as Ludlow. Here Milton produced his youthful play, "the Masque of Comus;" here

lived and wrote Richard Baxter, the stern roundhead chaplain; and here Sam Butler produced the first volume of his "Hudibras," a most stupendous criticism and satire, which King Charles II loved so well, that

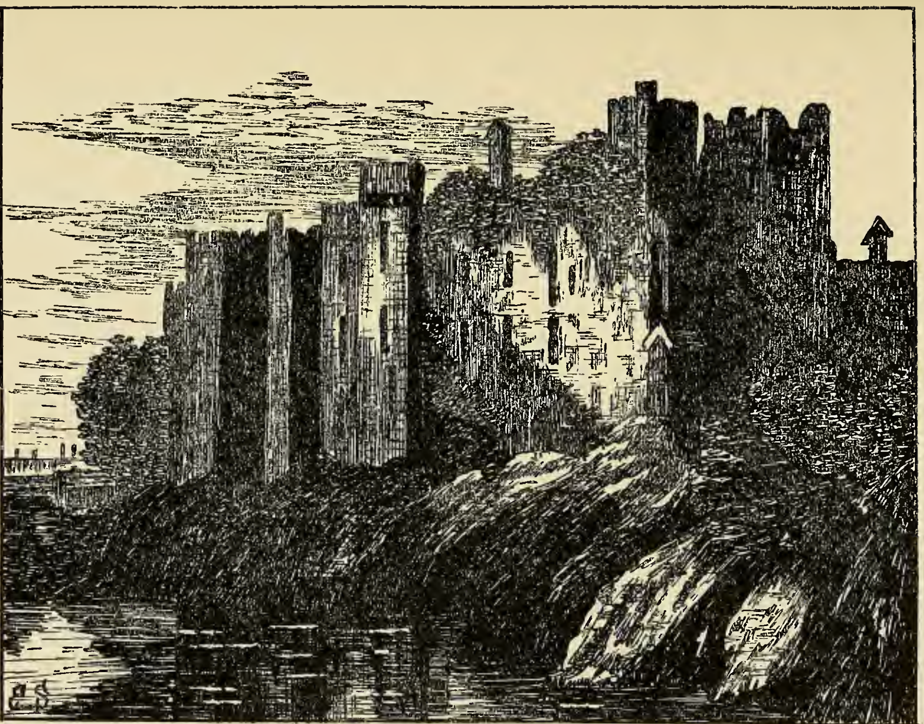
> "—he could never clear it off;
> He never ate, nor drank nor slept
> But Hudibras still near him kept;
> Nor would he go to church, or so,
> But Hudibras must with him go."

In its days of glory, Ludlow Castle stood chief among thirty-two castles guarding the Welch borders. The inner court still retains an old keep, from the eleventh century, but the rest of the buildings date from the sixteenth.

The noble castle hall measures sixty feet in length, and was the glory of Ludlow. Here Milton's Comus was rendered at Michaelmass, 1634, in honor of the earl of Bridgewater, who then was installed president of the marches.

The history of Ludlow dates back to the latter part of the eleventh century, and it is mentioned in the border wars of 1088, and 1095. King Stephen bestowed the manor on his faithful follower, Sir Joice.

Among historic events from the annals of Ludlow is mentioned the celebrated marriage between Catherine of Aragon and Prince Arthur, which sealed the peace between the houses of Lancaster and York, after the disastrous war of the Roses. One archbishop, and nineteen bishops, were present. The ladies wore chains of gold, estimated at £1,500 apiece. The lace, tissue, and fur gowns were valued



LUDLOW CASTLE.
(From an old print.)

at £1,400 apiece, enormous sums at a time when the money value ran more than three times higher than today. Unfortunately the sickly prince died but a few months after the wedding, and Catherine afterwards became the bride of Henry VIII.

Baxter describes the life at Ludlow in these words: "The castle was occupied by many gentlemen who had nothing else to do but to gamble, and the town was full of temptations through the multitude of persons, councilors, attorneys, officers and clerks, all much given to tipping and excess."

In 1614 the castle was captured by the parliamentary army. In 1651 the furniture and fittings were sold at public auction, and during the reign of George I, the lead on the roofs was removed. That ended Ludlow's glory forever.

Before departing, a few words ought to be said about Milton's Comus, and Butler's Hudibras. The Masque of Comus was written at the special request of Henry Low, the chapel organist. The principal actors were: the Attending Spirit, played by Henry Low; Comus the evil enchanter; the Heroine, played by Lady Alice Brackley; the first and second brother, played by the two brothers Brackley; and Sabrine, the nymph.

The masque opens with a wood scene, with Lady Alice Brackley as the central figure. She has become parted from her brothers and now invokes the Echo to lend her help, in finding the dear ones.

Sweet echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet—embroidered vale
Where the lovelorn nightingale

Nightly to her song mourneth well
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?

But the sweet echo has no answer.

During the song, a dark shadow has slyly crept out from the wood, and approaches her in deep silence. It is Comus, the evil enchanter. With honey-sweet words he flatters her song, its beauty, and her voice, at the same time inviting her to his castle of bliss and splendor.

But the virtuous girl is not easily led astray by the tempter's voice, and defends herself bravely, and with great determination.

Foiled in his expectations, Comus immediately changes his manner. A number of dark-looking men are called out from the shades of the wood. The girl is bound, hand and foot, and the procession sets out for his castle in triumph.

Meanwhile the Attending Spirit has silently watched all, and now hastens to find the brothers. He is successful, and brings them to Comus' castle, just in time to prevent their sister from falling a victim to the enchanter's snares.

But in the heat of the struggle the enchanter's rod is lost, and the nymph, Sabrine, must be invoked in warbled song to regain it.

Sabrine fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silverlake
Listen and save.

Sabrine listens and answers in a beautiful song.

> By the rushy-fringed bank,
> Where grows the willow and the oiser dank,
> My sliding chariot stays,
> Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
> Of turkis blue and emerald green,
> Whilst from the water's fleet
> Thus I see my printless feet
> O'er the cowslips velvet head,
> That bends not as I tread.
> Gentle swain, at thy request
> I am here.

The enchantment was now broken and the rescued girl brought home to her parents. The entire town came to greet her, and the merriment ran high.

The play does not lack in poetic splendor or literary taste. But the greatest merit lies in its youthful coloring, being one of Milton's earliest productions. The struggle between virtue and temptation, between good and evil, is strongly marked, throughout the entire setting.

The satirical Hudibras, on the other hand, was written by Samuel Butler while steward of the castle under Lord Chareberry. It is a monstrous ridicule of Cromwell and his roundheads. A few, shattered lines might serve as introduction.

> When civil dudgeon first grew high
> And men fell out they knew not why
> And made them fight like mad or drunk,
> For dame religion as for punk;
> Then did sir knight abandon dwelling,
> And out he rode a-colonelling.
> Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
> That could as well bind o'er as swaddle,
> Beside 'tis known he could speak Greek
> As naturally as pigs squeek;
> That Latin was no more deficile

Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle;
For Hebrew roots although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground
He had such plenty as suffis'd
He knew the seat of paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies
And, as he was dispos'd could prove it
Below the moon or else above it.
For his religion it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true and blue
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant.

The poem created a marked attention and was brought before King Charles II, who promised the author a liberal reward, which unfortunately never came. In his sad distress Butler wrote:

This unthinking king was brought
To leave his friends to starve and die,
A poor reward for loyalty.

Butler's standing in the literary world is best voiced in Oldham's criticism:

On Butler who can think without just rage
The glory and the scandal of the age.
Fair stood his hopes when first he came to town,
Met everywhere with welcome and renown.
After a life in dull expectance past
The wretch, at summing up his misspent days,
Found nothing left but poverty and praise.

But it is time to bid farewell to memorable Ludlow, shrouded in song and ivy. The sun is setting, and its rays send a long, glowing farewell to the ruined towers and halls, as if loth to depart.

Here Milton sang,—what needs a greater spell
To lure thee, stranger, to these far-famed walls?

Though chroniclers of other ages tell
That princess oft have graced fair Ludlow's halls;
Their honours glide along oblivion's stream,
And o'er the wrecks a tide of ruin drives;
Faint and more faint the rays of glory beam,
And gild their course;—the band alone survives.

And when the rude unceasing shocks of time
In one vast heap shall whelm this lofty pile,
Still shall this genius, towering and sublime,
Triumphant o'er the spoils of grandeur smile;
Still in these haunts, true to a nation's tongue,
Echo shall love to dwell, and say,—here Milton sung.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Elegy on Newstead Abbey.

NEWSTEAD! fast-falling once resplendant dome!
  Religion's shrine! repentant Henry's pride!
Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloistered tomb,
  Whose pensive shade around thy ruins glide.

Hail to thy pile! more honoured in thy fall,
  Than modern mansions in their pillared state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
  Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mailclad serfs, obedient to their lord,
  In grim array the crimson cross demand;
Or gay assemble round the festive board
  Their chief's retainers, an immortal band:

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
  Retrace their progress through the lapse of time.
Marking each ardent youth, ordained to die,
  A votive pilgrim in Judaea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the chief;
  His feudal realm in other regions lay:
In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
  Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound,
  The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view;
Or bloodstained guilt repenting solace found,
  Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
  Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl;
And superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
  Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pile of life-extinguished clay,
In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend,
Soon as the gloaming spreads her waning shade,
The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary paid.

Years rolled on years; to ages yield;
Abbots to abbots, in a line succeed;
Religion's charter their protecting shield,
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy Henry reared the Gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another Henry the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallowed echoes cease.

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer;
He drives them exiles from their blest abode,
To roam a dreary world in deep despair,—
No friend, no home, no refuge but their God.

Hark! how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnished arms,
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

Newstead; what saddening change of scene is thine!
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay!
The last and youngest of a noble line
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy grayworn towers;
Thy vaults where dead of feudal ages sleep;
Thy cloisters, previous to the wintry showers:
These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret;
 Cherished affection only bids them flow.
Pride, hope, and love forbid him to forget,
 But warm his bosom with impassioned glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes
 Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great;
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
 Nor breaths a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
 Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
 And bless thy future as thy former day.

—LORD BYRON.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
 Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden the hemlock and thistle
 Have choked up the rose which late bloomed in the way.

Of the mailcovered barons who proudly to battle
 Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
 Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
 Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurelled wreath;
Near Askalon's Towers John of Horiston slumbers,
 Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubberd, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy;
 For the safety of England they fell:
My fathers! the tears of your country redress ye;
 How you fought! how you died; still her annals can tell.

On Marston, with Rupert 'gainst traitors contending,
 Four brothers enriched with their blood the bleak field;
For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
 Till death their attachment to royalty sealed.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant departing
 From the seat of his ancestors bids you adieu!

Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame and that memory still will he cherish,
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decayed, may he mingle his dust with your own.

—LORD BYRON.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

To Norman Abbey whirled the noble pair,
An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion, of a rich and rare
Mixed Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,
Because the monks preferred a hill behind,
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

It stood embossomed in a happy valley,
Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters,—as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its softned way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around; the wild-fowl nested in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

Its outlet dashed into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding

Its shriller echoes, like an infant made
  Quiet sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and, thus allayed,
  Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
  (While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
In grand arch, which once screened many an aisle.
  These last had disappeared,—a loss to art:
The first yet frowned superbly o'er the soil,
  And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourned the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
  Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
  But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice,—as tell
  The annals of full many a line undone,—
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,
  The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,
With her son in her blessed arms, looked round,
  Spared by some chance when all beside was spoiled;
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
  This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
  Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepened glories once could enter,
  Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
  The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced choir
Lie with their hallelujahs quenched like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
  The wind is winged from one point of heaven,

There moans a strange, unearthly sound, which then
Is musical,—a dying accent driven
Through the hugh arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night-wind by the waterfall,
And harmonised by the old choral wall;

Others, that some original shape or form,
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp a fixed hour)
To this gray ruin, with a voice of charm.
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower:
The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
The fact;—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,
Symmetrical, but decked with carvings quaint,—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
The spring rushed through grim mouths, of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved; the cloisters still were stable,
The cells too and refectory, I ween:
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpaired, to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur; but, when combined,
Formed a whole, which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

—Lord Byron.

A PICTURE AT NEWSTEAD.

What made my heart, at Newstead, fullest swell?
'T was not the thought of Byron, of his cry
Stormly sweet, his Titan agony;
It was the sight of that Lord Arundel
Who struck, in heat, the child he loved so well,
And the child's reason flickered, and did die.
Painted (he willed it) in the gallery
They hang; the picture doth the story tell.
Behold the stern, mailed father, staff in hand!
The little fair-haired son, with vacant gaze,
Where no more lights of sense or knowledge are!
Methinks the woes which made that father stand
Baring his dumb remorse to future days
Was woe than Byron's woe more tragic far.

—Matthew Arnold.

A VISIT to Newstead Abbey, Nottinghamshire, will not easily be forgotten. Interesting memories and old time pictures live up everywhere. There, yonder, stands the transformed abbey, the home of the famous Lord Byron. And back of it are the remnants of the famous Sherwood forest, the haunt of Robin Hood, England's greatest outlaw.

Memorials grand of death and life
That seem from time to time new life to borrow!
Full many a race have yet outlived
Of men whose lives were crime and sorrow.
Age after age, while time grew old,
Your written boughs have slowly lengthened;
Storm-stricken trees! your stormy strength
Five hundred years have darkly strengthened.

—Ebenezer Elliot.

The present Sherwood forest is confined to a small stretch of woodland, known as Birkland and Bilhagh, perhaps the only remains of the aboriginal forestland once covering England. Knotty, old oaks look down upon the stranger, with an awe of dig-

nity, which makes one feel rather childish. Perhaps some of these old veterans beheld the roving Britons, Saxons and Normans, and may have stood in youthful bloom while yet the Romans governed the land. In the shades of this forest Robin Hood kept his secret hiding places, and here he gathered his daring outlaws.

> The merry pranks he played, would ask an age to tell,
> And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell
> When Mansfield many a time from Robin hath been laid,
> How he hath causen'd them that him would have betray'd
> How often he hath come to Nothingham disguis'd
> In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
> But he hath heard some talk of him and little John;
> And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
> Of Scarlock, George a Green, and Much, the miller's son,
> Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
> In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.

In the midst of this legendary stretch of land stands Newstead Abbey, not less romantic than the forest itself. Half abbey and half mansion, it presents an interesting specimen of those noble beggar mansions, which sprang into existence through the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII.

Newstead, or Newplace Abbey, was founded in 1170, by Henry II, in expiation of the murder of Archbishop Thomas a Becket, a deed in which Henry had a secret hand. Little or nothing was ever heard of the abbey until its dissolution, when the income was estimated at £219, 1s. 8d. a year.

After it had been stripped of all its movable wealth, Henry bestowed the estate on Sir John Byron. Four thousand acres of splendid land, besides large woods, accompanied the abbey houses, indeed a welcome gift to a poor nobleman.

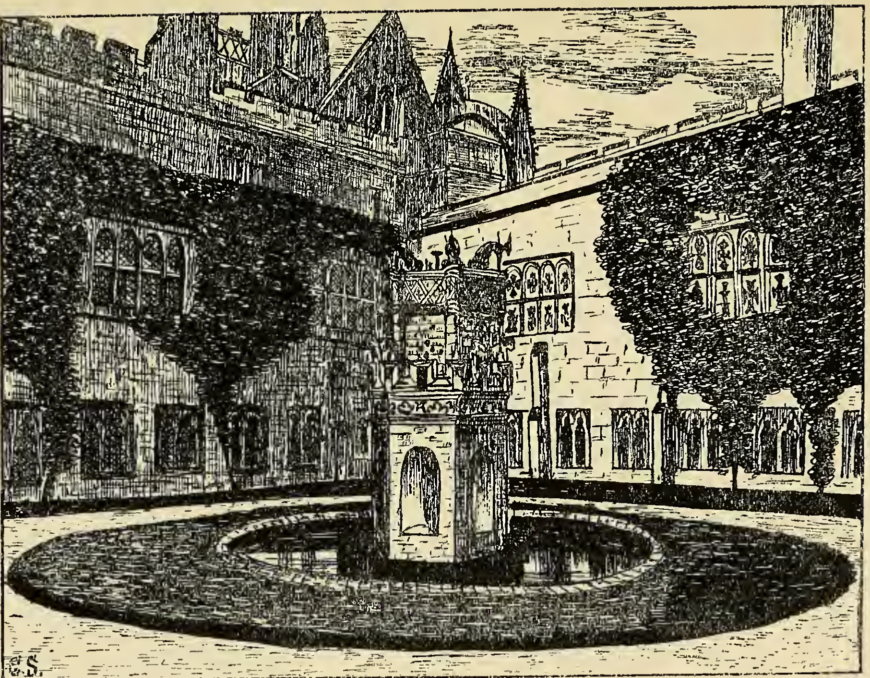
After considerable repair and several changes the mansion finally took the form it has today, a quadrangle in Tudor style, with a lovely park, a lake, and surrounding woods.

Save for a few rooms, very little of the former abbey remains. Perhaps the most interesting relics are those from "the poet lord." His bedroom can still be seen, with many lesser memories, like his brass helmet, swords, pictures, pieces of birch bark, with his and Augusta Leigh's names, etc., etc. The silvermounted monk-skull was buried long ago.

> Start not—nor deem my spirit fled;
> In me behold the only skull,
> From which unlike a living head
> Whatever flows is never dull.

On the lawn, fronting the mansion, stands a tall oak planted by the poet while yet a boy. On a visit to the abbey, in 1807, Byron found the tree choked with weeds. The discovery brought forth the following lines:

> Young oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
> I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
> That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around,
> And ivy thy trunk with thy mantle entwine.
>
> Such, such was my hope, when, in infancy's years,
> On the land of my fathers I reared thee with pride;
> They are past, and I water thy stem with my tears,—
> Thy decay not the weeds that surround thee can hide.
>
> I left thee, my oak, and since that fatal hour,
> A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my sire;
> Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is the power,
> But his, whose neglect may have bade thee expire.
>
> O, live then, my oak! tow'r aloft from the weeds,
> That clog thy young growth, and assist thy decay,



THE FOUNTAIN'S COURT, NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,
And still may thy branches their beauty display.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly wave
O'er the corpse of thy lord in thy canopy laid;
While the branches thus gratefully shelter his grave,
The chief who survives may recline in thy shade.

And as he with his boys shall revisit the spot,
He will tell them in whispers more softly to tread.
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be forgot:
Remembrance still hallows the dust of the dead.

Fronting the mansion, on the east, stands a marble tomb erected to Byron's faithful dog, "Boatswain." Here the poet himself also intended to find a final resting place. On a plate stands the following inscription:

When some proud son of man returns to earth
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And stordid urns record who rest below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was but what he should have been,
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives; breaths for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or currupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

The Byron family dated back to Ralph de Burun, one of the Norman tenants in Nottinghamshire, and follower of the Conqueror. But the Byrons were not knighted until the reign of Charles I. Whatever the fortitude of the earlier Byrons might have been, the latter members of the house seem to have fought a constant, and sometimes despairing battle, with Dame Fortune. The debts of Lord Byron's father were so great, that, although married rich, not only his wife's fortune, bankstock and fisheries were disposed of, but a large mortgage had to be laid on the property besides.

The financial conditions of the poet lord were none the better.

In a letter of March, 1809 he writes:

Dear Mother,

My last letter was written under great depression of spirits from poor Falkland's death, who was left without a shilling, four children and his wife. I have been endeavouring to assist them, which God knows, I cannot do as I could wish, from my own embarrassments and many claims upon me from other quarters.

What you say is all very true: come what may, Newstead and I stand or fall together. I have now lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privation; but could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score. Mr. H. talks like a man of business on the subject,—I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead.

In a letter of Sept. 28, 1812, Byron writes:

My dear Bankes,

You have heard that Newstead is sold for the sum of £140,000: Sixty to remain in mortgage on the estate for three years, paying interest of course. Rochdale is also likely to do

well—so my worldly matters are mending. I have been here sometime drinking the waters, simply because there are waters to drink, and they are very medicinal, and sufficiently disgusting. In a few days I set out for Lord Jersey's, but return here, where I am quite alone, go out very little, and enjoy in its fullest extent the 'dolce far Niente' . . .

From a letter of November, 1813, we gather:

Another short note from Jersey, inviting Rogers and me on the 23. I must see my agent tonight. I wonder when that Newstead business will be finished. It cost me more than words to part with it! What matter it what I do? or what becomes of me?—but let me remember Job's saying, and console myself with being a living man.

I wish I could settle to reading again,—my life is monotonous, and yet desultory. I take my books, and fling them down again. I began a comedy and burnt it because the scene ran into reality:—a novel, for the same reason. In rhyme, I can keep more from facts; but the thought always runs through . . . yes, yes, through . . .

Sept. 15, 1814, Byron writes thus:

Now for a little egotism. My affairs stand thus, tomorrow I shall know whether a circumstance of importance enough to change many of my plans will occur or not. If it does I am off for Italy next week. I have got back Newstead and twenty-five thousand pounds (out of twenty-eight paid already)—as a sacrifice, the late purchaser calls it, and he may choose his own name. I have paid some of my debts, and contracted others; but I have a few thousand pounds, which I can't spend after my own heart in this climate, and so I shall go back south . . .

When Lord Byron inherited Newstead the property had suffered great devastation. His uncle, a haughty and proud man, had, for some reason or other, taken a dislike to his son, and decided to destroy the property to the best of his ability before it came into the hands of the young Byron. Unfortunately the boy died before his father, and the property went to his nephew. The poet lord fixed

up some of the rooms very handsomely, but had not enough money to fix the roof, which spoiled all. In some of the chambers the rain flooded in and destroyed the paper, while others became absolutely uninhabitable.

An idea of the life lived at Newstead, during the poet's regime, is best obtained from a letter, written by Charles Skinner Mathews, Esq., to Miss I. M., in May, 1809.

My dear............

I must begin by giving you a few particulars of the singular place which I have lately quitted. Newstead Abbey is situate 136 miles from London,—four on this side of Mansfield. It is so fine a piece of antiquity, that I should think there must be a description, and, perhaps, a picture of it in Grose. The ancestors of its present owner came into possession of it at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries,—but the building itself is of a much earlier date. Though sadly falling to decay, it is still completely an abbey, and most part of it is still standing in the same state as when it was first built. There are two tiers of cloisters, with a variety of cells and rooms about them, which though not inhabited, nor in an inhabitable state, might easily be made so; and many of the original rooms, amongst which is a fine stonehall, are still in use. Of the abbeychurch only one end remains; and the old kitchen, with a long range of apartments, is reduced to a heap of rubbish. Leading from the abbey to the modern part of the habitation, is a noble room seventy feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth; but every part of the house displays neglect and decay, save those which the present lord has lately fitted up.

The house and gardens are entirely surrounded by a wall with battlements. In front is a large lake, bordered here and there with castellated buildings, the chief of which stands on an eminence at the further extremity of it. Fancy all this surrounded by bleak and barren hills, and scarce a tree to be seen for miles, except a solitary clump or two, and you will have some idea of Newstead. For the late lord being at enmity with his son, to whom the estate was secured by entail, resolved, out of spite to the same, that the estate should descend to him in as miserable a plight as he could possibly reduce it to; for which cause, he took no care of the mansion, and fell to

lopping off every tree he could lay his hands upon, so furiously, that he reduced immense tracts of woodland-country to the desolate state I have just described. However, his son died before him, so that all his rage was thrown away.

So much for the place, concerning which I have thrown together these few particulars, meaning my account to be, like the place itself, without any order or connection. But if the place itself appears rather strange to you, the ways of the inhabitants will not appear much less so. Ascend, then, with me the hall steps, that I may introduce you to my Lord and his visitants. But have a care how you proceed; be mindful to go there in broad daylight, and with your eyes about you. For should you make any blunder,—should you go to the right of the hallsteps, you are laid hold of by a bear; and should you go to the left, your case is still worse, for you run full against a wolf!—Nor when you have attained the door, is your danger over; so that if you enter without giving a loud notice of your approach, you have only escaped the wolf and the bear to expire by the pistolshots of the merry monks of Newstead.

Our party consisted of Lord Byron and four others, and was, now and then, increased by the presence of a neighbouring parson. As for the way of living, the order of the day was generally this:—for breakfast no set hour, but each suited his own convenience,—everything remaining on the table till the whole party had done; though had one wished to breakfast at the early hour of ten, one would have been rather lucky to find any of the servants up. Our average hour of rising was one. I, who generally got up between eleven and twelve, was always,—even then an invalid,—the first of the party, and was esteemed a prodigy of early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast party broke up. Then for the amusements of the morning there was reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttlecock, in the great room; practising with pistols in the great hall; walking, riding—cricket—sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined; and our evening lasted from that time till one, two or three in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived.

I must not omit the custom of handling round, after dinner, on removal of the cloth, a human skull filled with Burgundy. After revelling on choice viands, and the finest wines of France, we adjourned to tea, where we amused ourselves with reading, or improving conversation,—each according to his fancy,—and after sandwiches, &c., retired to rest. A set of monkish dresses, which had been provided, with all the proper apparatus of

crosses, beads tonsoures, &c., often gave a variety to our appearance and our pursuits.

The journey back I performed on foot, together with another of the guests. We walked about twenty-five miles a day; but were a week on the road, from being detained by rain . . .

Colonel Wildman, who later bought the estate, spent more than £80,000 on its restoration and practically rebuilt the mansion. An old friend of the poet, he was careful to preserve all Byron's relics with almost worshipful care.

As for Byron himself, he never came to rest near his faithful Boatswain. After a rather stormy life, he finally died at Missolonghi, Greece, having thrown himself with great enthusiasm into the war between Greece and Turkey. From his own pocket he supported an entire regiment, at the expense of £10,000 a month.

Few of England's poets have been more bitterly criticised and more highly praised than Byron. His eccentric pranks, and unfortunate love affairs, made society of his time gasp in astonishment, at the same time his beautiful poems thrilled thousands of hearts.

Byron was laid to rest in the little Hucknal Church, near Newstead, at the side of his daughter and mother, far from England's honored great.

If that High world which lives beyond
Our own surviving love endears;
If there the cherished hearts be found,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears
Lost in thy light—Eternity.

HADDON HALL.

Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, July, 1836.

Not fond displays of cost, nor pampered train
Of idle menials, me so much delight,
Nor mirrored halls, nor roofs with gilding bright,
Nor all the foolery, the rich the vain,
As these time-honored walls, crowning the plain
With their gray battlements; within bedight
With ancient trophies of baronial might,
And figures dim, inwoven in the grain
Oh dusky tapestry. I love to muse,
In present peace, on days of pomp and strife;
The daily struggles of our human life
Seen through Time's veil, their selfish colouring lose,
As here the glaring beams of outer day
Through ivy-shadowed oriels softened play.

—Henry Alford.

HADDON HALL.

Rutland, Vernon, whatsoe'r
The boasted ranks, the lordly name,
All have melted into air,
Ceased like an extinguished flame.

Solemn in the summer noon,
Memory ridden, hope-bereft,
Ghostlike 'neath the midnight moon
By some trailing shadow cleft;

Vacant chamber of the dead,
Through whose gloom fierce passions swept;
Mouldering couch whereon 'tis said,
The majesty of England slept;

Hall of wassail, which has rung
To the unquestioned baron's jest;
Dim old chapel, where were hung
Offerings of the o'erfraught breast;

Moss clad terrace, strangely still,
Broken shaft, and crumbling frieze,
Still as lips that used to fill
With bugle-blasts the morning breeze!

Careless river gliding under,
Ever gliding, lapsing on,
With no sense ow awe or wonder
At the ages which have gone.

Thou in thy unconscious flow
Know'st not sorrows which destroy,
Yet this truth thou dost not know,—
Sorrows give a zest to joy.

Every record of the past
Makes the present more intense,
Love's old temple overcast
Wakes to love the living sense.

In the long-deserted hall,
In dead beauties' withered bower,
Closer clings the heart to all
That makes glad the fleeting hour;—

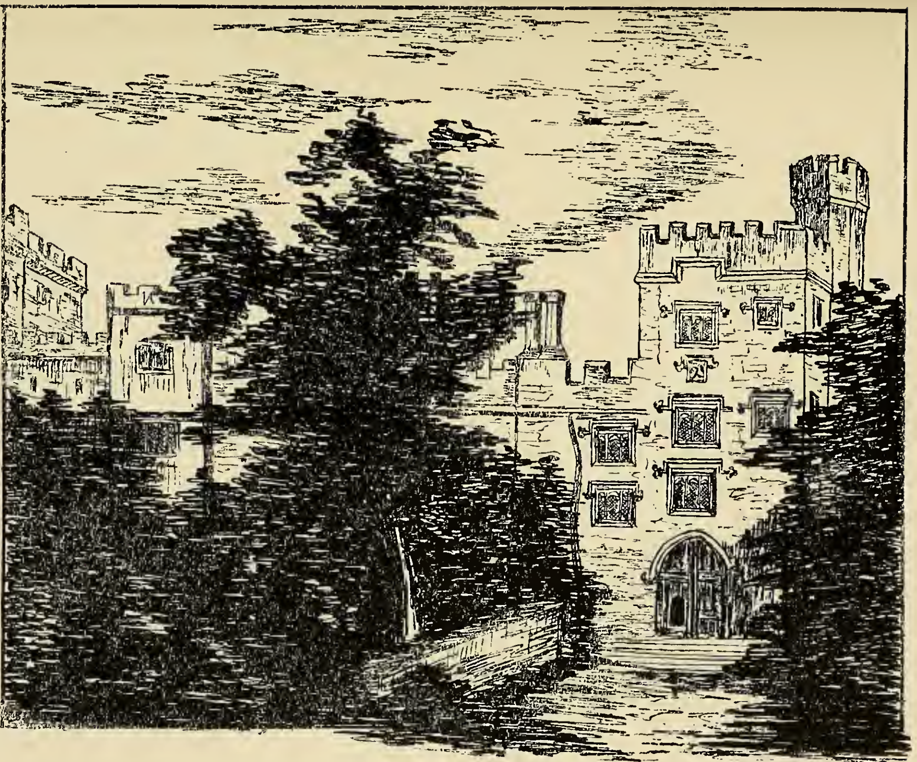
Closer cling we unto those
Who must leave us or be left;
Brighter in the sunset glows
Life's mysterious warp and weft.

—HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

HADDON HALL, in Derbyshire, has often been mentioned as one of the most perfect baronial mansions in England, still retaining its simple splendor of long ago.

Few of England's seats have received more attention by poets, artists, and writers. Its quaint domestic antiquity is so complete, as if the owners had departed but yesterday, and not some two centuries ago.

A strong bridge leads across the moat to an old



HADDON HALL.

gateway with massive nailstudded gates. The customary outer and inner courts are traditionally there, surrounded by buildings of various size, shape and age, from Norman to Tudor. Heavy timber floors, plain or panelled walls, steep thresholds, narrow doors, and spacious windows characterize the entire cluster of buildings.

The visitor, however, must be very careful in passing from room to room, because no two rooms lie on even surface. One, two, or more steps, lead to each threshold, and then the mountainous thresholds themselves! Indeed a misstep here might prove very annoying, if nothing more.

The banquetting hall, 35 feet by 25, with its dais, open roof, central fireplace, minstrels' gallery and old fashioned furniture, is very interesting. The floor is of stone and shows much wear. Part of the walls are oak panelled.

It was here that George Vernon, "the King of the Peak," 1517-1567, held his celebrated open Christmas feasts. From a bailiff's account of such a festival we read:

Paid George Wood, for helping in the pastry all christmas £3, 5s, 0d
Paid Robert Swindel, for helping at the like work all christmas, and two weeks £1, 5s, 0d
Paid William Green, the cook, for helping in the kitchen all christmas £1, 0s, 0d
Paid Anthony Highton, turnspit, for helping in the kitchen all christmas £0, 3s, 0d
Paid N. Cresswick, for pulling fowls and poultry all christmas £0, 3s, 0d
Paid Cherine Sprig, for helping the scullery maid all christmas £3, 0s, 0d
Paid Thomas Shaw, the piper, for piping all christmas £2, 0s, 0d

Given by my honours' command to Richard Blackwell, the dancer £0, 1s, 0d
Given by my honours' command to Ottivel Bramwell, the dancer £0, 5s, 0d
Given by my honourable lord and lady's command to Thomas Shaw's man.......................£0, 1s, 0d
Given by my honour's command to Richard Blackwell's kinswoman for dancing.................£0, 5s, 0d

From the hall to the kitchen is perhaps a logical step. To see the place where these magnificent dinners were prepared, is a feature by itself. But a modern cook would surely throw up the hands at the very first look, and run for bare life at the second. The timber ceiling is supported by massive beams. Two enormous ovens adorn the walls. Spits, pot-hooks, and tenter-hooks are found in plenty. Enormous chopping blocks and dressers divide the honors with heavy tables of solid oak, with tops, seven inches in thickness. But the first prize will no doubt be carried away by a monster salting trough, hollowed out from one immense block of wood, without joints or fastenings. In this kitchen was prepared, between the years 1660-1670, during each year, from thirty to forty beeves, from 400 to 500 sheep, about 8 to 10 swine, and yet the family resided most of the time at Belvoir Castle.

The long gallery, or dance hall, is perhaps the most beautiful room at Haddon, measuring 118 feet in length and only 18 feet in width. It is handsomely wainscoted throughout, with oak panelling.

The gardens of Haddon once stood in high repute, but are now overgrown, like everything else in this unique home. A fine terrace outside the man-

sion, contains the winter garden, planted with old yew trees and brush wood.

Haddon's heroine is Dorothy Vernon, the belle of Haddon, who eloped with young Manners, a scion of the noble house of Rutland, on the very eve of her sister's wedding.

Dorothy was a noble-hearted, beautiful girl, the idol of Haddon and its tenants. But she had committed a grave mistake in selecting a sweetheart of her own choice, without consulting the wish of her proud father.

The decision almost caused a scandal at Haddon, and she was even deprived of her liberty, and confined to an upper room in the house, in the care of a sly and watchful aunt.

And yet, it was all in vain. Sir Manners came and went to Haddon, daily, in the guise of a farmer, and exchanged love notes with the sweet prisoner. On the evening of her elder sister's wedding, while the watchful aunt had left the prisoner, just a moment, to view the splendor, Dorothy slipped out of the room, bade her parental seat a tender farewell, and then ran out in the dark night.

A short distance from the gate, Sir Manners stood waiting, with two horses, which soon carried away the lovers. Next morning they were married, on the boundary line of Leicestershire.

> It was a night with never a star
>   And the hall with revelry throbs and gleams;
> There grates a hinge—the door is ajar—
>   And a shaft of light in the darkness streams.
> A faint sweet face, a glimmering gem,
>   And then two figures steal out in the light;
> A flash, and darkness has swallowed them—
>   So sudden is Dorothy Vernon's flight.

FURNESS ABBEY.

FURNESS ABBEY.

On Norman cloister and on Gothic aisle
The fading sunset lingers for a while;
The rooks chant noisy vespers in the elms;—
Then night's slow-rising tide the scene o'erwhelmes.

So fade the roses and the flowers of kings,
And crowns and palms decay with humbler things;
And works built up by toil of mortal breath
Tend in unbroken course to dust and death.

Pillar and roof and pavement all are gone;
The lamp extinguished and the prayers long done;
But faith and awe, as stars, eternal shine;—
The human heart is their enduring shrine.

Oh Earth, in thine incessant funerals,
Take to thyself these crumbling, outgrown walls!
In the broad world our God we seek and find,
And serve our Maker when we serve our kind.

Yet spare for tender thought, for beauty spare,
Some sculptured capital, some carving fair;
Yon ivied archway, fit for poet's dream,
For painter's pencil, or for preacher's theme!

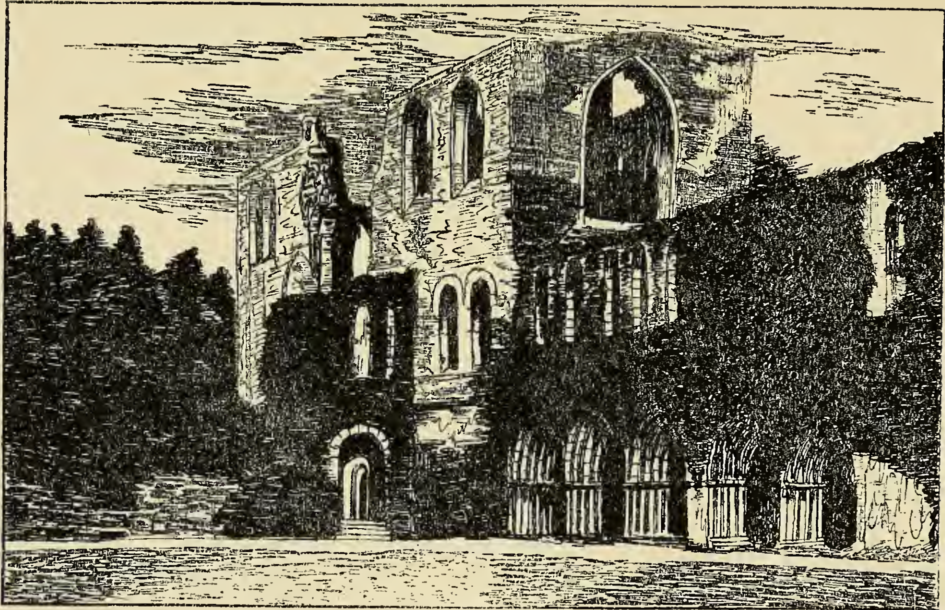
Save, for our modern hurry, rush and strife
The needed lesson that thought, too, is life!
Work is not prayer, nor duty's self divine,
Unless within them Reverence hath her shrine.

—Samuel Longfellow.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

I.

God with a mighty and an outstretched hand,
Stays thee from sinking, and ordains to be
His witness lifted 'twixt the Irish sea



FURNESS ABBEY.

And that still beauteous, once faith-hallowed land.
Stand as a sign, monastic prophet, stand!
Thee, thee the speechless, God hath 'stablished thee
In spiritual deserts like that Syrian sand!
Man's little race around thee creep and crawl,
And dig, and delve, and roll their thousand wheels;
But every scar of thine and stony rent
Cries to a proud, weak age, "Repent, repent!"

II.

Virtue goes forth from thee and sanctifies
That once so peaceful shore whose peace is lost,
To-day doubt-dimmed, and inly tempest-tost,
Virtue most healing when sealed up it lies
In relics, like thy ruins. Enmities
Thou hast not. Thy gray towers sleep on 'mid dust;
But in the resurrection of the just
Thy works, contemned today, once more shall rise.
Guard with thy dark compeer, cloud veiled Black Coombe,
Till then a land to nature and to grace
So dear. Thy twin in greatness, clad with gloom,
Is grander than with sunshine on his face:
Thou 'mid abjection and the irreverant doom
Art holier—O how much!—to hearts not base.

—AUBREY DE VERE.

FURNESS ABBEY crowns a peninsula stretching out in the sea of Morecombe Bay, in Lancashire. The lovely vale, the brook, and the wooded hills are traditionally present, lending a great charm to the old structure.

Furness was founded by King Stephen of England, in 1124. The first settlement was near Preston. But in 1127 it was moved to Furness. The valley was then known by the name of Benkansgill, or more commonly, the valley of the deadly nightshade. The legend mentions a certain poisonous plant which bloomed at night, sending out a strong, deadly odor. It was regarded dangerous to pass

through the valley after sunset, much more to live there for some time. Upon the coming of the holy men, however, the plant lost its poison and was never heard of again.

After the usual hardships and bitter experiences of early life, the abbey grew very wealthy, having at the time of its dissolution an income of £18,000 a year. Thirty monks served constantly at the altars, besides many lay brethren.

Because of its vast possession the abbey was compelled to supply the king with 1,200 fully equipped soldiers. The abbots served as military advisors to the commonwealth, and held in their rights, woods, pastures, fisheries and mills, besides considerable shares in salt and iron mines. Three daughter cloisters were established in various parts of the land.

The main source of wealth came from the iron mines conducted by the abbey, on the Valne Islands, near by. Thousands of tons were mined each year and two vessels shipped the iron to markets on the continent. These iron mines are still worked.

The charity expenditures amounted to more than 3,000 dollars a year, and the doors stood always open to the needy and the sick. Because of its wealth, Furness was one of the first houses to fall before the Tyrant's hand. The abbot was given a choice between a vicarage on £100 a year, and the gallows, and chose the former.

"The vast and magnificent edifice of Furness was forsaken, the lamp on the altar of St. Mary went out forever, and in the deserted cloisters no sound was heard but the axe and hammer of those who came

to cut away the lead, dash down the bells, hew away the rafters and break in pieces the arches and pillars. Thus dismantled, the ruin was left as a common quarry for the convenience of every country man who could cart away the sculptured stones for building a pigsty or a byre."—Canon Dixon.

"The sales of monastic goods," says Abbot Gasquet, "realized the great sum of close to £800, and bands of imported workmen were employed for a long time on the work wrecking the buildings."

In our farewell to the historic ruin let us quote Hunnewell's beautiful description of a Sabbath morning at Furness Abbey: "A service, even of the most simple sort, is impressive in one of these solemn temples that for centuries resounded with the matins and vespers sung in the old language of the church, but that now only echo back the cawing of the passing rooks or the twitter of the sparrows when the busy world does not intrude. While the writer, one Sunday morning, sat alone beneath the shattered arches and read from his latin Bible, or listened to the music of the birds, he felt his slight observance only like a preface to a silent sermon coming from the gray ancient stones, and telling that if human greed and passion help time to make noble 'things earthly disappear,' beneficence, perpetual in its kindness, will gild the poor fragments with a blessed light; and that if saddening ruin spreads around the spot that held the altar, the bright sunshine of a glorious day shines on a bettered land."

BOLTON ABBEY.

Entranced with varied loveliness, I gaze
On Bolton's hallowed fane. Its hoary walls,
More eloquent, in ruin, than the halls
Of princely pomp, their solemn features raise
Mid thick embowering elms. Meek cattle graze
The peaceful pastures circling it around;
Old wharf flows sparkling by the pensive sound,
And heathery hills look down through purple haze.
All lend their aid to prompt these humble lays;
Some kind of soothing influence all have given,—
The mouldering abbey and the moss grown grave,
The breezy moorland and the rock nurst wave,
Cliff, meadow, forest,—all direct to heaven,
All blend their voices in one psalm of praise.

—Newman Hall.

BOLTON ABBEY.

Spirits of wonder, loveliness, and fear,
Dwell in these groves, beneath o'erarching trees,
With the dim presence of their mysteries
Haunting the rocks and mountain shadows near:
They pass the lone enthusiast, wandering here,
By strangled Warf, or Barden's ancient tower;
Pass him, nor shake a dewdrop from a flower,
But with their whispers soothe his soul-taught ear,
As with a dream of prayer; until he starts,
Awakened from deep thoughts of Time's calm might
And Nature's beauty, and the awe departs;—
When, to the Abbey's moonlight-tinted walls,
The demon of the spectred river calls,
Mocked by the voices of mysterious night.

—Ebenezer Elliot.

BOLTON PRIORY.

From Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun shines bright; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of crystal Wharf,
Throng the vale retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.
And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company!
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
Like cattle through the budding brooms;
Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

What should they there?—full fifty years
That sumptuous pile, with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste:
Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,—
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part,—
A chapel like a wild bird's nest,
Closely embowered and trimly drest;
And thither young and old repair,
This sabbath day for praise and prayer.

Fast the churchyard fills, anon,
Look again, and they all are gone,—
The cluster round the porch, and the folk
Who sat in the shade of the Prior's oak!
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard:
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice!
They sing a service which they feel:
For 'tis the sunrise now of zeal,—
Of a pure faith the vernal prime,—
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
—When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green
Where is no living thing to be seen,—
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the churchyard ground,—
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary doe!
White she is, as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,—
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of Ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your churchyard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work of Sabbath hours
If I with this bright creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a spirit of one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this pile of state
Overthrown and desolate!
How a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light

Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,—
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath;
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault or stone, or cell
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering doe
Fills many a damp, obscure recess
With lustre and a saintly show;
And, reappearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
A more than sunny liveliness,
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform or boon to ask?
Fair pilgrim! harbours she a sense
Of sorrow or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for choir or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of house where God
Were worshipped, or where man abode;
For old magnificence undone,
Or for the gentler work begun
By nature, softening or concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing?
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth,
That to the sapling ash gives birth;
For dormitory's length laid bare,
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament?
—She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone,—
A warrior with his shield of pride

Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;
As little she regards the sight
As a common creature might:
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
—But her's are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light!
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
And thus she fares, until at last
Beside the ridge of grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gentle as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer's breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace and lovingly.

—William Wordsworth.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER; OR THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY.

A Tradition.

"What is good for a boothless bene?"
With these dark words begins my tale;
And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
When prayer is of no avail?

"What is good for a boothless bene?"
The falconer to the lady said;
And she made answer, "endless sorrow!"
For she knew that her son was dead.

She knew by the falconer's words,
And from the look of the falconer's eye;
And from the love which was in her soul
For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low;
And holds a greyhound in a leash,
To slip upon buck or doe.

The pair reached that fearful chasm,
   How tempting to bestride!
For lordly wharf is there pent in
   With rocks on either side.

The striding place is called the Strid,
   A name which it took of yore:
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
   And shall a thousand more.

And thither is young Romilly come,
   And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
   Shall bound across the Strid?

He sprang in glee; for what cared he
   That the river was strong and the rocks were steep?
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
   And checked him in his leap.

The boy in the arms of Wharf,
   And strangled by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly seen
   Till he rose a lifeless corpse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
   And long, unspeaking sorrow:
Wharf shall be to the pitying hearts
   A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the lady wept,
   A solace she might borrow
From death, and from the passion of death;
   Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding day
   Which was to be to-morrow:
Her hope was a further looking hope,
   And here is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
   And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
   Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately priory!"

The stately priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
And matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succor come,
And a patience to her grief.

O, there is never a sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn and ask
Of Him to be our friend!"

—William Wordsworth.

OLD Yorkshire is famous for its charming nature and rich legendary history. No other shire in England can boast of a greater abundance of castles and abbeys, and in romantic charm it stands second only to ancient Somerset.

Here, in a lovely valley, near West Riding, stands an old ruin of the former wealthy Bolton Abbey, where we ask the reader to linger just a moment and listen to the story of Bolton.

The ruin itself consists of but a few arches and ivy-clad walls, of a former mighty abbey church, situated on the banks of the swift moving river Wharf, which here makes a longstretched turn. The spot is exceptionally pretty, surrounded by woods and sunny valleys, which form a most pleasing setting to the ivy-mantled walls of the abbey church. Add to this, a rich variation of many colored wild flowers,

a carpet of green, studded with trees and bushes, and the clear blue sky above, and we have a picture of infinite charm and beauty.

The priory was founded in 1151, to the memory of Romilly Duncan, who lost his life in the foaming river below. The incident has been touchingly pictured in Wordsworth's poem, "the Force of Prayer."

> "Let there be
> In Bolton on the fields of Wharf,
> A stately priory!"
> The stately priory was reared;
> And Wharf as he moves along,
> To matins joined a mournful voice
> Nor failed at even song."

Harsh critics have torn the legend to pieces, but nevertheless the simple tradition will outlive the centuries. The poetic sadness lingering over the vale can never be dispelled by cold criticism. It belongs to the legends to convey the joys or sorrows of simple hearts, shrouding even the simplest transactions in their poetic glimmer.

Bolton Abbey rapidly grew in wealth. At the end of the thirteenth century the annual revenues amounted to nearly 13,500 dollars. It possessed large stores of sheep and cattle. In one year the wool trade alone brought in about 12,000 dollars, and its mill dues amounted to the great sum of 30,000 dollars.

Eighteen monks served at the altars, four laybrethren worked around the place as artisans, twenty laybrethren defended the convent, besides a hundred or more of free servants. "To feed all these people," says Prof. Fletcher, "was no light

task. The records for one particular year show that they consumed 319 quarters of wheaten bread, 112 of barley, 636 of malted oats, 39 of oatmeal for the dogs, and 411 of provender for the horses. They used 147 stones of ewemilk cheese, 64 oxen, 35 cows, 1 steer, 140 sheep, 67 pigs, 113 stones of butter, and vast stores of venison, fish, game and poultry. The servants, free and bond, washed their meals down with ale, which was brewed in the house from their own malted oats; the canons, gentlemen retainers, lay brethren, and guests, drank wine. They spent £90 on the feasts of assumption on wine alone, and there is an entry showing that their purchase in one year amounted to nearly 2,000 gallons."

There is a beautiful legend from Bolton, about a little, white doe, whose touching friendship for her mistress was long the talk of the village. The girl's name was Emily Norton, daughter of Sir Norton, whose activities during the "Rebellion of the North" brought on, not only his own destruction, but also that of his nine sons.

The doe had been given to Emily by her brothers, and immediately became a pet, eating from her hand, and sleeping at her feet. It was a common sight to see the two pass through the village street, and the villagers watched them with musing interest.

Then came the terrible blow. Emily lost all her dear ones and was compelled to flee from home. After a long absence she finally returned, broken in health and spirit. She was immediately recognized by the white doe, which never after left her sick bed. When Emily died and was buried at the Bol-

ton cemetery, the little doe followed the procession to the grave. Hither she also returned afterwards, often on Sunday mornings, to rest a while at the little grave-hill of her old friend.

It is told, that more than one church-goer entirely forgot the morning service in their eager sympathy to watch the little animal.

"Ah well," said the people, "one can hear a dry sermon any Sunday in the year, but to watch the tender love of the faithful doe is a treat not always offered."

ROKEBY CASTLE.

ROKEBY'S NEIGHBORHOOD.

Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,
Shall rush upon the ravished sight;
But many a tributary stream
Each from its own dark dell shall gleam:
Staindrop, who, from her sylvan bowers,
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers;
The rural brook of Egliston,
And Balder, named from Odin's son;
And Greta, to whose banks ere long
We lead the lovers of the song;
And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,
But last and least, but lovliest still,
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.
Who in that dim-wood glen hath strayed,
Yet longed for Roslin's magic glade?
Who, wandering there, hath sought to change
Even for that vale so stern and strange,
Where Cartland's crags, fantastic rent,
Through her green copse like spires are sent?
Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes and story to combine.

—Walter Scott.

* * *

THE castle of Rokeby once stood at the junction of the rivers Tees and Greta, in Yorkshire. The castle and its neighborhood have been famously pictured by Walter Scott, in his much criticized "Rokeby," an epic of unusual pictorial strength, but slowmoving romance. Scott's pen possessed an almost magic power when it came to lifelike description, and particularly so when it touched on the lesser features and details of his beautiful word

paintings. Hence the reader of Rokeby will always enjoy the pictures of the beautiful Yorkshire scenery and its historic places, like Barnard Castle, Mortham Tower, Abbey Ridge, etc., equally as much as the romantic tread of the epic itself.

The old Norman Castle has vanished long ago and a modern mansion takes its place. The park is exceptionally pretty.

Stern Bertram shunned the nearer way,
Through Rokeby's park and chase that lay
And, skirting high the valley's ridge,
They crossed by Greta's ancient bridge.
Descending where her waters wind
Free for a space and unconfined.
As, 'scaped from Brignall's dark-wood glen,
She seeks wild Mortham's deeper den.

Of different mood, a deeper sigh
Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets high
When northward in the dawning seen
To rear them o'er the thicket green.
O then, though Spencer's self had strayed
Beside him through the lovely glade,
Lending his rich luxuriant glow
Of fancy, all its charms to show
Pointing the stream rejoicing free,
As captive set at liberty.
Flashing her sparkling waves abroad,
And clamoring joyful on her road;
Pointing where, up the sunny banks,
The trees retire in scattered ranks,
Save where, advanced before the rest,
On knoll or hillock rears his crest,
Lonely and huge, the giant oak,
As champions, when their band is broke,
Stand forth to guard the rearward post,
The bulwark of the scattered host—

The open vale is soon passed o'er,
Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more;
Sinking 'mid Greta's thickets deep,

A wild and darker course they keep,
A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
As e'er the foot of minstrel trod!

Nowhere in the wide world will Scott's Rokeby be read to more advantage than at the very spot where the scenes are portrayed. Hence our advice to all lovers of Walter Scott: Read Rokeby,—and if you can, read it at Rokeby.

The lords of Rokeby were famous as soldiers and statesmen, from the Conquest till the time of Charles I, when the family suffered much because of its loyalty to the king.

There remains a curious mentioning of a medicine bill in the diary of Sir Thomas Rokeby, which is of some interest. The worthy patient was a Justice in the Court of Common Pleas, during the reign of William III. The bill covers two months, October and November, 1697. It shows to what height the practice of medicine had come in the seventeenth century, and will, in a way, serve as a sort of consolation to dopers of the twentieth century.

"Purging pills, 2s.; leeches 6d.; aperitive ingredients, 1s. 6d.; hysterick water, 2s; vermifuge pills, a box, 3s. 4.; a purging bolus, 1s. 6 d.; cephalick drops, 2s. 6d.; an hysterick julep, 3s. 6d.; hysterick pills (85), 6s. 8d.; a vomitive potion, 2s. 6d. a stomachic cordial, 2s.; a cordial potion, 1s. 8d.; vomitive salts (3 doses) 1s. 6 d.; the hysterick julep, 3s. 6d.; mithridate, 1s.; the vomitive potion, 2s. 6d.; vomitive salts, 1s. 6d.; the hysterick pills, 6s. 8d. the hysterick julep, 3s. 6d.; mithridate, 1s.; the vomitive potion, 2s. 6d. vomitive salts, 1s. 6d.; the hysterick

pills, 6s. 8d.; the hysterick julep, 3s. 6d. sal amoniac, 6s.; total £2, 17s. 10d."

In spite of all this doping Sir Thomas lived to the age of sixty-seven years.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

Abbey! forever smiling pensively,
How like a thing of Nature dost thou rise,
Amid her loveliest works! as if the skies,
Clouded with grief, were arched thy roof to be,
And tall trees were copied all from thee!
Mourning thy fortunes,—while the waters dim
Flow like the memory of thy evening hymn;
Beautiful in their sorrowing sympathy,
As if they with a weeping sister wept,
Winds name thy name! But thou, though sad, art calm,
And time with thee his plighted troth hath kept;
For harebells deck thy brow, and at thy feet,
Where sleep the proud, the bee and redbreast meet,
Mixing thy sighs with Nature's lonely psalm.

—Ebenezer Elliot.

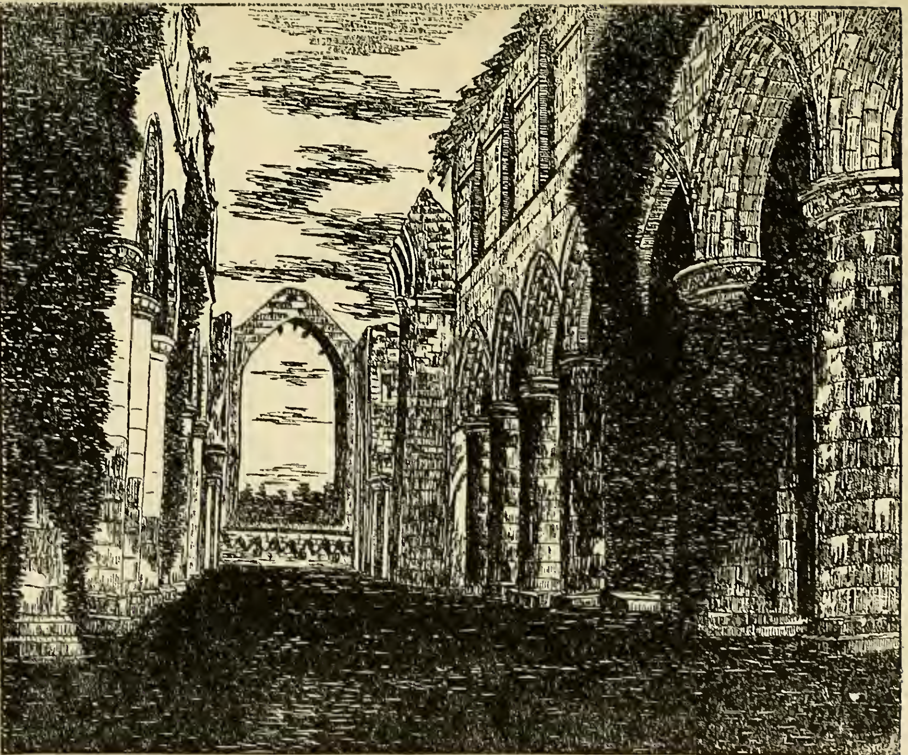
FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

Alas, alas! those ancient towers,
Where never now the vespers ring,
But lonely at the midnight hours
Flits by the bat on dusky wing.

No more beneath the moonlight dim,
No more beneath the planet ray,
Those arches echo with the hymn
That bears life's meager cares away.

No more within some cloistered cell,
With windows of the sculptured stone,
By sign of cross and sound of bell,
The worldworn heart can beat alone.

How needful some such tranquil place,
Let many a weary one attest,
Who turns from life's impatient race,
And asks for nothing but for rest.



FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

How many, too heartsick to roam
Still linger o'er the troubled wave,
Would thankful turn to such a home,—
A home already half a grave.
—ANONYMOUS.

ABOUT two miles from Ripon, in Yorkshire, stands the celebrated Fountains Abbey, in a lovely vale, the very personification of quietude.

With a feeling of mingled sorrow and profound veneration the visitor approaches the historic ruin. The picture is one of rare beauty. Old, knotty yew-trees tower high above the lonely arches. Warbling little singers flitter from arch to arch, happy in the glittering sunlight, while a murmuring brook glides leisurely through the vale.

From a carpet of green and gold rises the roofless abbey church, to a height of 166 feet, at the north end tower, and with an entire length of 358 feet. The nave still preserves most of the eleven bays, resting on massive pillars, while the beautiful choir, with its chapel of nine altars, still retains a grandeur rather exceptional.

Fountains Abbey owes its existence to the preachings of Bernhard of Clairveaux. A religious house belonging to the Benediktine order stood at this time near York. Everything was running smooth until Bernhard's powerful preachings and stern demand for a purer life reached the community. Seized by the glowing truths, a few of the brethren became dissatisfied with the existing conditions at York and began to accuse the old abbot of carelessness and slack discipline.

Then the trouble began. The brethren were persecuted and tormented. The archbishop of York

was called upon to settle the trouble, but was denied admission to the abbey. Not until the entire community was laid under ban, did the obstinate abbot yield. The dissatisfied brethren left the monastery and found a temporary shelter at the home of the archbishop.

This happened in 1132.

In the midst of winter the little band departed for Ripon and settled down on land presented them by the kind archbishop. It was bitterly cold and provisions ran short. A simple hut, made from twigs and leaves, scarcely kept out the wind, much less the cold. The food, during the greater part of the year, consisted mainly of herbs and roots, and the sufferings were keen.

When two years had passed the monks finally gave up. A petition was sent to Bernhard of Clairveaux to be received into his monastery, which was readily granted.

But right here things changed for the better.

The dean of York surrendered his own person, together with much wealth and a large library, to the cause of the few brethren, and thus saved the situation.

A time of prosperity now set in. Many persons flocked to the monastery, which became known for its strictness and powerful religious activities.

At the time of the dissolution, in the sixteenth century, the domains of Fountains supported not less than 2,356 cattle, 1,326 sheep, 86 horses, and 79 swine. The annual income was estimated to £1,174, 0s. 7d., or about 17,600 dollars. The gold and silver ornaments were valued to over 30,000 dol-

lars. Nearly 940 ounces of silver and 14 ounces of gold, with many jewels, were sent to the treasury of London.

The destruction of the abbey was complete. Doors and shutters were torn from their hinges and carried away. The large bells were melted, and in the beautiful choir a huge fire was kindled from finely carved stalls and screens, to melt the lead from the roofs.

The orderbooks of the abbey contain a number of interesting items about cakes, ale, wine, candied fruits and other delicacies, showing that life was not altogether a strenuous sacrifice. In the treasurer's accounts are mentioned smaller sums paid out to conjurers, gymnasts, jesters, fabulators, wandering minstrels, actors and fools. One fool, Simon, is mentioned twice, each time being paid 4 dimes.

> Yet still thy turrets drink the light
> Of summer evening's softest ray,
> And ivy garlands, green and bright,
> Still mantle thy decay;
> And calm and beauteous as of old,
> Thy wandering river glides in gold.

WHITBY ABBEY.

WHITBY ABBEY.

Thou relic of a bygone generation,
  Thou crumbling record of a vanished race,
Towering aloft in lonely desolation,
  Like the great guardian spirit of the place:

Thy walls with age are mouldering, gray and hoary,
  Where thy long transept lay the grass waves green;
And scarce a remnant of thy former glory
  Remains to tell us what thou once hast been.

Yet here in days of yore a royal maiden
  Has ministered upon the sacred shrine;
And knights and nobles with their symbols laden
  Have joined the orisons and rites divine.

Here images of saints in dark-niched spaces
  Have peered on black-cowled monks devoid of smiles;
And meek-eyed nuns, with fair and pensive faces,
  Have flitted through the solemn whispering aisles.

Here oft the sweet strains of an Ave Mary
  Have stolen through the twilight, still and clear;
And the wild cadence of a Miserere
  Has struck upon the midnight's startled ear.

And in the frequent pauses of devotion,
  When silence brooded on the prostrate band,
Was heard the deep-mouthed wailing of the ocean
  Beating forever on the rocky strand.

But all is changed!—no more the nightwind, stealing
  Through thy dim galleries and vacant nave,
Will catch the sound of music's measured pealing
  And bear it far across the moonlit wave:

No more when morning gilds the eastern heaven
  Will early matins rise or organ swell;

And when the first stars gem the brow of even
No more will sound the sweet-toned vesper bell.

Thy glory has gone by! and thou art standing
In lonely pomp upon thy sea-washed hill,
Wearing in hoary age a mien commanding,
And in thy desolation stately still!

—William Leighton.

It was a stormy day in August, when two weary strangers arrived at the little town of Whitby, to view its famous abbey. The ascent of nearly a hundred steps, from the town to the abbey grounds, looked steep enough, and the weather was by no means encouraging. The mighty waves dashed heavily against the cliffs, and the clouds hung low and threatening. The screaming sea gulls hovered above the gray, lonely ruins, as if afraid of the roaring billows yonder, and their piercing shrieks sent chills through the hearts of the tired pilgrims. There could, perhaps, never be pictured a scenery more lonesome and dreary than the ruins of Whitby in storm.

But the ascent was nevertheless made, and with profitable gain.

The history of Whitby goes back to the time when the heathen King Penda fought the Northumbrian King Osvy. Almost driven to despair, the Northumbrian promised the Virgin to build a monastery in her honor, and even to consecrate his own daughter to the service of God, if he could only defeat King Osvy.

He was successful, and Whitby sprang into existence.

In 664 a council was held here, which united the

Celtic Church with the Roman. Here, also, England's first Poet Laureate, Caedmon, the cowherd, sang his songs of the Creator and his works.

One night while sleeping in the stable, a shining being appeared and said: "Caedmon, sing a song to me!"

"I can not sing," he answered.

"But thou shalt sing," persisted the voice.

"What shall I sing?"

"Sing a song of the creation!"

And Caedmon sang:

> There was not yet then here
> except gloom like a cavern,
> anything made.
> But the wide ground
> stood deep and dim
> for a new lordship,
> shapeless and unsuitable.
>
> On which his eyes glanced,
> the king stern in mind,
> and the joyless place beheld.
> He saw the dark clouds
> perpetually press
> black under the sky,
> till this worlds creation
> thro' the word was done
> of the King of Glory.
> Here first made
> the Eternal Lord,
> the patron of all creatures,
> heaven and earth. He reared the sky,
> and the roomy land established
> with strong powers,
> Almighty Ruler!
> The earth was then yet
> with grass not green;
> With the ocean covered,
> perpetually black
> far and wide
> the desert ways.

Caedmon, who could neither read nor write, had the Bible passages translated to him and then composed his poetic productions, while the clerks took it down in writing.

Bede said of his poetry thus: "Others after him attempted, in the English nation, to compose religious poems, but none could ever compare with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, but from God."

Many centuries passed before this "Milton of his day" received any recognition by posterity. But in 1898 a beautiful celtic cross was erected in his honor, on the abbey hill, bearing the inscription:

> To the glory of God
> and in memory of His servant Caedmon.
> Fell asleep hard by,
> A. D. 680.

At the foundation of the abbey, the vale of Whitby was infested by poisonous snakes which made human existence a terror. But through the courage of Abbess Hilda, the first abbess, they were all driven away.

> An ancient building which you see
> Upon the hill close by the sea;
> Was Strenshall abbey nam'd by me,
> I above mentioned was the dame
> When I was living in the same,
> Great wonders did as you shall hear,
> Having my God in constant fear.
> When Whitby town with snakes was filled,
> I to my God pray'd, and them killed;
> And for Commemoration sake
> Upon the score, you might them take
> All turn'd to stone with the same shape,
> As they from me did make escape;
> But as for heads none can be seen,
> Unless they've artificial been.

The legend also tells you that all these stone snakes were blown down the cliff by a mighty wind. As a matter of fact, the coast here is even today, after heavy storms, strewn with petrified Ammonites, from which, no doubt, the legend drew its poisonous snakes.

After Hilda's death the nunnery prospered during two hundred years, until 866, when the Scandinavian Vikings appeared. Every monastery in Yorkshire was destroyed. St. Hilda's was made a ruin like the rest, and left a burning heap.

Two hundred years passed without the slightest news of the abbey. Then, one day in 1074, three monks came to Whitby. They were astonished at the sight of the noble ruins and inquired in the village below for their name. But no one knew. The only name the few fishermen could give was "Presteby."

Once more the abbey was rebuilt, and greater than ever. The canons numbered thirty-eight, and the place was from now on called Whitby. Again, in 1109, it was plundered by Vikings, but this time rather lightly. The following centuries have little to say about the abbey of St. Mary except that it became one of England's greatest. At the time of the dissolution the annual income was estimated to £505, 9s. 1d.

What the wanton hands of the reformers did not destroy, wind and rain have done afterwards. In 1763 the nave fell down during a severe tempest. The north wall fell in 1804, and the central tower in 1830. In spite of all, the ruin looks exceptionally pretty and imposing, speaking powerfully of the

period which we love to characterize as the dark and unlettered.

Ah, but look! The clouds have disappeared, the wind is calm and a glittering sunlight shrouds the abbey hill, and the bay below. The golden rays play among the arches and pillars with a dainty touch. Out yonder on the surging billows sail the last shreds of the mist before the wind, while the shrieking sea gulls rise high into the etherial blue.

Indeed, human works may perish, but human ideas live forever!

BARNARD CASTLE.

BARNARD CASTLE.

The moon is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And raking o'er her face the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud;
On Barnard's towers and Tee's stream
She changes as a guilty dream,
When conscience with remorse and fear
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career,
Her light seems now the blush of shame,
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame,
Shifting that shade to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow;
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the woodland Tees,
Then from old Baliol's tower looks forth,
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,
Hears upon turret-roof and wall
By fits the plashing raindrop fall,
Lists of the breeze's boding sound,
And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

Far in the chambers of the west,
The gale had sighed itself to rest;
The moon was cloudless now and clear,
But pale, and soon to disappear.
The thin gray clouds wax dimly light
On Brusleon and Houghton height;
And the rich dale that eastward lay,
Waited the wakening touch of day,
To give its woods and cultured plain,
And towers and spires, to light again.
But, westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,
And Lunedale wild, and kelton-fell,
And rock-begirdled Gilmanscar,
And Arkingarth, lay dark afar;

While as a livelier twilight falls,
Emerge proud Barnard's bannered walls.
High crowned he sits, in dawning pale,
The sovereign of the lovely vale.

What prospects from his watchtower high,
Gleam gradual on the warder's eye.—
Far sweeping to the east, he sees
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,
And tracks his wanderings by the steam
Of summer vapours from the stream;
And ere he pace his destined hour
By Brackenbury's dungeon tower,
These silver mists shall melt away,
And dew the woods with glittering spray.
Then in broad lustre shall be shown
That mighty trench of living stone,
And each huge trunk that, from the side,
Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,
Where Tees, full many a fathom low,
Wears with his rage no common foe;
For pebly bank, nor sand-bed here,
Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career,
Condemned to mine a channelled way
O'er solid sheets of marble gray.

Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,
Shall rush upon the ravished sight;
But many a tributary stream
Each from its own dark dell shall gleam:
Staindrop, who, from her sylvan bowers,
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers;
The rural brook of Egliston,
And Balder, named from Odin's son:
And Greta to whose banks ere long
We lead the towers of the song;
And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,
And last and least, but loveliest still,
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.
Who in that dim-wood glen hath strayed,
Yet longed for Roslin's magic glade!
Who, wandering there, hath sought to change
Even for that vale so stern and strange,

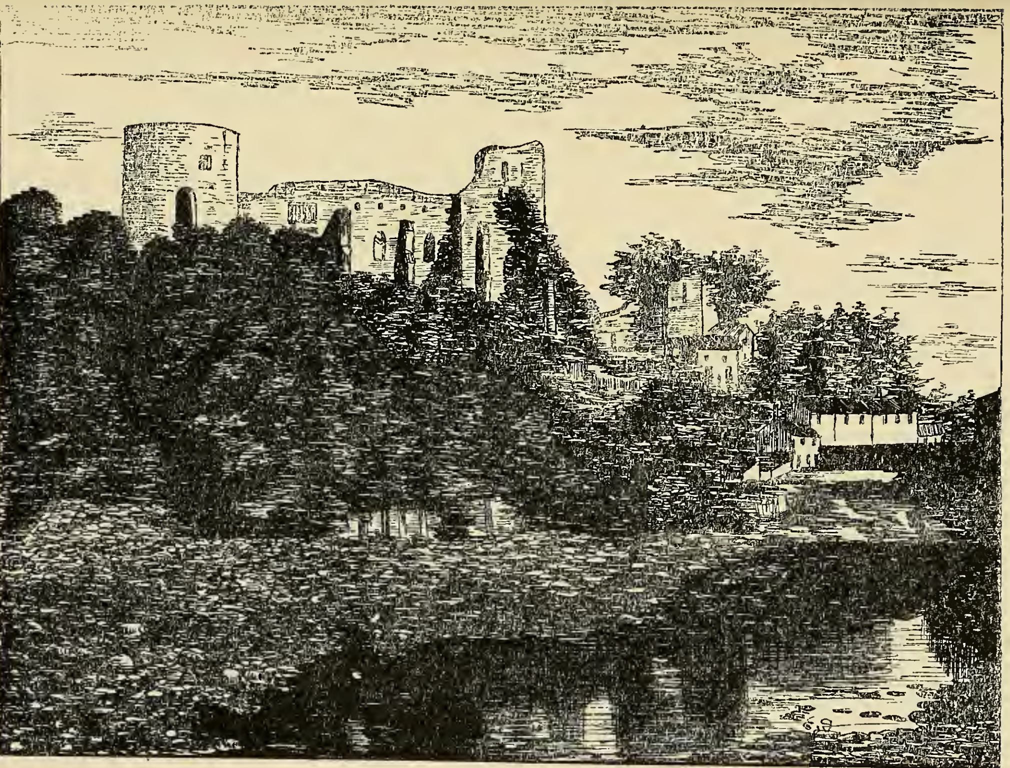
Where Cartland's Crags, fantastic rent,
Through her green corpse like spires are sent!
Yet, Albion, yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes and story to combine!
Thou bidst him who by Roslin strays
List to the deeds of other days;
'Mid Cartland's Crags thou show'st the cave,
The refuge of thy champion brave;
Giving each rock its storied tale,
Pouring a lay for every dale,
Knitting, as with a moral band,
Thy native legends with thy land,
To lend each scene the interest high
With genius beautie's eye.

—Walter Scott.

BARNARD CASTLE stands only twenty miles from the old, historic cathedral town of Durham, in the sedate but prosperous Durhamshire. The steep rock, the river, meadows, and fine views over the historic Yorkshire, are all there to complete the picture. The little white town houses form a pleasant contrast to the gray and frowning towers of the old castle, a contrast all the more noticeable the closer we approach the ruin.

The ruin? Yes, such it is. The splendors of noble halls, of rich tapestries, of silk gowns and shining coats of mail, have all vanished long ago, leaving but the yawning towers and broken chambers to tell of a former greatness. The only inhabitants of Barnard Castle of today are hooting owls, jackdaws and bats, with an occasional visitor now and then.

Barnard Castle has seen many changes and passed through many hands. It was for centuries the seat of the powerful Baliols, of which John Baliol became regent of Scotland. It became the property of



BARNARD CASTLE.

the earls of Warwick, and also the earls of Westmoreland, was repeatedly claimed by the bishops of Durham, and now belongs to the duke of Cleveland.

During the Rising of the North, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, Barnard Castle became the turning point of the rebellion. The earls of Westmoreland, partly instigators of the plot, insisted on besieging Barnard Castle on their way south. They supposed that the castle would fall within a day, or so, but instead it held out for more than ten days. This gave the queen ample time to collect her forces, and the rebels were routed.

It is interesting, perhaps, to remember that while this plot was widely advertised to be an effort by the catholics to restore their religion in England, this was, after all, but an empty show, intended to give the rebellion the greatest possible strength. The real motive was the liberation of the Scottish queen, Mary Stuart, for whom particularly the Duke of Northumberland had fought long and hard.

Among the most enthusiastic rebels was Sir Richard Norton of Ryleston, and his nine sons, who marched at the head of the army, carrying banners and crosses. After the defeat, this noble old gentleman and his nine sons were all beheaded, together with a number of the lesser leaders, while the earls were compelled to seek safety on Scottish soil.

PEEL CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.

PEEL CASTLE.

Suggested by a picture of Peel Castle in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont.

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged pile!
    Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
    Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air;
    So like, so very like was day to day!
Whene'er I looked thy image still was there;
    It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! it seemed to sleep;
    No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty deep
    Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! then if mine had been the painter's hand,
    To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land;
    The consecration and a poet's dream;

I would have painted thee, thou hoary pile!
    Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
    On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
    Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
    Or merely silent nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
    Such picture would I at that time have made:
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
    A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;
  I have submitted to a new control;
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
  A deep distress hath humanised my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
  A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
  This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend! who would have been the friend,
  If he had lived whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
  This sea in anger, and the dismal shore.

O, 'tis a passionate work!—yet wise and well;
  Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
  This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
  I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
  The lightning, the fierce wind, and trembling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
  Housed in a dream, at distance from its kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
  Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
  And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—
  Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

—William Wordsworth.

THE Isle of Man lies midway between the coast of Cumberland and Ireland, in the Irish Sea. It is thirty miles long and fifteen, wide. The central parts are occupied by chains of hills, and the coast is rocky and steep: It was known early by Ptolemy and Pliny, and has a long history of local interest.

Few spots in England are richer in Folklore than this romantic isle.

And here, too, the genius of Walter Scott found material for one of his novels, "The Peveril of the Peak." Wherever we meet Scott's spirit among the ruins of antiquity there is always a lot to learn and admire. Few writers have understood the silent pleadings of the crumbling stones of the past, as he did, and few have been able to interpret them better.

On a little islet, near the town of Peele, stands Peel Castle. Once upon a time it was mighty and powerful, with several churches within its walls. Now its strength and importance has long ago moulded into dust. "Peveril of the Peak," contains several chapters dealing with the old castle. The reader is escorted upwards a steep, rockbound and winding road to the castle walls. The gray buildings look dark and timeworn. Lady Derby has found it hard to fight the parliament and poverty, since her husband's death in 1651.

The apartments look gloomy, and the old hall stands smoky and dark, with but scanty furniture and faded curtains. Never could a picture of a poor noble-seat of these times have been painted better.

Then the reader follows Julian Peveril, the hero of the novel, on his adventurous journey to save the countess and plead with her catholic friends. The scenes of his departure are interesting.

The night is dark. There is a haunted passage between the church and the castle, full of horrors. A secret door in the wall leads to a ladder below, and a

waiting boat. A dumb maiden's love-leap sends a thrill through the darkness, and a little dwarf plays his naughty pranks, sometimes merry and sometimes mean.

So much for Scott's Peveril.

The castle also had two ghosts who kept the village tongues busy. One of them, Lady Eleanor, countess of Gloucester, walked the battlements nightly, sending the guards in fright to their quarters. The other had the form of a dog, which slept in the guardroom from midnight till morning, and kept the soldiers from cursing. One night a drunken guard tried to fight him, but was ousted and died soon after.

The island, too, had its giant, who slept on a marble table in a house lit by thousands of candles. He measured fourteen feet in length and ten around the waist-line. According to current belief he is still sleeping, and when he awakes, England's doom is sealed.

Grose says about this legend, "Ridiculous as this narrative appears, whoever seems to disbelieve it is looked on as a person of weak faith."

No doubt there will be many readers of weak faith in time to come.

ALNWICK CASTLE.

ALNWICK CASTLE.

Home of the Percy's highborn race,
Home of the beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial place,
Their cradle and their grave!
Still stearnly o'er the castle gate
Their house's lion stands in state
As in his proud departed hours;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky"
Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines
Lovely in England's faceless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
Through this romantic scene.
As silently and sweetly still
As when, at evening on the hill,
While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side
His Catherine was a happy bride,
A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the abbey's ruined pile:
Does not the succoring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it seem to smile,
As o'er a loved one sleeping!
One solitary turret gray
Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The Percy's proudest border story.
That day its roof was triumph's arch;
Then sang from aisle to pictured dome,
The light steps of the soldier's march,
The music of the trump and drum;
And babe, and sire, the old the young,
And the monk's hymn and the minstrel's song,
Welcomed her warrior home.

Wild rose by the abbey towers
Are gay in their young bud and bloom;
They were born of a race of funeral flowers
That garlanded, in long gone hours,
A templars' knight by tomb.
He died, the sword in his mailed hand,
On the holiest spot in the blessed land,
When the cross was damped with his dying breath
When blood ran free as festal wine,
And the sainted air of Palestine
Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries
What tales, if there be "tongues in trees"
Those giant oaks could tell
Of beings born and buried here;
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
The welcome and farewell,
Since on their boughs the startled bird
First in her twilight slumbers heard
The Norman's curfew bell!

I wandered through the lofty halls
Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the castle walls
Each high heroic name,—
From him who once his standard set
Where now o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the sultan's crescent moons,
To him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragoons.

That last half-stanza it has dashed
From my warm lips the sparkling cup;
The light that o'er eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world is gone;
And Alnwick 's but a market town,
And this, alas! its market day,
And beasts and borderers throng the way;
Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,

Men in the coal and cattle line;
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooler, Morpeth, Nexham, and
Newcastle—upon Tyne.
These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spencer's rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy;
Ours are the days of fact, not fable,
Of knights, but not of the round table,
Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy;
'Tis what "our President" Monroe
Has called "the era of good feeling;"
The highlander, the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,
Consented to be taxed, and vote
And put on pantaloons and coat,
And leave off cattle stealing;
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in red herrings;
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace and park and vassal band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rotchild or the Barrings.
The age of bargaining, said Burke,
Has come; to day the turbaned Turk
(Sleep, Richard of the lion heart!
Sleep on, nor from your cerements start!)
Is England's friend and fast ally;
The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
And the cross and altar stone,
And Christendom looks tamely on,
And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
And sees the Christian father die;
And not a sabre blow is given
For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,
By Europe's craven chivalry.
You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the armed pomp of feudal state?
The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"
Are some half dozen servingmen
In drab coat of William Penn;
A chambermaid whose lip and eye,

And cheek and brown hair bright and curling,
Spoke nature's aristocrasy;
And one, half groom, half seneshal,
Who bowed me through court, bower and hall,
For ten and six pence sterling.

—FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

NORTHUMBERLAND has a peculiar charm of its own not easily surpassed anywhere else in England. There the bleak and barren borderlands of the north meet the wealth of green and sunshine from the south. There rise the lonely peel-towers like giants in stone, ivyclad and deserted. There, too, the foot tramples a soil, everywhere saturated with the life-blood of England and Scotland. At every turn, in every valley and on every hill, time has woven its glittering legends, spun with threads of heroism and untold sufferings.

Chief among Northumberland's castles is, of course, Alnwick. Off from a small junction leads a narrow road to a sleepy little town, back of which can be seen a cluster of gray towers and a flagpole. That is Alnwick Castle. At our feet murmurs the winding river Alne. A stately bridge, the lion bridge, opens toward sloping gardens and beautiful parks.

Once inside the ironstudded gates, the visitor is completely shut out from the outer world. A feeling of moulded antiquity creeps down the spine, and the weight of centuries falls heavily on the shoulders. Towers and gray walls blend in the sunlight. Their names buzz in our ears. The auditor's tower, the ravine tower; the abbot's, falconer's, and warder's tower, and many more of little interest. Frowning

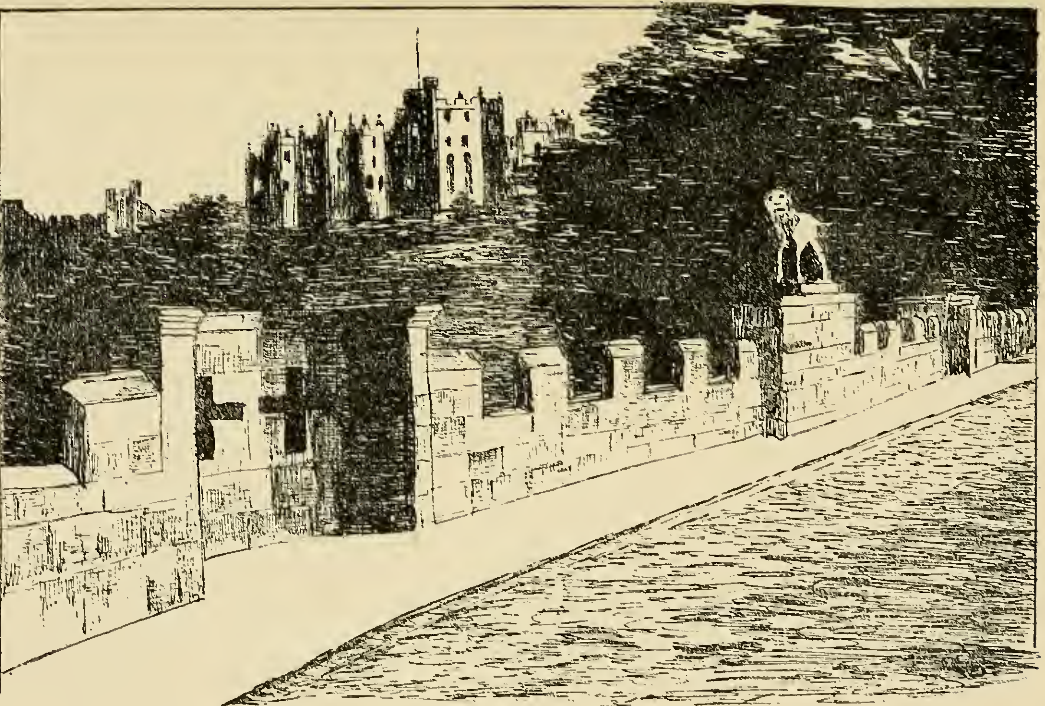
warriors in stone tower on the battlements. Indeed, they are the only warlike representatives of Alnwick's noble past. Their stony, stern attitude is remarkable. Too bad they are unable to speak. No doubt they could tell many things of interest.

The most ancient parts of the castle are found in and near the old Norman keep. Here the walls are fifteen feet thick. Gateways and doors look very old and heavy. One stands truly amazed at the frowning strength of the old castle. My!—how desolate and gloomy life must have been behind these heavy walls, with their tiny windows. In a recess of the thick wall stands an old draw-well from the thirteenth century. The dismal dungeon of long ago is also shown.

If the visitor, however, expects to meet with objects of antiquity only, he is sadly mistaken. Blended with the old, rise in charming beauty the splendid halls of the latter Northumbrian dukes. A grand stairway of Rothbury marble, each block twelve feet long, leads to magnificent rooms with floors of Venetian marble, and richly panelled ceilings. Rare paintings, soft carpets, beautiful furniture and statuary meet the eye at every turn.

In the Prudhoe Tower is a fine little chapel, with an interior of Italian mosaic. The kitchen still retains its majesty, with huge ovens, each large enough for an ox. While Alnwick still stood in its grandeur, dinners were cooked here for six hundred persons at a time.

The chief fame of the old castle were the mighty Percies, one of England's greatest families, ruling for centuries, as dukes of Northumberland.



ALNWICK CASTLE.

Many are the battles fought outside of the castle walls, and many legends could be related, one or two of which might, perhaps, be of interest in this connection.

Hammond's Ford.

At one time when Alnwick was sorely pressed by an overwhelming Scottish army, a brave man, named Hammond, saved the day.

Venturing out at sunrise towards the Scottish camp, he called for the Scottish king to come and take the keys of the castle, which were dangling at the point of his spear.

The happy king, believing Alnwick ready to surrender, approached the man unsuspectingly and reached out his hand. The next moment he fell from the horse, with the spear through his body.

In the confusion Hammond escaped by throwing himself and horse into the river. The castle was saved, and Hammond was hailed as the hero of the day. Many years after, a small stone was placed at the spot where his horse made the plunge into the river.

Unfortunately the Scots not only lost their king but also the crown prince in the attempted revenge on his father's death.

The Bloody Gap.

There is a breach in the east wall at Alnwick, which was repaired at some time, but very poorly. The cause of the breach is told in the following little story.

Once upon a time the brave Scots came in strong numbers and fell upon the unsuspecting castle. A

mine was set under one of the walls and exploded at night. The explosion shook the castle to the very foundations and left a large breach.

Had the Scots then pursued their attack Alnwick might have been captured. But they waited, and that was their misfortune. Next morning a number of three hundred rushed through the breach. They were met with a hail of stones, arrows and molten lead. Not one man escaped.

Poor Scots, they always had the worst of the game, according to the English legends. But, when listening to the Scottish traditions, you may be dead sure that the English were beaten every time. So it was formerly, and the same prevails even today. After all, we boasting humans find it hard to outgrow our selfish teens.

Unfortunately the breach seems to have been repaired some time during the eighteenth century, long after peace had been concluded between Scotland and England. Such a small matter, however, does not bother the legends. Their romantic sweep cares little for time or space.

WARKWORTH HERMITAGE.

WARKWORTH HERMITAGE.

THE lonely cavern, like a chapel carved,
Is situate amid the lonely hills;
The scutcheon, cross and altar hewn in rock,
And by the altar is a cenotaph.
In marble there a lovely lady lies;
An angel, with a welcome at her side,
A welcome to the soul he beareth heaven.
And near a warrior stands,—the desolate!
The wide earth only holds one tomb for him.
Such must have been his history, who first
Cut this sad hermitage within the rock:
Some spirit-broken and world-weary man,
Whose love was in the grave, whose hope in heaven.
Yet a fine nature must have been his own;
A sense of beauty, and a strong delight
In the brave seeming of the visible world,
Whose loveliness is like a sympathy.
Winds the fair river through the vale below,
With sunshine on its waters. Green the woods
Hang the far summits with their changeful shade.
In the soft summer fields are many flowers,
Which breathe at evening on the scented wind.
Still the wild cherry-trees are growing round
Which first he planted;—yet he loved the world,—
The bright, the beautiful, the glorious world,—
But loved it as those love who love on earth
Only the hope that looketh up to heaven.

—ANONYMOUS.

ONE of the most charming nooks of Northumberland is, undoubtedly, Warkworth Hermitage, situated in a lovely valley on the north bank of the River Coquet, about half a mile from Warkworth Castle.

A narrow path leads from the castle along the glittering river, decending through verdant slopes of lichens and birches. The soft murmur of the winding stream, the twitter of the little birds, and the whisper of the wind, send thrills of life and ease through the heart.

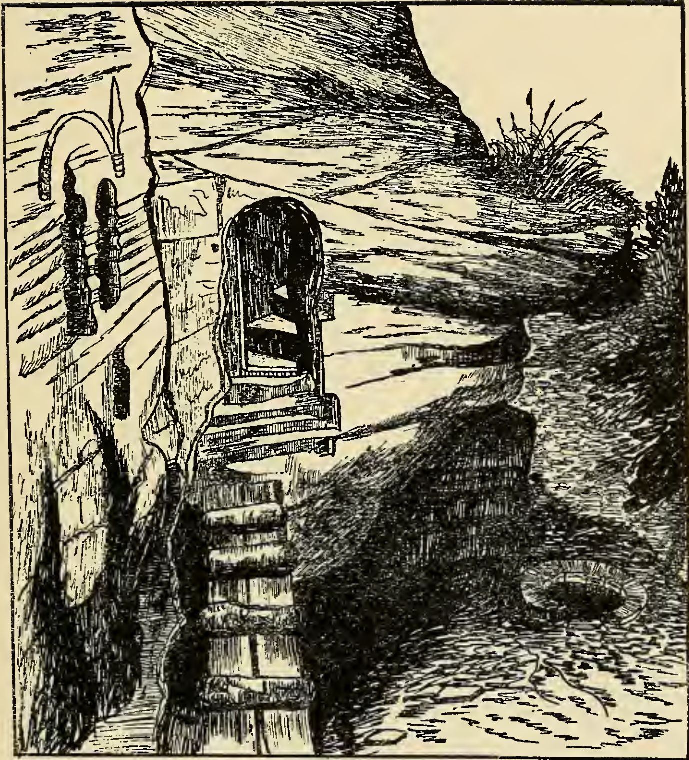
Suddenly a quaint old sandstone rock looms up at the roadside, covered with a luxuriant growth of many colored wild-flowers. On the rugged face of the rock can be seen a narrow door-opening and close by a still narrower window. At the foot of the rock stands a dry well.

That is Warkworth Hermitage.

The cave is entered by means of an old stairway, the steps of which are much worn. Several chambers lead from the door, all dug out in the live rock. A feeling mingled with veneration, surprise and curiosity captivates ones soul with overwhelming power. A more romantic place can scarcely be found elsewhere in England.

Before proceeding further it is well to sit down on the stone bench near the door and read a little from the legend about Warkworth Hermitage, so beautifully described by Bishop Percy.

> And now attended by their host,
> The hermitage they view'd
> Deep hewn within the craggy cliff,
> And overhung with wood.
>
> And near a flight of shapely steps,
> All cut with nicest skill;
> And piercing through a stony arch,
> Ran winding up the hill.



WARKWORTH HERMITAGE.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little garden stands;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shews
The chief a chapel, neatly arched
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there
That could a chapel grace;
The latice for confession fram'd
An holy water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear;
And in a little 'scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend;
And near a glimmering solemn light
Two well wrought windows lend.

Now we are ready to continue. Above the door, on the inner wall, stands a partly obliterated inscription from the XLII Psalm, and 2nd verse: "Tuerunt mihi lacrymae meae panes die nocte;"—My tears have been my food day and night.

Fronting the entrance is a chapel, with ribs, shafts and capitals, all hewn out from the solid rock. At the one end stands a stone altar, and longside the outer wall lies the image of a woman in a niche. At her head kneels an angel, and at her feet stands a weeping warrior and a water basin.

Back of the chapel is another room, but unfinished. Facing the rear end of the chapel is still another room, even this barren and unfinished.

So much for the hermitage—now to its legend.

Dark was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrents roar,
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak, helpless state
The lonely hermit lay;
When lo; he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire,
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.

Outside the door stood a boy and a girl shivering from the cold night wind. They had lost their way, and, filled with despair, pleaded for a hospitable shelter during the stormy night.

The good, old hermit was deeply touched at their plight, and welcomed them gladly to his warm hearth. As the hours passed away the conversation gradually turned towards the hermitage, until step by step the sad life-story of the hermit was revealed.

Not always had he been the lonely and forgotten man of today. There was a time when he also enjoyed a happy youth, and was then known as Sir Bertrand.

Not very far from his father's castle lived a beautiful maiden, named Isabelle, the daughter of the Earl of Widdington. She had early become the choice of his heart, and had also returned his love with mutual affection. But the stern custom of these times demanded that a young nobleman must first win his spurs on the battlefield, before he could hope to win his bride.

Sir Bertrand was only too glad to comply with

the demand, and, bidding his sweetheart a tender farewell, he departed for the Scottish border, where the English now were fighting. All went well, and the news of his brave exploits filled the maiden's heart with joy and hope.

But then, one day, came the sad news of Sir Bertrand's death. He had been slain on the battlefield. Without a moment's hesitation the grief-stricken girl left the castle and set out for the border, hoping at least to get a chance to weep at her lover's grave.

As chance would have it Sir Bertrand returned home only a few days after her departure. He was severely wounded but not in danger. Deem of his sorrow when finding the castle empty. The wounds healed, but Isabelle did not return. He waited days, and he waited months, but all in vain. Not a message, nor the slightest news of her whereabouts reached his ear.

Filled with despair he finally started out on a search, accompanied by his brother. To gain better results the brothers chose different roads, each solemnly binding himself to do his utmost in finding the lost girl.

Months came and months passed but no maiden was found. Sir Bertrand traveled from land to land, from castle to castle, but everywhere was met by the same cold answer. No one had ever heard of his lost bride. Almost despairing of hope he finally threw himself by the wayside, when

> One day as he sat under a thorn
> All sunk in deep despair,
> An aged pilgrim pass'd him by
> Who mark'd his face of care.

Cheer up, my son, perchance (he said)
  Some tidings I may bear;
For oft when human hopes have failed
  Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills so steep and high,
  Down in the lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong
  Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
  About this evening hour,
Me thought I heard a lady's voice,
  Lamenting in the tower.

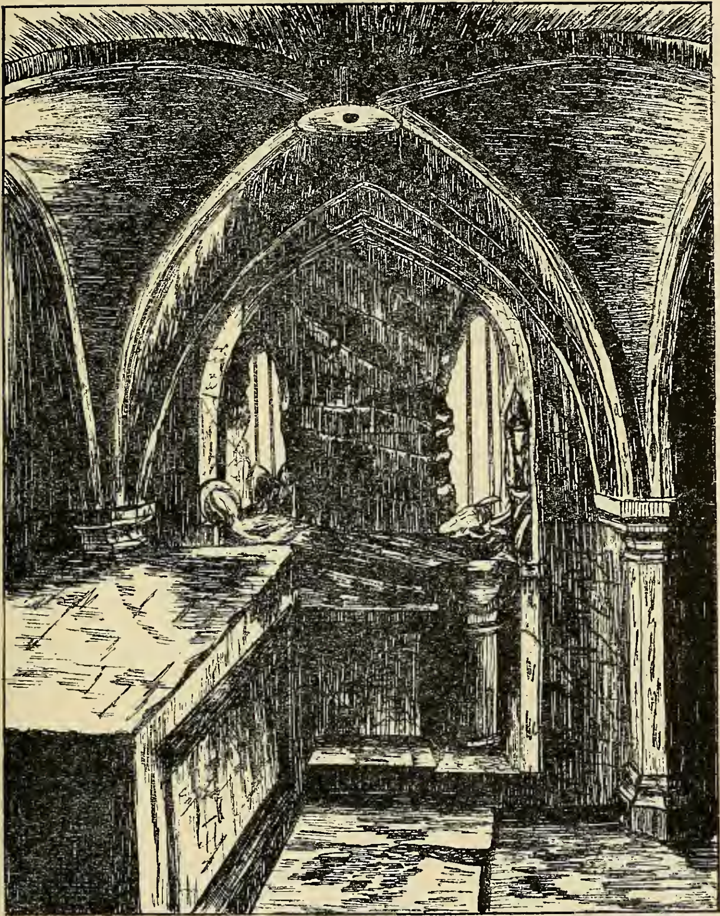
The cheerful news sent a warm stream of blood through his veins. In a moment he stood on his feet, grasped the hermit's hands, and hurried away over the hills. The castle was soon reached. Two weary nights were spent near the walls in watchful waiting, but not a sound of Isabelle's voice reached his ear.

On the third night he was suddenly startled by seeing a window open in the castle above, and in the light he beheld his long lost Isabelle decending on a rope ladder. But alas!—at her side stood a happy young man, whose tender care and soft whispers set Sir Bertrand's heart afire.

Scarcely had the couple reached his hiding place before he rushed out and fell upon his rival with all the fury of a jealous lover. The swords clashed in the darkness and Sir Bertrand's voice thundered with the roar of a wounded lion,

"Die, traitor, die!"

No sooner, however, had the first clash echoed away before Isabelle threw herself between the combatants with a cry of despair.



WARKWORTH HERMITAGE—THE CHAPEL.

"O stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay!"
And here the hermit paus'd and wept
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, go lovely pair;
How shall I tell the rest!
Ere I could stop my piercing sword
It fell, and stabbed her breast.

From that moment he became a changed man. Months of agony almost bereaved him of his reason and every consolation failed, until his heart was brought close to the old, sacred book,

Which raised my heart to the pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows,
She taught me to despise the world
And warmly bear its woes.

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove;
For oft beside that murmuring stream,
My love was wont to go.

My noble friend approved my choice
This blessed retreat he gave;
And here I carved the beauteous form,
And scoop'd this hollow cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here;
And daily o'er this sculptur'd saint
I drop a pensive tear.

Here the legend ends. How well if also we could end our little story without any explanation. But we can not. Cold research has driven the lonely hermit from his beloved haunt, and only a few cold facts remain.

The hermitage, we are told, was nothing but a

sepulchre, built, perhaps, by the third Henry Percy, lord of Alnwick and Warkworth Castle, during the years 1351-1368. The chapel was built as a memory to his countess, Mary Plantagenet, a niece of King Edward I. The image in the niche represents the dead countess, and the weeping warrior is the count himself.

There you are! And yet, explain what we may, the legend of the old hermit shall linger about the hermitage as long as the rock stands, and no visitor will ever forget its deepfelt impression.

NORHAM CASTLE.

NORHAM CASTLE.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweeds fair river fair and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze
In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray,
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient border gathering-song.

—Sir Walter Scott.

NORHAM CASTLE stands high above the River Tweed, at a short distance from Berwick-on-Tweed, in Northumberland.

It was built by Bishop Ralph Flambard in 1121.

With the exception of the barmkin, or wall, and a mighty keep-tower, measuring 70 feet in height,

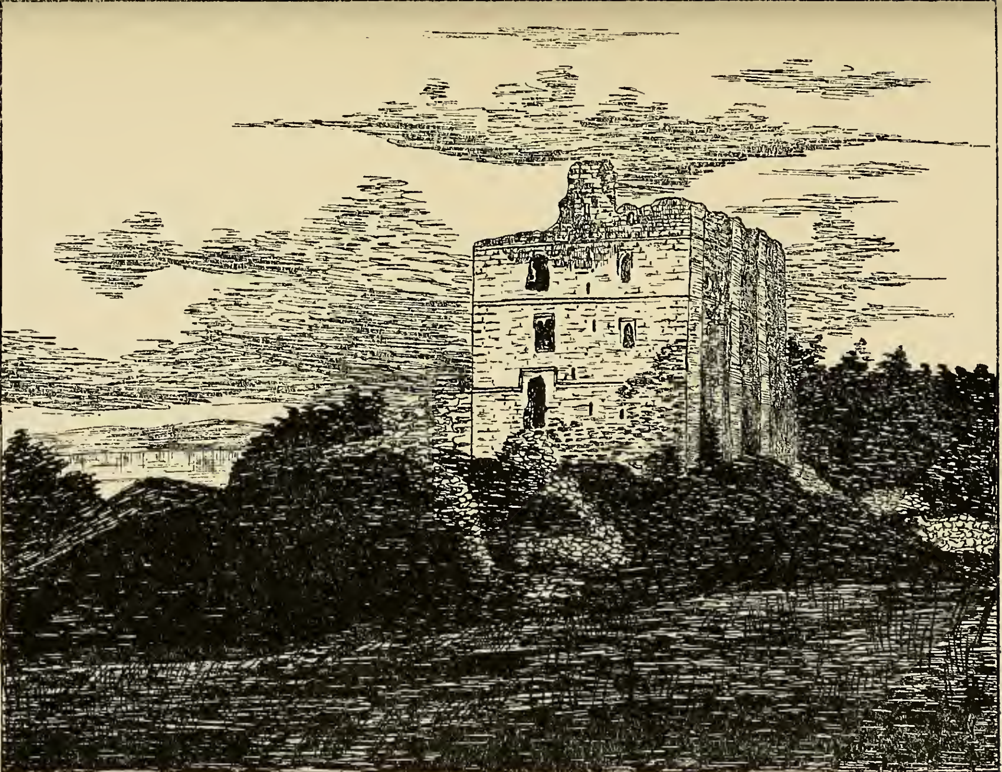
with walls, from 12 to 15 feet thick, little remains of the former powerful border castle.

The keep was divided into three stories, of one room each, with small windows and timber-floors. Each story had a fireplace in the wall. The basement was usually employed as store room and sometimes as a stable. The second story contained the kitchen and sleeping room for the servants, while the upper chambers were set apart for the baronial family.

Here was the hall, serving the treble function of state, dining, and living-room, with perhaps one or two chambers adjoining. It is curious to observe how simply some of the castle barons lived, sometimes no better than the poorest farmers of our own day. But when compared with the peasant life during the Middle Ages, and particularly in these northern regions, far from the highways of civilization, then even the simplest of the Mediaeval barons lived a life of unusual splendor, even if his palace was confined but to a lonely keep-tower, with bare, whitewashed walls.

Norham's fame, however, would attract little attention were it not for the genius of Walter Scott, who has woven a garland of poetry around the old pile, the fragrance of which will never die. Norham Castle was made one of the centers in his famous "Marmion," and, as such, will live in ages to come, even after the old tower has crumbled to dust.

"Marmion" is, no doubt, familiar to all readers of English literature. If not, let us sit down in the shade of the old keep, and watch the crumbling



NORHAM CASTLE.

stones take form again, at the command of Scott's master mind.

Lord Marmion, an English knight of fame, under King Henry VIII, arrived at Norham Castle as the sun set in the west.

> Beneath the sable palisade,
> That closed the castle barricade,
> His bugle horn he blew;
> The warder hastened from the wall
> And warned the captain in the hall,
> For well the blast he knew.

The commander of Norham, Sir Hugh the Heron, Baron of Tiswell, received the knight nobly. Forty yeomen unbarred the heavy gates, the minstrels blew their trumpets, and the cannons boomed Lord Marmion's welcome.

> Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
> In mail and plate of Milan steel;
> Blue was his charger's broider'd rein;
> Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane;
> The knightly housing's ample fold
> Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.
>
> Behind him rode two gallant squires,
> Of noble name, and knightly sires;
> They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim;
> For well could each a warhorse tame.
>
> Four men at arms came at their backs,
> With halbert, bill, and battleaxe;
> They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
> And led his sumpter mules along.
> The last and trustiest of the four
> On high his forky pennon bore;
> Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
> Fluttered the streamer, glossy blue.

The evening was spent in merriment and song, and not until late did Lord Marmion reveal the object of his journey, which meant nothing less than a visit to Edinburgh, to discover the reasons why,

> Through all Scotland, near and far
> Their king is mustering troops for war.

After much deliberation, because of the approaching dangerous times, a guide was finally secured, in the person of a certain mysterious palmer, "from Salem first, and last from Rome."

> And now the midnight drought of sleep,
> Where wine and spices richly steep,
> In massive bowl of silver deep,
> The page presents on knee.
> Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
> The cup went through among the rest,
> Who drained it merrily.
> Soon in the castle nought was heard
> But the slow footsteps of the guard
> Pacing his sober round.—

While these things happened at Norham, a bark set out from "Whitby's cloistered pile" towards Lindisfarne, with the venerable abbess of St. Hilda's cloister, and five fair nuns.

> Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
> Like birds escaped to greenwood shades,
> Their first flight from the cage,
> How timid and how curious too,
> For all to them was strange and new,
> And all the common sights they view.

But after all, the journey was none too pleasant. On each side of the abbess sat Constance and Clara, two young novices, whose history bore the clouds

of sorrow. Constance had fled from Whitby, enticed by Lord Marmion, and then followed him through many wars as his page.

Clara had fled to Whitby to find a temporary shelter. Unknowingly her beauty had attracted Lord Marmion's eye. For her sake he quickly cast away the faithful Constance. For her sake he had also brought about the ruin of her own lover, Sir Wilton, and almost killed him. And when the jealousy of Constance threatened to rob him of his newly-won love, he had her returned to Whitby—and to destruction.

Now she was on her way to Lindisfarne, where a most terrible punishment was to be meted out for her sins—that of being buried alive in a wall in the gloomy abbey crypt.

Before her final entombment, however, Constance drew forth a package of letters revealing Lord Marmion's shameful plotting and wicked life. Then she was encased alive in a niche in the depths of Lindisfarne Abbey.

> An hundred winding steps convey
> That conclave to the upper day;
> But, ere they breathed the fresher air,
> They heard the shriekings of despair,
> And many a stifled groan;
> With speed their upward way they take,
> (Such speed as fear and age can make),
> And crossed themselves for terror's sake.

After many strange adventures and mysterious happenings Lord Marmion and his men finally reached Edinburgh. But during the entire journey the palmer's strange actions, his secretive movements, and above all his ever piercing gaze at Lord

Marmion had frightened and mystified both the lord and his yeomen.

> "Saint Mary! saw'st thou e'er such sight?
> How pale his cheek, his eye how bright
> Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light
> Glances beneath his cowl!
> Full on our lord he sets his eye;
> For his best palfrey, would not I
> Endure that sullen scowl."

At the royal court many things were revealed. Scotland stood prepared to fight its great battle for freedom, and the lord was told to hurry home before it was too late.

A little party of captured nuns were brought before the king, who disdainfully reproached his soldiers for their unwarranted arrest of the defenceless women, and asked Lord Marmion to escort them back to England.

A unique revelation followed. Clara was recognized by the lord, and she in turn discovered the palmer to be none else than her lover, Sir Wilton. The abbess placed the package of damaging letters left by Constance in his hands, after which he disappeared.

Full of evil forebodings, and vainly endeavoring to gain Clara's confidence, Lord Marmion finally reached the field of Flodden, where the last, decisive battle between England and Scotland now raged in all its fury. Leaving the girl in the care of a few men he hastened into the heat of struggle, but was soon brought mortally wounded to the feet of Clara.

And as she stooped his brow to lave—
"Is this the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then as remembrance rose,—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redeem her woes,
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen gentle Clare!"—
"Alas," she said, "the while,—
O, think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She—died at Holy Isle."—
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

In conclusion it might be mentioned that Walter Scott's Marmion is a compilation of legends, united into one great drama. The real Lord Marmion lived during the reign of Edward II, and is mentioned by Leland as a brave and adventurous fighter.

LINDISFARNE ABBEY.

LINDISFARNE.

The Holy Island.

And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth's priory and bay;
They marked, amid the trees, the hall
Of lofty Saton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
They passed the tower of Widdrington,
Mother of many a valiant son;
At Coquet Isle their needs they tell
To the good saint who owned the cell;
Then did they all attention claim,
And Warkworth proud of Percy's name;
And next they crossed themselves to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where boiling through the rocks they roar
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore;
Thy tower proud Bamborough, marked they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rocks looks grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reached the Holy Island's bay.

The tide did now its floodmark gain,
And girdled in the saint's domain;
For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dry shod, o'er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day the waves efface
Of staves and sandalled feet the trace.
As to the port the gallery flew,
Higher and higher rose the view

The castle with its battled walls,
The ancient monastery's halls,
A solemn, huge, and darkened pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.

In Saxon strength that abbey frowned,
With massive arches broad and round,
That rose alternate, row and row,
On ponderous columns, short and low,
Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alleyed walk
To emulate in stone.
On the deep walls the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain;
And needful was such strength to these,
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,
Scourged by the winds eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves and northern pirates' hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilded in a later style,
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And mouldered in his niche the saint,
And rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the abbey stood.
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

—Sir Walter Scott.

THE REAPERS OF LINDISFARNE.

In his abbey cell Saint Cuthbert
State-burdened and care-dismayed:
For the wild Northumbrian people,
For whom he had wrought and prayed,
Still clung to their warlike pastime,
Their plunder and border raid;

Still scouted all peaceful tillage,
And queried with scowling brow,

"Shall we who have won our victual
By the stout strong hand till now,
Forswearing the free, bold foray,
Crawl after the servile plough?"

"Through year and through year I have taught them
By word of my mouth," he said,
"And still, in their untamed rudeness,
They trust to the wilds for bread;
But now will I teach henceforward
By the toil of my hands instead.

"In their sight I will set a lesson;
And, gazing across the tarn,
They shall see on this nether border
Garth, byre, and hurdled barn,
And the brave fair field of barley
That shall whiten at Lindisfarne."

Therewith from Melrose cloister
Saint Cuthbert went his way:
He felled the hurst, and the meadow
Bare him rich swaths of hay,
And forth and aback in the furrow
He wearied the lonesome day.

And it came to pass when the autumn
The ground with its sere leaves strawed,
And the purple was over the moorlands,
And the rust and the sunburnt sod,
That, ripe for the reaper, the barley
Silvered the acres broad.

Then certain among the people,
Fierce folk who had laughed to scorn
The cark of the patient toiler,
While riot and hunt and horn
Were wiling them in the greenwood,
Cried: "Never Northumbrian born

"Shall make of this sword a sickle,
Or help to winnow the heap:
The hand that hath sowed may garner
The grain as he list,—or sleep,

And pray the hard Lord he serveth,
 That his angles may come and reap."

Right sadly Saint Cuthbert listened;
 And, bowing his silvered head,
He sought for a Christ-like patience
 As he lay on his rush-strewn bed,
And strength for the morrow's scything,
 Till his fears and his sadness fled.

Then he dreamed that he saw decending
 On the marge of the moorland tarn
A circle of shining reapers,
 Who heaped in their low-eaved barn
The sheaves that their gleaming sickles
 Had levelled at Lindisfarne.

In the cool of the crispy morning,
 Ere the lark had quitted her nest
In the beaded grass the sleeper
 Arose from his place of rest;
"For," he sighed, "I must toil till the gloaming
 Is graying the golden west."

He turned to look at his cornland;
 Did he dream? Did he see aright?
Close cut was the field of barley,
 And the stubble stood thick in sight;
For the reapers with shining sickles
 Had harvested all the night!

—Margaret J. Preston.

THE NUN OF LINDISFARNE.

Young Linda sprang from a lofty line;
But though come of such high degree,
The meanest that knelt at St. Cuthbert's shrine
Was not so humble of heart as she—
Her soul was meek exceedingly,
She told her beads by the midnight lamp;
Forlorn she sat in the cloister damp,
For the veil and the vows of a nun she had taken.
Soft were the visions from on high
That passed before her saintly eye;

Sweetly on her ravished ear
Fell the soul of music near—
Music more lovely than vesper hymn,
Or the strains of starry cherubim,
Or the witching of melody sent
From sweetest earthly instrument.
Her thoughts were radiant and sublime,
And ever arose to the heavenly clime
Her aspirations sought the sky
Upon the wings of piety.
For more divinely pure were they
Than morning of a summer day,
Or the snow-white cloud that sleeps upon
The pasture-crowned top of Lebanon.

To visit this maiden of mortal birth,
An angel of heaven came down to earth.
He left the bright celestial dome,
His sweet and everlasting home,
Were cherubs on the wing
Of love are ever wandering;
But the glorious regions of the sky
He floated all unheeded by;
Their splendours, what were they to him
Who shone above the seraphim,
And saw the throne of God arise
Unveiled before his mystic eyes!

He sought the spot where the holy maid
In vestal snow-white was arrayed—
'Twas in the chapel dim and cold
Of Lindisfarne's black convent old.
Meek and solemn and demure
Was her saintly look—and pure
As fountains of eternity,
The glance of heaven in their eye.
At the sacred altar kneeling,
Her aspect turned up to the ceiling,
She seemed so pallid and so lone
A form of monumental stone.

Each nun hath heard the convent bell
Each nun hath hied her to her cell;
And the Lady Abbess hath forsaken
Heavenly thoughts till she awaken;

Linda alone, with her glimmering lamp
Will not forsake the chapel damp.
Rapt in delicious extacy,
Visions come athwarth her eye;
Music on her ear doth fall
With a tone celestial;
And a thousand forms by fancy bred,
Like halos hover round her head.
But what doth Linda now behold
From that chapel damp and cold?
She sees, she sees the angel bright
Descending through the fields of light:
For, although dark before, the sky
Was now lit up with golden dye,
And wore a hue right heavenly.

"Do I slumber?" quoth the maid,
Of this vision half afraid—
"Do I slumber, do I dream?
Or art thou what thou dost seem—
One of the glorious choir who dwell
Round the throne of the Invisible,
Listning with heartstricken awe
To the thunders of his law—
And now in the light of loveliness
Comest down the sons of men to bless?"

"Daughter of earth," the angel said,
"I am a spirit—thou a maid.
I dwell within a land divine;
But my thoughts are not more pure than thine
While come, by the command of heaven,
To me thy guardianship was given;
And if on earth thou couldst remain
Twice nine years without a stain,
Free from sin or sinful thought,
With a saint-like fervor frought,
Thy inheritance should be
In the bowers of sanctity,
Side by side forever with me.
Thou hast been pure as the morning air,
Pure as the downy gossamer—
Sinful thought had never part
In the chambers of thy heart—

Then thy mansion house of clay,
Linda, quit, and come away!"

Morning heard the convent bell,
And each nun hath left her cell;
And to chapel all repair
To say the holy matins there.
At the marble altar kneeling,
Eyes upraised up to the ceiling,
With the cross her hands between,
Saintly Linda's form was seen,
Death had left his pallid trace
On the fair lines of her face;
And her eye that wont to shine,
With a ray of light divine,
And the chant of matin hymn,
Now was curtained o'er and dim.
Pale as alabaster stone—
"Where hath sister Linda gone?"
Quoth the lady abbess, in solemn mood,
"She hath passed away to the land of the good;
For though a child of mortal birth,
She was too holy far, for earth."

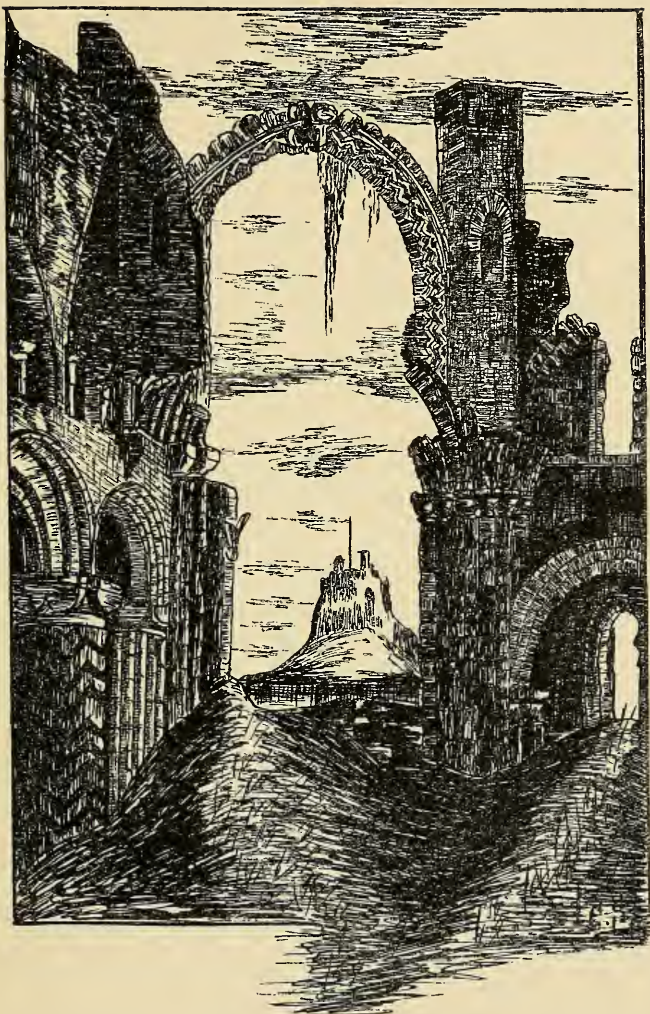
—ANONYMOUS.

HOLY ISLAND and Lindisfarne Abbey round up our trip in Northumberland. The tide is out. A flat, sandy beach lies at our feet. At Beal station a cart is waiting to make the journey to Holy Island, five miles distant.

The trip must be done with a sort of business calculation; and here the American travelers perhaps excel many others, because of their business minds, and patient satisfaction, even with the most meager results. Indeed no other traveler, with the exception of the Englishman himself, is more easy-going and liberal than the American.

But why this hurry?

Don't you know friend, that the distance to the



LINDISFARNE ABBEY.

island is rather long, and the cart rather slow, and there is much to see, and the tide comes in soon,—and then—well, then we can not return before another six hours.

Enough, enough, let us hurry!

Out on the beach towers a roomy box on heavy beams, something like a nest, either eagle's, vulture's, or both.—Nothing of the kind. The box stands there to receive strangers who miscalculated themselves on the incoming tide. Whew!—what a lonely six hours in a wooden box,—no doubt the most lonely in a pilgrim's life. And then, too, the danger of falling out!

> Dry-shoed, o'er sands, twice every day,
> The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
> Twice every day the waves efface
> Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace.

The island of Lindisfarne measures about two miles east and west, and a mile and a half north and south. A small village lies towards the south, and a short distance from it, almost at the water's edge, stands the old Lindisfarne Abbey.

Though devastated by the hands of Time, the noble abbey church, with traces of lesser buildings, form a splendid cluster of ruins. Extensive excavations have laid bare the remains of the monastery, chapterhouse, kitchen, etc.

A mile from the abbey, across the island, stands a castle, built by Henry VIII. From a distance it looks rather like a toy castle, but was once a place of consequence.

The abbey of Lindisfarne dates back to the earliest times of Christian worship in England. Bishop

Aidan began his work here as missionary early in the seventh century. He was succeeded by the pious Cuthbert, the cowherd, who spent most of his life on a barren isle outside of Lindisfarne. Finally induced to accept the episcopate of Lindisfarne, Cuthbert spent a few years here, but soon broke down and was glad to return to his beloved isle, where he died in 687.

Few saints are better known than Cuthbert, and the legends about him are numberless. He had power over fire, wind and water. When the crows stole his corn he rebuked them with a sharp lesson on the seventh commandment, at which they fell prostrate to his feet, and promised to steal no more. The next day they brought the saint a piece of pork as a token of friendship. The legend does not say whether the pork was stolen, or not. However, one can never be too sure about the honesty of the crows.

At the cathedral of Durham is a gospel of St. John, which once belonged to St. Cuthbert. Even the moths had such respect for the saint, that they never dared to "set their sacriligious teeth in the holy book." But the legend forgets to tell us that the book has been under glass and frame most of the time.

To our enlightened age legends of this kind seem childish and simple, but to these early ages they were real and trustworthy. It was essential to establish Christianity among heathen and superstitious peoples, and the more holy and godlike its defenders could be painted, the better for the church.

When the Vikings plundered Lindisfarne, in 793, the monks escaped with little more than the bones of

St. Cuthbert. After a brief lapse the church was again rebuilt, only to be completely destroyed by the returning Vikings, in 807. The monks dared not to return to Lindisfarne during seven long years, but wandered about from place to place, carrying the precious bones of the saint with them. It was finally deemed the safest to deposit them in the cathedral of Durham. But the saint loved his Lindisfarne too well to remain at peace in the stale cathedral city. Many a night did he return to the rockbound coast of Northumberland, and, especially during stormy nights, his hammer and anvil could be heard above the roaring wind, while hammering his little beads. The next morning thousands of little bead-like shells covered the shores, and were picked up by the children as St. Cuthbert's beads.

> But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn
> If, on the rock by Lindisfarne,
> Saint Cuthbert sits and toils to frame
> The sea-born heads that bears his name:
> Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
> And said they might his shape behold,
> And hear his anvil sound;
> A deadened clang,—a huge dim form,
> Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm
> And night were closing on.

Perhaps we ought to explain, that St. Cuthbert's beads are little fossilated crionides, sometimes found on these shores, particularly after heavy storms.

As we bid farewell to the venerable abbey, so beautiful in the evening sun, a shadow falls over the picture, a shadow thrown by a poet's pen, and strangely realistic in the dim light. The rude stones are rolled away by an unseen hand, and a dark, grim vault is bared.

It was more dark and lone that vault;
Than the worst dungeon cell;
Old Colwulf built it for his fault,
In penitence to dwell,
When he, for cowl and beads laid down
The Saxon battleaxe and crown.
This den, which chilling every sense
Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
A place of burial for such dead,
As, having died in mortal sin,
Might not be laid the church within.
'Twas no place of punishment;
Whence if so loud a shriek was sent,
As reach'd the upper air,
The hearers bless'd themselves, and said,
The spirits of the sinful dead
Bemoan'd their torments there.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there were seen in the dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall:—
Who enters at such grisly door,
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water and of bread:
By each, in Benediktine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Show'd the grim entrance to the porch:
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
Hewn stones and cement were display'd
And building tools in order laid.

—MARMION.

BANGOR ISCOED.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.

THE oppression of the tumult, wrath and scorn,
The tribulation, and the gleaming blades,—
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
The song of Taliesin; ours shall mourn
The unarmed host who by their prayers would turn
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
Of aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian Monuments, that now must burn
To senseless ashes. Mark how all things swerve
From their known course, or vanish like a dream;
Another language spreads from coast to coast;
Only perchance some melancholy stream
And some indignant hills old names preserve,
When laws and creeds and people all are lost!

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BANGOR.

THEN Madoc took
His host aside, and in his private ear
Told him the purport, and wherein his help
Was needed. Night came on; the hearth was heapt,
The women went to rest. The twaine the while,
Sat on the board, and while the untasted bowl
Stood by them, watched the glass whose falling sands
Told out the weary hours. The hour is come;
Prince Madoc helmed his head, and from his neck
He slung the bugle horn; they took their shields,
And lance in hand went forth. And now arrived,
The bolts give back before them, and the door
Rolls on its heavy hinge.
Beside the grave
Stood Baldwin and the prior, who, albeit
Cambrian himself, in fear and awe obeyed
To lordly Primate's will. They stood and watched
Their ministers perform the irreverent work.
And now with spade and mattock have they broken

Into the house of death, and now have they
From the stone coffin wrenched the iron cramps,
When sudden interruption startled them.
And, clad in complete mail from head to foot,
They saw the prince come in. Their tapers gleamed
Upon his visage, as he wore his helm
Open; and when in that pale countenance—
For the strong feeling blanched his cheek—they saw
His father's living lineaments, a fear
Like ague shook them. But anon that fit
Of sacred imagination to a sense
Of other peril yielded, when they heard
Prince Madoc's dreadful voice. "Stay!" he exclaimed,
And now they would have fled; "stir not a man,
Or not a man shall live! The doors are watched,
And ye are at my mercy!"
But at that,
Baldwin from the altar seized the crucifix,
And held it forth to Madoc and cried out,
"He who strikes me strikes Him; forbear, on pain
Of endless"—
"Peace!" quoth Madoc, "and profane not
The holy cross with those polluted hands
Of midnight sacrilege! Peace! I harm thee not;
Be wise and thou art safe. For thee, thou know'st,
David would hang thee on thy steeple-top,
To feed the steeple daws: Obey and live!
Go bring fine linen and a coffer meet
To bear these relics; and do ye, meanwhile,
Proceed upon your work."
They at his word
Raised the stone cover, and displayed the dead,
In royal grave clothes habited, his arms
Crossed on his breast, with precious gums and spice
Fragrant, and incorruptibly preserved.
At Madoc's bidding, round the corpse they wrap
The linen web, fold within fold involved;
They laid it in the coffer, and with cloth
At head and foot filled every interval
And pressed it down compact; they closed the lid,
And Madoc with his signet sealed it thrice.
Then said he to his host, "Bear thou at dawn
This treasure to the ships. My father's bones
Shall have their resting place where mine one day
May moulder by their side." —ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

When the heathen trumpets clang
Round beleagured Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar gray
Marched from Bangor's fair Abbaye;
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the Sylvan Dee,
O miserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such saintly band
Doomed to feel unhallowed hand?
Such was the divine decree,
O miserere, Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that only censers swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill;
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere, Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughtered down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid;
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity sing,
O miserere, Domine!

Bangor; o'er the murder wail!
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shattered towers and broken arch
Long recalled that woeful march;

On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere, Domine!

—Sir Walter Scott.

FEW travelers would, perhaps, care to seek the half forgotten little village in Wales, known as Bangor Iscoed. And even if they cared, the trip would certainly seem useless, when compared with other prominent places in England.

And yet, there are times when even the insignificant-looking places can boast of a noble history of long ago, and Bangor is one of them.

Even the word Bangor itself hides a meaning reflecting on nobler days. It is an old word meaning supreme circle, and we are surprised to learn that there actually was a day when Bangor amply substantiated the meaning of its name.

In the sixth century a monastery stood here, considered the largest in England, with not less than 2,000 monks, divided into sections of 100 each, who said masses day and night in the abbey church.

One of its most noted men was Pelagius, stamped as the arch-heretic of the seventh century, and whose teaching caused the Catholic Church much worry. A. D. 630 St. Augustine visited Bangor, with the purpose of uniting the Celtic and Roman Church, and also to urge the British to preach the gospel to the Saxons. The high dignitaries from Bangor met the saint coldly, and bade him depart to the land whence he came. The enraged missionary obeyed, but did not leave before having called down the vengeance of Heaven upon the proud men from Bangor, and their monastery.

Some time later the Saxon King Ethelfred approached the neighborhood of Bangor, at the head of a large army. Burning villages lit up the nights, and the cries of the fleeing peasants filled the air during the days.

At Chester a strong British force had gathered for a final stand against the Saxons. Hither also 2,000 monks from Bangor came to pray for the success of their people.

When the Saxon king beheld the monks he asked harshly:

"Who are those in the black cowls?"

"British monks," came the answer.

"What are they doing?"

"Praying for the success of the British army."

"Kill them all!" the king commanded hotly.

Only fifty of the 2,000 monks escaped death. The grand monastery was pillaged and burnt to the ground, and with it perished also a great library, mentioned by the ancient chroniclers as one of the greatest in Celtic England.

CARDIFF CASTLE.

CARDIFF CASTLE.

Oak born on these heights, theatre of carnage, where blood has rolled in streams:
Misery to those who quarrel about words over wine.
Oak, nourished in the midst of meadows covered with the blood of corpses:
Misery to the man who has become an object of hatred.

Oak, grown up on this green carpet, watered with the blood of those whose heart was pierced by the sword;
Misery to him who delights in discord.
Oak, in the midst of trefoil and plants which whilst surrounding thee have stopped thy growth and hindred the thickening of thy trunk:
Misery to the man who is in the power of his enemies.

Oak, placed in the midst of woods which cover the promontory from whence thou seest the waves of the Severn struggle against the sea:
Misery to him who sees that which is not death.
Oak, which has lived through the storms and tempests in the midst of the tumult of war and the ravages of death:
Misery to the man who is not old enough to die.

—Robert Courthouse.

CARDIFF CASTLE.

Oak that grew on the battle mound,
Where crimson torrents drenched the ground;
Woe waits the maddening broils where
Sparkling wine goes round!

Oak that grew on verdant plain,
Where gushed the blood of warriors slain:—
The wretch in hatred's grasp may well
Of woes complain!

Oak that grew in verdure strong,
After bloodshed's direful wrong:—
Woe waits the wretch who sits
The sons of strife among!

Oak that grew on greensward bourn,
Its once fair branches tempest torn;
Whom envy's hate pursues shall long
In anguish mourn!

Oak that grew on woodcliff high,
Where Severn's waves to winds reply;—
Woe waits the wretch whose years tell not
That death is night!

Oak that grew through years of woe,
'Mid battle broil's unequalled throes,—
Forlorn is he who prays that death his
Life may close.

—Taliesen Williams.

CARDIFF in Glamorganshire, South Wales, will be our final finishing point. The town is situated in the midst of an extensive and flat country, on the eastern shore of the River Taff, about 170 miles from London.

The place is known for its activity and rapid growth, with large docks for coal and iron shipping and a tremendous trade. But what care we for docks, or coal, or iron,—our aim is the castle, and thither we hurry.

Facing High street, stands a longstretched building complex, with a tall, rectangular tower at one end, and two massive, square towers, with a slender octagonal, back of them, on the other. That is Cardiff Castle.

Old and new blend in harmony, that is, the new has almost swallowed up the old, but not to such an extent as to entirely obliterate the old time works. But the moat is gone, and the acclivities of the ramparts have been planted as a public walk. The rest of the castle looks antique enough.

The Marquis of Bute occasionally resides at the castle, and his rooms in the tower, and the staircase leading to them, are superbly decorated. The gallery is filled with a number of magnificent family paintings by Van Dyke, Kneller and others.

In the earlier days the castle served as the lords court of chancery and exchequer, with twelve knights attending.

Cardiff's chief memory is the woeful legend of Robert of Normandy, who sat a prisoner here during nearly twenty years. Robert seems to have been of a rebellious kind of mind. He was exiled by his father, King William I of England, and later fought his brothers, until finally captured and brought to Cardiff, where the legend says his eyes were torn out, to prevent his escape.

Woe waits the wretch who sits the sons of strife among.

The long and weary hours of his captivity were idled away in dreams and gloomy despair. His chief enjoyment was to listen to the songs of the Welsh and Norman bards, recited by the gaolers.

Misery to him who sees that which is not death,
Misery to the man who is not old enough to die.

The poem of the Oak is said to have been composed by the prince-captive as he listened to the rattling leaves of an oak, outside of his prison. Be this as it may, one thing is certain, the poem has plenty of feeling in its stiff, old lines.

Oak, in the midst of the treefoil and plants which whilst surrounding thee
Have stopped thy growth and hindered the thickening of thy trunk:
Misery to the man who is in the power of his enemies.

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